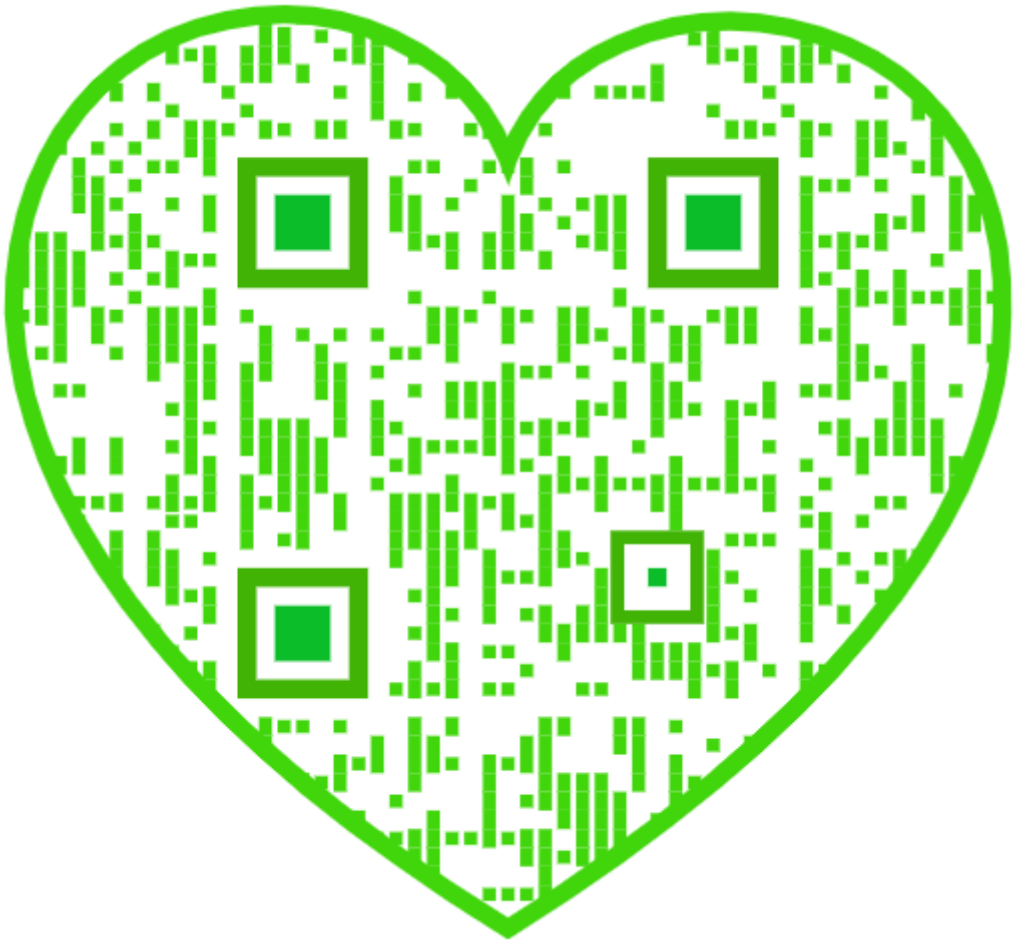

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. XXII.

THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

VOLUME XXII.

JANUARY TO JUNE 1906

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1906

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MOIFAA, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL, 1904

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

The Badminton Magazine

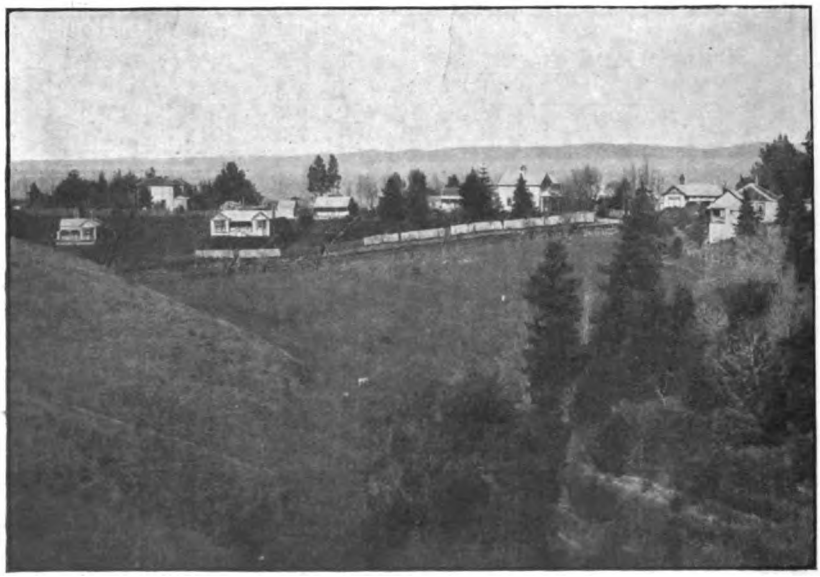
SPORTSMEN OF MARK

III.—MR. SPENCER GOLLAN

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

FEW men who ever lived have so thoroughly deserved the title of "all-round sportsmen" as does the subject of the present memoir. Were it not for the fact that Mr. Spencer Gollan never greatly distinguished himself as a cricketer it would be difficult to say in what sport he has not made his mark, and had he taken to this best of all games, as so many people consider it, there is good reason to suppose that he would have scored heavily in every sense of the term. He has won prizes at running, high jumping, swimming, rowing, sculling, golf, lawn-tennis, boxing, skating, with gun, rifle, and revolver, riding on the flat, over hurdles and

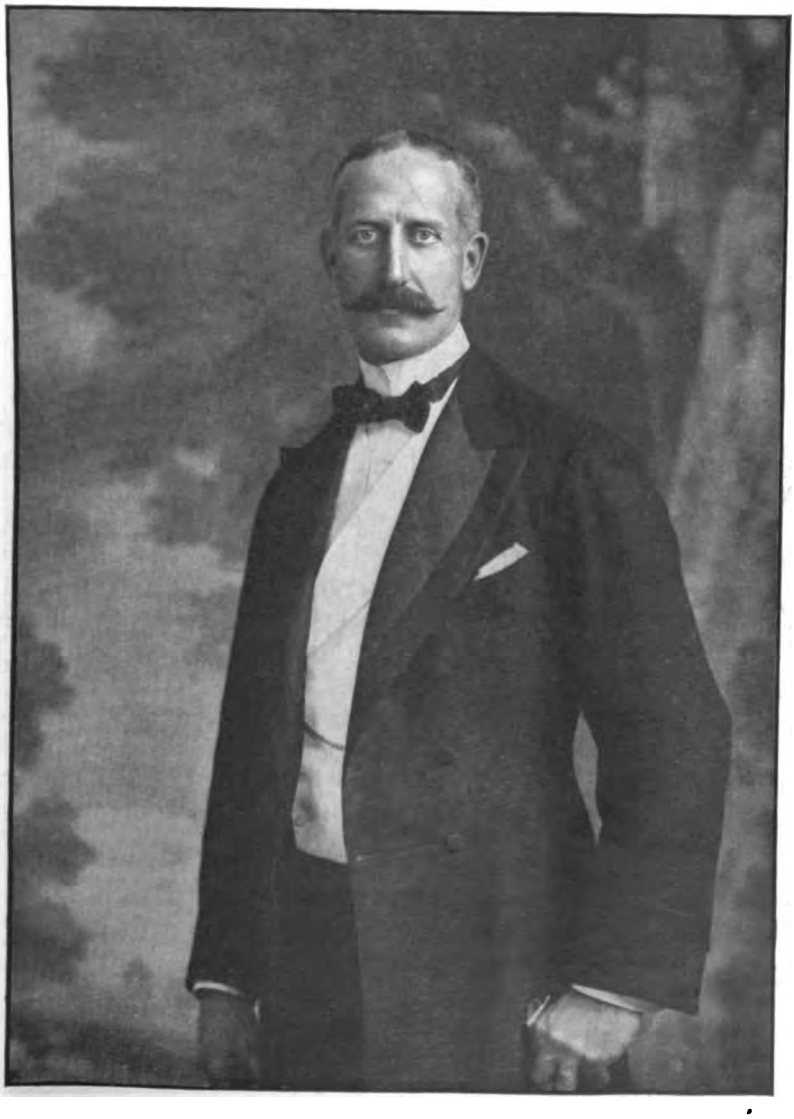
fences—indeed, whatever he has taken in hand he has done to admiration. His forbears were amongst the earliest settlers in New Zealand, where, near Napier, Hawke's Bay, Spencer was born in 1860. In the Colonies everyone rides as a matter of course. The boy had to go to school on his pony, and so acquired the rudiments of horsemanship soon after he had learned to walk—at which age also he learned to swim. His father raced a little, with horses of his own breeding, and was an excellent shot; a fact which roused the emulation of the boy, who, when some eight years of age, was quite an accomplished marksman. He had acquired, indeed, no small reputation in this line, and a visitor one day pro-



HAWKE'S BAY, NEW ZEALAND

(Photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee)

ducing a five-shilling-piece, told the lad that he might have it if he could hit it in three shots at 50 yards. The youthful Spencer says that at the time he fancied a five-shilling-piece was "most of the money there was in the world," and, nerving himself for the effort, he hit the small target twice. The visitor, who was of Scotch extraction, somewhat reluctantly yielded up the reward; but Spencer's father, hearing the story, made the boy surrender his well-earned prize, which Spencer believes to have been the nearest his father ever went to injustice. Mr. Gollan, senior, had imported an Arab, and one of this animal's sons, Chummy by name, was the first horse



MR. SPENCER GOLLAN

Spencer ever owned; and he declares he loved the little creature more than most bipeds he has met since. Fortunately a photograph of Chummy is preserved and here given. The horse was full of intelligence, and when put in training soon learnt all that was to be known about racing. If a handkerchief were held up to do duty in elementary fashion for a starter's flag Chummy would watch it intently, and was off like a rocket the instant it began to fall. Mr. Gollan has owned innumerable horses since, but his first favourite has never lost his place in his friend's affections.

The races on Chummy were unimportant amateur performances, and the first real race Mr. Spencer Gollan rode was on Liberty, a mile and a quarter on the flat, at Waipukuran. The horse, it should be explained, was the property of and nominated by a young lady. Just outside the distance Liberty seemed to be holding his own, so much so that the most dangerous of his rivals, an accomplished horseman, and who oddly enough chanced to be riding Denbigh, the dam of Moifaa, called out to ask Spencer how he was going; and, as a matter of fact, he was doing so well that, notwithstanding his rival's skill and experience, Spencer got the lady's representative home by a very short head, much to the annoyance of the beaten jockey. "I suppose you'll get it," he said, rather discontentedly, "for I see that not only is her father in the box, but as far as I can make out most of the family as well!" Spencer, however, got the race not by reason of family influence, but because he passed the post first, and on Liberty he won his next two races.

One would have supposed that anything in the nature of nerves would be the last thing of which Mr. Spencer Gollan would be conscious; but he admits that he used to be nervous sometimes when going to the post to ride on the flat. Somehow or other, however, jumping fences seemed to give him confidence, and he declares that of all sporting sensations which he has enjoyed there is nothing which approaches riding a grand 'chaser over a big country. His first mount in a jump race was on what he describes as "a crazy old horse" called Dhudeen, and in this event he "finished within 'Coo-ee!'" If the expression does not interpret itself, it may be explained that the distance just described is that at which the familiar Colonial cry can be heard; but Dhudeen and his rider would doubtless have been nearer had they not fallen in landing over the water—the horse, however, not being allowed to escape. "In the Colonies," Mr. Gollan says, "trainers won't have their horses loose; a jockey there has to stick to the reins," which is all very well as far as it goes; but there are times when, with the best of all possible intentions, jockeys cannot stick to their reins, how-

ever much, theoretically, they may "have to." Most people when they come off a horse, by the way, make their descent over his left shoulder; on the course at Christchurch, Riccarton, however, when jockeys come down it is always over the horse's right shoulder at one of the fences—doubtless this arises from the angle at which the obstacle is placed.

When Mr. Spencer Gollan first set up a large stable he won a number of races, but after a time things went consistently wrong

CHUMMY, THE FIRST HORSE BRED BY MR. SPENCER GOLLAN

with him, so much so indeed that "Gollan's luck" became a by-word. His best horses all met with an extraordinary variety of accidents. In the Colonies, as in England, trials do not always come out right; as a rule, of course, the promising animal fails, but on rare occasions the reverse happens. Mr. Gollan once had a two-year-old named Freda, of whom he thought so little that when she came out to run at Flemington against a good field he did not trouble to watch the race,

and strolled off to the luncheon-room as the horses were going to the post. As he was about to begin his meal a lady appeared at the door, and hastily inquired "Is Mr. Gollan here?—because his horse is winning." The owner ran out in time to see the finish, and was equally gratified and surprised when Freda won with considerable ease. The race did her good; she came on, and next year was going in such form that he began to entertain a happy conviction that not only the Oaks but the Derby also were practically in his pocket. Just before the first event, however, a cat, which had found its way into Freda's box, suddenly jumped down in front of her. She started in affright, and slipping up fractured her pelvis; "Gollan's luck" thus being again conspicuous.

His most famous horse was Tirailleur, a son of Musket and Florence Macarthy, who was not only the best animal that ever carried the black, white sleeves, red cap, but over a distance of ground perhaps the very best horse ever known in Australia. Mr. Gollan believes, at any rate, that Tirailleur would have beaten Carbine over three miles. As a three-year-old he started ten times and won all ten races, including the Classics—"Gollan's luck" completely swinging round, for the time, though it turned again the very next year, for Tirailleur, when running in the Melbourne Cup, which it was thought he could not possibly lose, had the misfortune to be knocked over, broke his shoulder, and had to be killed. Lord Hopetoun, then Governor, with characteristic kindness at once sought out Mr. Gollan to condole with him before congratulating the winner—a little fact which goes far to explain how it is that a constant inquiry in the Colonies still is, "When are we going to have another Hopetoun?"

Mr. Spencer Gollan's favourite jockey was W. Clifford, whom he declares to be the best he ever saw. He began by worshipping George Fordham, but, while retaining the fullest admiration for that wonderful horseman, came to the conclusion that if there were anything to choose between George Fordham and Clifford the choice was in favour of the Colonial, who was equally good on the flat and over jumps. On the same day Clifford won a flat race, carrying 7 st. 5 lb., and a steeplechase with 12 st. 8 lb. up; but neither he nor anyone else could make Tirailleur do anything at home. One day a friend asked if he might have a gallop with the son of Musket and Florence Macarthy, and was immensely delighted to see his horse win. Mr. Gollan did not share his enthusiasm, and warned him that it meant nothing; but the proud owner declared that he had watched the gallop with the utmost care, was perfectly satisfied that it must be right, and intended to back his horse accordingly, notwithstanding all cautions to the contrary. He lost his money

and it became evident that Mr. Gollan was right in asserting that Tirailleur had not run up to within many pounds of his form.

Clifford had every requisite a jockey can possess, including honesty and silence, and he had a quaint way with him which often left one puzzled as to whether he was serious or joking. The first steeplechase he ever rode was on a horse called Katerfelto. When it was time to saddle the owner sought him out to tell him to get ready, Clifford pretending that he had no recollection of having promised to ride, and declaring that he could not think of doing such a thing. The owner presently lost his temper and said he should have to take the recalcitrant rider before the stewards; to which Clifford replied that he could not stand being had up, and he would go to the post, but he did not like jumping fences—hated the idea of it, in fact, and felt certain that the horse would know it and run out with him. The result was that he won easily, and Mr. Gollan declares that he has never seen a rider with such a thoroughly unshakable seat. A horse he was riding one day came charging down at a fence as if he were going to fly it with any amount to spare, but in the last stride stopped dead and swung round. Clifford's head just bobbed slightly forward, but his legs and body never moved, and if he had had a coin between his knees and the saddle it would have been inflexibly retained. His hands were so perfect that the most troublesome animals went kindly with him. Mr. Gollan owned a particularly awkward two-year-old, with whom the boys in the stable, and jockeys who rode him in his races, could do nothing, so given was he to bucking and playing all kinds of unexpected tricks. Mr. Gollan, having asked Clifford if he minded riding it, went down to the start to see the pair arrive and to observe what happened afterwards. Clifford cantered up with one foot out of the stirrup, altering the webbing, and when the owner asked how he was getting on, replied, "Why, sir, he couldn't go kinder; he's just asking what

MR. SPENCER GOLLAN AS A GOLFER

I want him to do! I can't make out how the boys manage to upset him."

All Colonials regard England as "home," and home accordingly in 1895 Mr. Spencer Gollan came. With him he brought several horses, including Ebor and Norton, who were sent to Mr. Arthur Yates's stable at Alresford, and the first time I ever saw Mr. Gollan was on arriving at Sutton one day, when I found him riding a schooling gallop on the son of Ascot and Romp over the fences. Another good one that he imported, an animal indeed of quite different class, was a big, seventeen-hand horse called Culloden, who, it is said, "could lose Merman." Culloden was a particularly nice horse to ride, and would have comported himself admirably in Rotten Row; but he met with an accident, and never ran in this country; nor, I think, did The Possible ever carry silk. The Possible was by Nordenfeld, Musket's best son, and on Australian form came out about eleven pounds in front of Merman. With the horses came Hickey, a jockey and trainer who did excellent service for his master, winning many races on Norton and Ebor, though occasionally Mr. Gollan himself performed on the latter, and in 1897 was successful in four events over a country. Mr. Gollan is rather amused at the generally accepted statement that Colonial-bred horses are slow jumpers. One of those he brought over with him, Ocean Blue by name, was, he declares, the quickest jumper he ever saw, and an exceptionally good horse moreover. Pounamu was another who was naturally expected to do big things, and would probably have done them had he appeared on English racecourses, there having been very little to choose between him and Knight of Rhodes, at this time a stable companion, for in course of time Mr. Gollan left Alresford and took up his residence at Lewes, where his horses were trained by Escott. Count Potocki, travelling through England to purchase horses for the Russian Government, heard of Pounamu, came to see him, and was delighted. "I've journeyed through the whole of the United Kingdom to find this horse!" he remarked to Mr. Gollan, and for three thousand guineas it changed hands. Ocean Blue, it may be added, had a curious and dangerous trick; he used to swallow his tongue and choke himself, and as a horse cannot gallop without wind, this ugly habit was of course fatal to his success when he put it in practice.

It is naturally with Moifaa that Mr. Gollan's name is chiefly associated, seeing that the horse won the National for him, and passed into the possession of His Majesty the King, though Australian Star is one of several others that should not be forgotten. Moifaa, a son of Natator and Denbigh (against which mare, as stated on a former page, Mr. Gollan won his first flat race), was bought and sent

to England by Mr. Gollan's brother, and made his first appearance in this country at Hurst Park in the January of last year, finishing nowhere to Bobsie. On his second attempt he did a little better—running third at Sandown for the Mole Handicap Steeplechase, and at the same place some three weeks afterwards he finished fourth in a field of eighteen for the Liverpool Trial Chase won by Patlander, with such useful horses as Drumcree, Deer-slayer, May King, Napper Tandy, Liberté, Shaun Aboo, and others behind him. The Liverpool was his next outing, and nothing like confidence was felt—Mr. Gollan thought what he had was "a good jumper's chance," and it was no doubt his capacity in this direction that won him the race, for he gained the best part of two lengths at every fence, and, nicely handled by Birch, as Turf history records, won by eight lengths from Kirkland, who was giving him three pounds. He started at the long odds of 25 to 1, and a few good judges backed him for the reason that they had been struck by the style in which he went at the three jumps that come close together on the Sandown Course. As to Moifaa's appearance, his picture heads this article, and readers may judge for themselves; but his capacity is undeniable. "We think Ireland has horses that can lep," an enthusiastic Irishman exclaimed as Moifaa returned to the paddock after the race, "but I never saw one that could lep like this one!" In the big steeplechase at Manchester subsequently Moifaa did not greatly distinguish himself, and has not won since March, 1904.

A PRACTICE SPIN

When Mr. Gollan was approached by Lord Marcus Beresford with an offer for the horse nothing was said as to the identity of the would-be purchaser. Lord Marcus being largely interested in the purchase and sale of bloodstock, it did not strike Mr. Gollan that His Majesty was looking for something to replace Ambush II. Moifaa, however, was sold to the King, and sent to Egerton House, where one may be very sure that Marsh, an old steeplechase jockey, who long since knew everything about the game that could possibly be learnt, devoted his very best attention to his charge. He had won Two Thousands, Derbies, and Legers for his royal Master, and

to win a National also would have been a special triumph; but the big horse had ways of his own which his friends at Epsom—Hickey and Page, together with his owner—perfectly well understood, and for some unknown reason he did not seem to get on at Newmarket. Before the Grand National last year, the King's jockey, Anthony, having had a fall which it had been feared would incapacitate him, George Williamson was engaged to ride, but he had the bad luck to be severely kicked shortly before the race, and Dollery wore His Majesty's colours. Moifaa started first favourite at 4 to 1, which

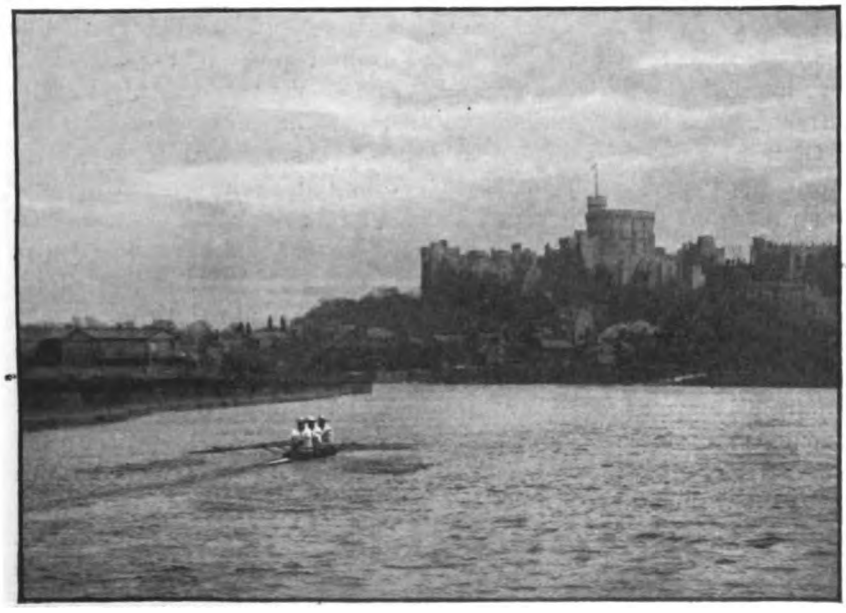
SEAHORSE II.

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

shows beyond all doubt that a great many people put faith in his capacity, though others, including those who knew most about him, would not have him at any price, and argument ran high as to whether he was merely a high-blower, a whistler, or an unmitigated roarer.

For the National of 1905 seven-and-twenty horses went to the post, and no fewer than twenty of them fell or were pulled up, Moifaa being one that fell. It was thought after the Liverpool race that the last had been seen of him; but happily this was not the case, for he came out in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase in November,

and with 12 st. 5 lb. on his back finished sixth in a field of sixteen, the useful five-year-old Hack Watch winning. Although Mr. Gollan had parted with Moifaa he was not without hopes of securing the National for the second time with Seahorse II., an imported son of Nelson and Moonga. Seahorse II. had 10 st. 7 lb. to carry, Moifaa 11 st. 12 lb., and at the weights Mr. Gollan fancied that the chestnut would have the best of the brown; but in the National all sorts of things happen. A loose horse ran across Seahorse as he was coming to a fence, interfering with him so seriously that his chance was completely destroyed; and O'Brien, seeing that perseverance was



THE ROW FROM OXFORD

hopeless, pulled him up; but Seahorse lives to fight another day, and is likely yet to do something to justify his importation.

To describe Mr. Spencer Gollan's successful achievements in other branches of sport would far exceed the limits at command, but something must be written about the famous row from Oxford to London. Some years ago, before locks had been erected, and when consequently the frequent delays on the river, now inevitable, did not take place, half a dozen enthusiastic Guardsmen had done the journey in sixteen hours, and it occurred to Mr. Gollan to see whether, in spite of the locks, this record could not be reduced; so he pressed into service two professional scullers—Towns and

Sullivan, both good men—and set to work to try. Towns Mr. Gollan tersely describes as "the man to put money on," for one of the few things he does not know about sculling is when he is beaten. On one occasion his boat split in the course of a race and gradually filled with water, Towns continuing to struggle on against the almost impossible handicap. After a certain amount of practice the trio started with three pairs of sculls, and Mr. Gollan accomplished what he describes as the hardest day's work he ever did in his life. Sullivan was so far from fit that he actually lost 16 lb. on the journey, but though slightly delirious fifteen miles from home finished well. The three struggled on, and, including the tedious waits, finally reached their destination in 13 hours 55 min.

Mr. Gollan is so much occupied with practical affairs that he has little time to write, which is the greater pity as he possesses a very happy knack of narrative. I cannot resist reproducing here an extract from a letter he kindly wrote me some time since, though I have previously published it in other pages. He was telling me about the famous son of Musket who did such great things in Australia, and whose sons and daughters have distinguished themselves in this country. "Carbine," he writes, "whom I knew well, was a wag. He started racing life in the training stable of his owner, Dan O'Brien, of Riccarton, New Zealand; O'Brien bought him at the annual yearling sale at Sylvia Park, near Auckland. Breaking came easy to the good-natured colt, but his laziness was abnormal, and he had almost to be dragged. When his first two-year-old race came, O'Brien was absent in the North, and the head lad had charge. The lad's telegram to the owner was as follows: 'Colt left at the post. Won a head.' The next day Carbine was given another spin, the wire this time reading: 'Colt left again. Won easily.' As a three-year-old Carbine migrated to Australia, where he won most of the good things, and incidentally all hearts. To watch him go to the post was worth a sovereign at least. 'Old Jack' could see no good in a preliminary pipe-opener, so stuck up in a passive-resister kind of way and waited for his trainer to arrive and threaten him with the stock whip—it was only a threat, and the horse knew it; still, he jogged on another hundred yards to repeat the scene. Sometimes his trainer, Walter Hickinbotham, would chase him with a willow branch; in wet weather an umbrella suddenly opened provided the incentive. In any case the old chap had his fun and got his cheer. But when he turned to race, what a change! Cool and resolute, fast and a stayer, six furlongs or three miles, good going or in the deep, no excuses had to be made for the champion. And when the great Finis crowned the Opus, winning the Melbourne Cup with 10 st. 5 lb., two miles in the fastest time on record—

how they rose at him! Folks don't cheer here, but they do in Melbourne."

To talk to Mr. Spencer Gollan, and observe his placid, self-possessed, courteous manner, with a quiet vein of humour at intervals marking his utterances, one would not feel inclined to suspect that he was so essentially a man of action; but one must be extraordinarily good at any of the numerous games he plays in order to have anything distantly approaching a chance with him. He would be a very bad man to fight and certain to catch you if you ran away. If the Colonies contain many such sportsmen, the Old Country has reason to be proud of its offspring.

THE HOLKHAM PARTRIDGE WEEK

1905

BY MAJOR ARTHUR ACLAND-HOOD

THE shooting season which is now drawing to a close has, generally speaking, proved the best for partridges since the bumper years of 1885 and 1887, and at Holkham Lord Leicester's friends enjoyed the best week ever known, a short account of which and the methods employed to obtain these good results may be of interest to the readers of the *Badminton Magazine*.

Holkham has been celebrated for the excellence of its shooting ever since the middle of the eighteenth century, but the present Lord Leicester, who is a past master of all branches of the art, has perhaps done more than any of his predecessors to add to its fame, and we were all very glad indeed to see him well enough to come out and superintend the operations this year from his pony-cart.

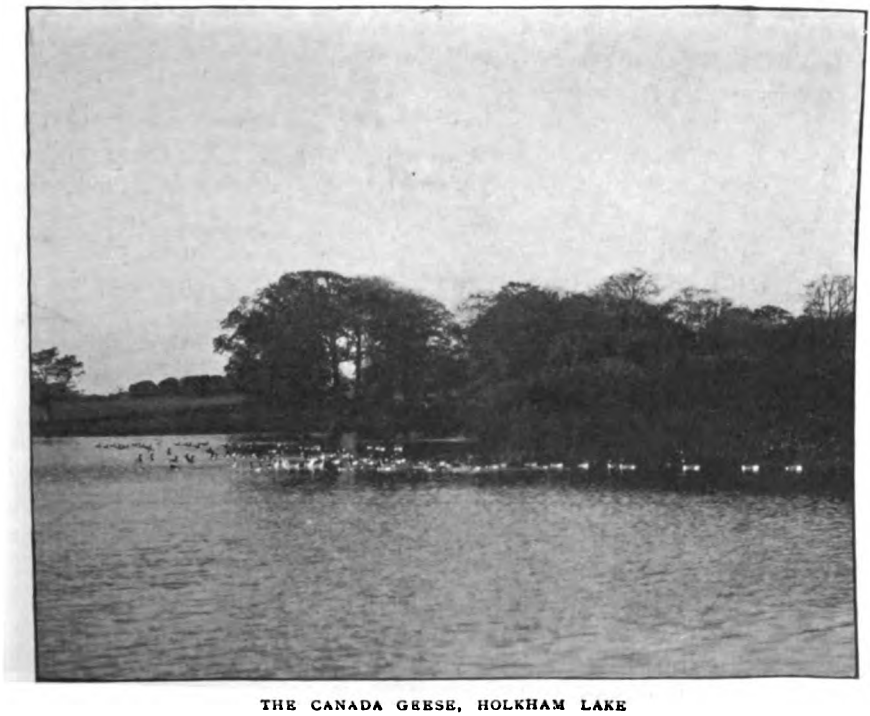
With regard to partridges this is an ideal estate, as the extent is great, the soil not too light, *i.e.* good barley land; it is highly farmed; the fences are good, and, generally speaking, fairly high; vermin are well kept under, and rabbits are not tolerated; a very good breeding stock is left on each beat; there are practically no foxes (as it is not a hunting country).

A great many owners and lessees of shootings have obtained very big bags by a good deal of artificial help, and it is in this that Holkham differs from the majority of partridge estates; no artificial aid has ever been given either in the way of hand-rearing, Hungarian eggs or birds turned down, "remises," or even artificial shelters for the guns to stand behind, specially planted crops, etc.; and as the partridges are never driven until November, and on some

occasions later, they are full-grown, well-feathered, and strong on the wing; in fact, it is a genuine wild shoot of the best description.

The ground carries a lot of hares and many wild pheasants; these would be a nuisance when driving, so Lord Coke goes over the ground in October accompanied by a large party of the tenants for the purpose of killing down the hares before they have done damage to the root crops, and also shooting every pheasant that is unwise enough to breed outside the park wall.

This hare-shooting has several advantages, as, independently of the benefit to the farmers and their enjoyment, it shows what sort of



THE CANADA GEESE, HOLKHAM LAKE

stock of partridges there is on each beat, and also exhibits the natural flight of the coveys when disturbed. On the Warham beat this year 314 hares were killed in one day in this way early in October; if those hares had been left till November, what a lot of damage they would have done to the tenants' root crops, and what a nuisance they would have proved on the big days' partridge-driving!

Independently of the "driving" ground proper, there are several outside beats on which "walking up" and "half-mooning" is practised throughout the latter end of September and October; by this means 1,500 brace were accounted for in 1905.

The driving beats, four in number, are known as Warham, Quarles and Egmere, Wighton, and Branthill and Crabbe; each beat consists of about 2,000 acres of highly-farmed land. Joyce, the head keeper, besides having a pheasant beat in the park, is responsible for Branthill and Crabbe; he has under him a vermin-killer.

Symons is a partridge keeper pure and simple, and he looks after Warham and Wighton, well over 4,000 acres of land; I saw scarcely any work of rats or vermin, not a rabbit, and the efficient way he supervises his great stretch of country can be judged by the bags obtained off it. I may add that he is a bit of a pessimist by nature, and will seldom allow that he has any great number of birds on his beat, so that this year when he admitted that he had "some" we expected to see something out of the common, and we did.

Quarles and Egmere is looked after by Baker, who also has Waterloo and Crabbe. There are four keepers with three under-men in the park; two keepers entirely for partridges outside the park.

From the above it will be seen that the Holkham keepers have plenty to do, and the fact that they never change goes to show that they like their work and are comfortable and happy.

As the driving does not take place till November the country is of course bare; there are hardly any roots, the birds are very strong, and so the drives must be long in order to bring in the country properly. The fields are large, averaging over thirty acres; the plan generally adopted is to begin with one or two down-wind drives towards a general centre, and then to work the whole beat as much as possible towards that centre throughout the day. The drivers are all employés of the estate and thoroughly know their business, they are good walkers and make no noise.

It is too dark to shoot after 4.30 p.m. as a rule on a November day, so the start is early, the first shot being fired shortly after 9 a.m. by the day (9.30 Holkham time, as the clocks are kept half an hour fast). By this means about twenty long drives are included in the day. As there are no heaths or bracken, and hardly any roots, it is rare for any one gun to get a very heavy drive such as is obtained elsewhere from heaths or remises, but the birds scatter more and there is plenty of shooting all along the line. The birds are much packed, and very often these packs do not get broken up by the last drive. But however many birds may break out and escape, the ground is never shot over a second time; by this means a very good "unpricked" stock is certain to be left, and year after year good bags are obtained. So much for the advantages of leaving a good stock.

I will now try to give a short account of the big day at Warham. It was a beautiful morning with a light south wind, and as Symons had reported that he had *some* birds, we expected a more than ordinarily good day. The party consisted of Prince Frederick Dhuleep Singh, Lord Coke, Colonel Coke, Colonel Custance, Major C. Willoughby, Mr. W. Forbes, Mr. W. Barry, and the writer; there was no weak spot through which birds might escape.

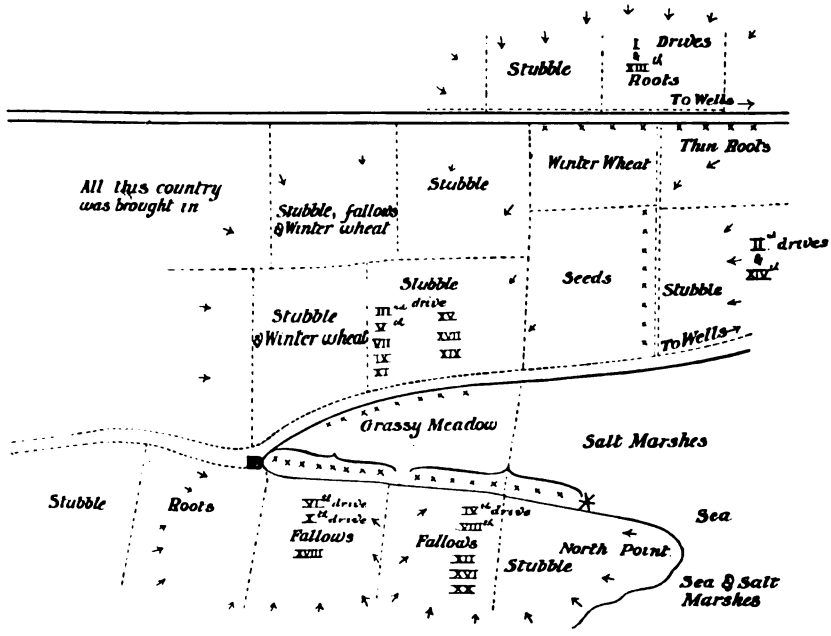
At Holkham everyone makes up his own lunch and puts it into a little bag; only bread, cheese, beer, whisky, and soda, etc., are sent out, and we always lunch in the open under a stack or hedge; it is by no means considered the principal function of the day, although plenty of time is allowed for it.

WILD DUCK FLIGHTING FROM HOLKHAM LAKE TO THE OBELISK WOOD IN SEARCH OF ACORNS

A three-mile run in a motor brought us to the meeting-place, we had soon taken our places for the first drive, down-wind, and the beaters were seen bringing in a very big bit of country. It was interesting to watch a covey get up far away, pick up one or two more as it came along, and then pitch in a small piece of thin roots some 250 yards in front of the guns. Hardly had they done so when another lot coming over the field disturbed those that had just pitched, and they and many other coveys, making a noise like thunder, came swishing down on the right-hand guns, a most nerve-trying ordeal to go through for a start. A very large pack broke out to the left of the guns without coming within shot, then a few coveys dashed over, and the drive was finished—not a very prolific

one, as they came over so packed and many crossed out of shot. Still, they had all gone in the right direction, either into the third drive, or else away across a narrow grass valley and to the North Point, a strip of arable land which runs out into the sea, the *pièce de résistance* of this beat, as any coveys that go there are pretty well bound to come back to their own home again.

Directly we had picked up our birds from the first drive we moved on to the second stand, almost at right angles; here the second lot of drivers brought in some stubbles and fallows over a thick double hedge. One big pack broke out to the right and



SKETCH OF THE WARHAM BEAT

crossed on to the North Point, another fine pack came right over the centre guns and got well tapped, a few more coveys came over, and that drive was finished. We had now got a great body of birds into the driving-ground proper of the day. The third drive, down-wind and across a road, with a dazzling sun straight in one's eyes, was a very pretty one; two very big packs came over, and many coveys, 79 birds being accounted for. It may be as well to say here that at the end of each drive the keepers whose business it is to collect the birds take them to the game cart, where they are counted before being hung up; by this means a fairly accurate account of the

total for each drive is obtained, a list of which accompanies this description.

The next drive was to be from the North Point, and on looking at it it was difficult to believe that a good result could be obtained from those bare stubbles and fallows. There was one root field away to the right, but that was not included in this drive; all the birds were brought over from a huge fallow field. We had hardly got to our places when the horn was blown, and the first birds appeared over a nice high hedge, with trees here and there. At the beginning, a few birds disturbed by the right flankers came over the left-hand guns, then there was a sound like the surf breaking on the beach after a storm at sea, and an enormous pack dashed over the centre guns, some of them breaking off and swinging right down the

SHOOTING AT HOLKHAM

DATE.	BEAT	Pheasants	Partridges	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcocks	Snipe	Wild Ducks	Teal	Pigeons	Various	TOTAL
1905.												
Nov 3	Warham	10	1671	26	2						4	1713
8	Quarles & Egmere	30	1030	40	3							1103
9	Wighton	0	1299	21	1							1321
10	Branthill & Cratt	29	764	36	2							831
		77	4764	123	8						4	4961

GUNS.

Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, Colonel Custance, Major Wood, Mr Forbes, Mr Barry, Major Hon. Charles Willoughby, Colonel Hon. H. Coke, Lord Coke

line and then back over the drivers' heads, away to the salt marshes on the edge of the sea, to remain there in safety for the rest of the day. Those who were favoured with the attentions of the big lots found that turning round to shoot birds which had passed was even more fatal than usual, as the very bright sun completely blinded one.

This was a model specimen of a partridge drive; every gun had plenty of shooting, the birds were much packed, and twisted and turned in every direction; 168 was the number picked up. Lord Leicester arrived in his pony carriage just as the drive began, and took the keenest interest in the proceedings, Lady Leicester telling him the results of our efforts. The plan of operations now

was to drive backwards and forwards across the strip of marsh land running between the North Point and the rest of the beat, there being two separate drives off each end of the North Point; this gave time for the birds to collect, fresh ground being brought in from the flanks now and then. Lunch came fairly early, at about a quarter to one, and by that time rather over four hundred brace had been picked up. After lunch so many birds had broken back on to the ground that we started on in the morning that it was decided to go back there and bring them in again; this entailed half an hour's quick walking, but the result was worth it, as when the first drive of the day was repeated there appeared to be almost as many birds as before; these were brought into the main ground, and half a dozen more drives to and from the North Point were successfully brought off. The last drive of all took place just after the sun had gone down and the light was beginning to fail; but the partridges, still fresh and a good deal packed, played the game splendidly right up to the finish. The rough total of each drive was as follows: 47, 46, 79, 168, 88, 102, 74, 132, 41, 112, 71, 136, 42, 27, 111, 66, 37, 92, 80, 45 = 1,596; besides this, about forty dead and wounded birds were either picked up by the retrievers or found by the drivers and keepers when moving between the drives; and on the following day Symons and a few men with retrievers searched the hedges carefully for dead and wounded, and brought the total up to 1,671 partridges. He reported a splendid stock still left on the ground to provide another first-rate day next season.

The second day's beat was over Quarles and Egmere. There were a nice lot of birds on the higher end of the beat, but we could not do much with them in the morning—we had twenty-two drives on this day, and the total came to 515 brace, the best drives being 58, 61, 52, 83, 80, 67, 89, 51, 48, and 57.

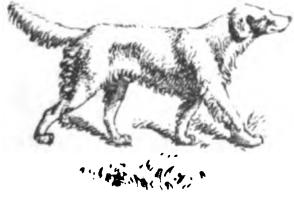
The third day, on the Wighton beat, an enormous lot of birds broke out to the right of the guns during the first drive, and as they went on to the next day's beat we saw no more of them at the time. This pack consisted of about four hundred birds; and they must have been joined by many hundreds more during the day, as they kept breaking over that particular hedge, and it was hoped that they would assist us on the morrow, so were left undisturbed. In spite of this we had most excellent sport, getting 647 brace, including the pick-up. The drives, twenty, were as follows: 34, 95, 68, 71, 72, 39, 38, 37, 90, 115, 80, 70, 43, 62, 37, 63, 67, 49, 44, and 63.

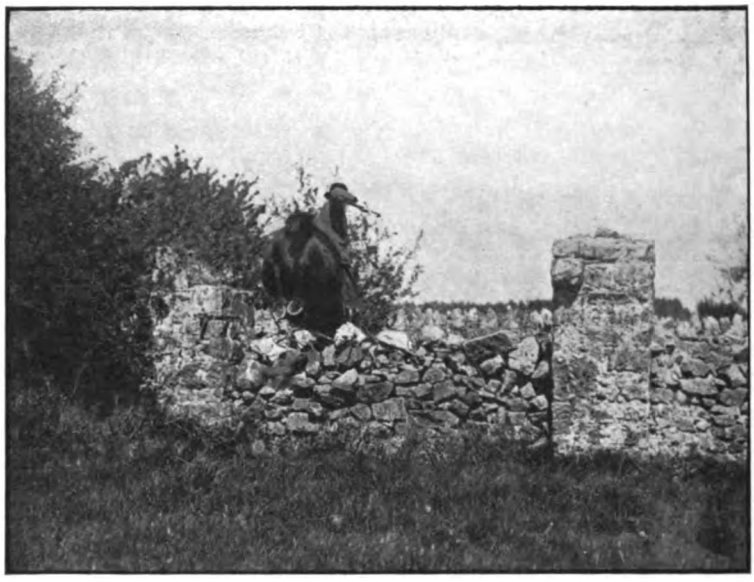
The last day was over Joyce's beat, Branthill and Crabbe. On this ground it happens that there are very few stubbles this year, and there were not so many partridges as on the other

beats; however, we hoped to bring in the large packs that had escaped us on the previous day. These hopes were disappointed, as we had the mortification to see the whole pack get up and go straight back in the beaters' faces, and rising high in the air they flew two miles down wind and were lost. Joyce and Lord Coke took this very philosophically, as they said, "What a grand breeding-stock they will make for next season!" Owing to this disaster the bag was considerably lighter than it would have been, and we got only the comparatively light one, for Holkham, of 377 brace!

Thus ended the best week's partridge-driving ever known in this country. No special effort was made to obtain a record, but it came all the same; and not the least enjoyable part of it was to note the evident delight of Lord Leicester at the successful outcome of his plans, which also reflect the greatest credit on his keepers, drivers, and flankers.

[The photographs which accompany this article, which have been taken by Mr. Davidson, a resident on the estate, show a glimpse of another phase of sport to be enjoyed here. The lake, which lies close to the house, is the winter headquarters of thousands of duck, teal, widgeon, and rare sea birds of every description. There is also a large flock of Canada geese, who fly about all over the country, but never mix themselves with the genuine wild geese (Pinkfoot and Bean geese), enormous flocks of which inhabit the marshes by day, and feed on the uplands by night. In hard weather the wild ducks on the big lake may be seen making their way to the Obelisk and other woods to feed on the ilex acorns, of which they are very fond. They afford most excellent flighting on these occasions; on one morning some three or four years ago four guns brought in ninety-five wild duck at breakfast time! A real good morning.]





A TYPICAL IRISH "GATE"
(Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland)

HUNTING IN IRELAND

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLOW

EVEN the most unobservant of Englishmen on going to Ireland must be struck with the great difference between that country and his home. The longer he remains across the Irish Channel the greater will that difference appear, and this is certainly no less remarkable in the hunting field than in other spheres of life.

Probably the first thing that the stranger will notice is the entire absence of gates. The ordinary English wooden gate is unknown; there are a few iron gates which are generally fastened up with a chain or rope, and are quite unopenable on horseback; but the entrances to most fields are blocked up with loosely-built stone walls, called "stone gaps," or with ploughs, old donkey carts, logs of trees, or any kind of rubbish which will keep in the cattle, and can be opened up with more or less ease when the stock have to be shifted to other pastures.

Consequently, to hunt in Ireland, fences, and lots of them, must be jumped. No matter how slowly hounds are running, and often when only going to draw a covert, it is a case of jumping in and out of every field. This has an undoubted effect in reducing

the numbers of those who hunt, for directly a man begins to lose his nerve and dislike jumping he must give up hunting, as he can never leave the road, and the roads in Ireland are shockingly bad riding. They are covered with loose stones and have no grass sidings.

It is not much use for the funker to wait till a lot of people have jumped the fence before him; they will not knock down the bank and ditch as they do a thorn fence in England; even if they do "soften" the bank a little the ditch remains, and if a bank is at all rotten it is made worse instead of better by people jumping over it. An Irish field are well aware of these facts, and few if any

OVER A BANK

(Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland)

go out who do not mean to have a cut at every obstacle that comes in their way.

Another result of the absence of openable gates is that hardly any Irishmen carry hunting whips—a cutting whip called a "cut-lash" in the south, or an ash-plant often rammed into the long boot, being the substitute. When an Irishman says that he "with-drew" he does not mean that he retired, but that he pulled his ash-plant out of his boot. This reminds me of an old horse-dealing yarn which I used to hear told of Lord Spencer when he was Lord Lieutenant:

"Can he jump?" asked his lordship of a farmer who wanted to sell him a horse.

"Is it lep, yer honner?" returned the would-be seller. "Me son was riding him with the Ward's last Saturday when he came to a fince that was *absholutely onpractacable*. With that he withdrew, and poshitively hurrled him at it, and the little harse cleared it by the dirt of your Excellancy's thumbnail!"—at the same time holding up a grimy thumb with the deepest of black edges.

As hunting-whips are so seldom carried, dogs who like to bark at horses are extraordinarily bold and aggressive. I scored properly off one of these soon after I went to Limerick. I was jogging along to the meet, and a man on a young horse was about two hundred yards in front of me. As he passed a cottage out rushed a mongrel sheep-dog straight at the horse's fore-legs, barking furiously, and nearly frightened him over the bank. Then the brute nipped back into the cottage and waited to play the same game on me; but I was ready for him, and let him have it with all my heart, the lash curled fairly round him, and with a howl of rage and pain he fled to his den. He never forgot it, and used to growl surlily whenever I passed that way, but he never rushed out at me again.

The fences also are very different from those in the great majority of English hunting countries, and require exactly opposite treatment. In England the general rule is to go steady when the ditch is on the near side of the fence, and to put the pace on when it is on the far side; with a bank-and-ditch in Ireland it is just the reverse. You can safely go a good pace when the ditch is towards you, but you must steady if it is on the landing side; if you don't it is good odds that your horse will not change his feet properly on the bank, and that you will be landed in the ditch.

If the fence be a double—that is to say, has a ditch on each side—the bank is sure to be broad enough to enable a horse to change properly when going at a fair pace. The worst sort of fence is a high narrow bank with a ditch on the far side.

Falls are certainly more numerous in Ireland than in England, both on account of the number of fences jumped and their trappy and intricate character; for in Ireland it is quite as fatal to jump too big as not to jump big enough. When a horse jumps a bank without touching it he is said to "overall" it, and if there be anything of a ditch on the far side it is long odds on his getting a fall. On the other hand, when a horse falls in Ireland he is let down fairly gently, and is not turned clean head over heels as he is by a stout bit of timber or strong binder in England.

The great majority of Irishmen undoubtedly hunt to ride, and right hard they do it. Their horsemanship is of a rough-and-ready type, more vigorous than graceful—due, I think, to the almost

universal use of the snaffle bridle, which with nine horses out of ten renders the niceties of horsemanship impossible. A south of Ireland stud-groom whose master's horse I was going to ride once said to me, " Take a dangerous tight howlt of her head, Captain, and knock hell's blazes out of the finces ! " thus neatly describing the style of riding which he admired. There are of course many first-class horsemen in Ireland to whom the above remarks in no way apply. The country folk, especially in the south, are very keen about the sport, and little work is done when the hounds are about; the natives collect in crowds at a favourite covert, and their yells and shouts when the fox breaks are something to remember. It is a bad

CHANGING ON A TRAPPY FENCE
(Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland)

sign when there are none of them about a covert, for it means that there is not much chance of a fox.

Nearly all Irish packs are hunted by amateurs. At the present time the Meath, Kildare, Kilkenny, Duhallow, Tipperary, Limerick, and Galway, among others, are hunted by their Masters, and it is only a year or two ago that Mr. Robert Watson gave up the Carlow, having hunted them for over fifty years—surely a grand performance.

Curiously enough, most of the hunt servants are Englishmen, and with the exception of Jim Brindley of the Ward Union Stag-hounds I have never hunted with an Irish professional huntsman. Champion and F. Goodall, the last two professionals in Kildare, were both English, as was Gosden with the Duhallow.

A considerable stir was caused in the English hunting world by the introduction of "capping" in some hunts two seasons ago. It has been the custom in Ireland from time immemorial. The usual "cap" is 2*s*. 6*d*. with Foxhounds and 1*s*. with Harriers, and all pay whether subscribers or not; in Kildare a subscriber can compound his cap for an extra £5.

In the matter of scent I think Ireland holds the advantage. There may not be any more brilliant scenting days, when the hounds seem tied to their fox, than there are in England, but I am sure there are far fewer really bad ones, in fact there are very few days without a fair scent.

It is generally held that a horse can carry a stone more weight in Ireland than he can in England, and I think this is a fair estimate; a bank takes less effort to jump than a fly-fence, and the going is generally good, for it is all grass, and there is no ridge and furrow, consequently heavy-weights get on very well; in addition to which there is no heavy cart blood in Ireland, so the big man is not likely to be riding a horse whose dam spent most of her life hauling coals or between the shafts of a brewer's dray. All the farm work is done by light mares or geldings, and until the ever-to-be-regretted introduction of the hackney a few years ago by a sadly mistaken Congested District Board enthusiast it was difficult to buy anything but a well-bred one. The alleged pedigree might not be strictly accurate; horses were not all by Ascetic and some other famous sires as usually alleged, but the hard fact remained that any colt bred in Ireland was the offspring of a thoroughbred horse and a mare full of good blood, and I believe this is still the case with the vast majority of Irish-bred horses.

The observant stranger will notice that there are scarcely any second horsemen. The Irish foxhunter can seldom afford such a luxury, which fact undoubtedly makes for sport, as numbers of foxes are headed and runs spoilt by the crowds of second horsemen that are found in all fashionable English countries.

One of the most notable features of the Irish countries that I know—namely, Meath, Kildare, Kilkenny, Tipperary, Limerick, Duhallow, and the packs about Cork—is the absence of woodlands. Nearly all the coverts are gorse, either artificial or growing wild on hillsides or bogs; and I believe this is also the case in the countries which I do not know. Cub-hunting is rendered very difficult by this want of woodlands. Some of these gorses are very big and very thick, and I have had some weary waits while a fox was skulking about in their fastnesses and refusing to face the open. Many of these gorses are in the most exposed situations on bleak hillsides where no shelter can be got; of one "Cryhelp" in the Kildare

country I have most uncomfortable recollections, as it nearly always blew a gale and rained in torrents when we drew it.

I saw a curious incident at "Maine" covert in Limerick. It is a large gorse, and outside the covert proper there is a lot of wild gorse growing on the hillside. We had been trying for an hour or more to force a skulking fox to leave it, but the most we could do was to hustle him out of the covert into the wild gorse and back again. Presently I saw him coming along the ditch just outside the covert; he caught sight of me and clapped down where a bush hung over the ditch about ten yards from where I was. At the same time a hound walked along the ditch straight to meet him, and I awaited

"WELL IN"—THE RESULT OF NOT CHANGING PROPERLY ON THE BANK

events. When they were about two yards apart the fox showed all his teeth and snarled viciously. The hound didn't like the look of him at all, but he couldn't turn and bolt, for he knew that I was looking. So he just jumped over the fox as if he had been a log, and marched on down the ditch with his head and stern up, pretending he had never seen anything. He might have been a coward, but he was no fool, and was not going to give himself away if he could help it. As soon as he was gone the fox nipped over the bank into the covert again.

There are not many hounds in any pack who will single-handed tackle a fox face to face. Most of them much prefer to have a grab

at his brush when his head and shoulders are the other side of the hole in the fence. A terrier has twice the fight in him that a foxhound has, and I think this is due to the fact that all fighting in kennel has to be stopped at once, so that the foxhound gets no practice; whereas a terrier running about has many a little scrap to keep his hand in.

All the countries I have just mentioned are grand to ride over. Limerick is the one I like the best. The going is good, the country is nicely undulating, which I much prefer to a dead flat; the coverts are good and well placed, the fences very varied but well within the powers of a good horse, and the great majority can be jumped almost anywhere. From many of the best coverts it does not matter a bit which way the fox goes, as there are miles and miles of lovely country in all directions. The town of Limerick is quite on the outside of the hunting country, which lies to the south and west of it with Croom as the best centre. The majority of the fences are fair-sized banks with a ditch on one side or the other; there are also some stone walls and doubles. The banks are sound and firm and have little thorn or gorse growing on them, very different from some parts of Meath and Kildare, where the great bullfinches growing on top of the banks make them quite unjumpable.

In one district of the county about Askeaton there is nothing but stone walls, loosely built, and some enormously thick, up to eight feet in breadth. The land at one time must have been covered with stones, which have been built up into walls to clear it. The average height of these walls is about four feet, and the enclosures are small. It is a most difficult bit of country to live with hounds in, for it carries an excellent scent and hounds fairly race over it, spurting at the walls and jumping on and off them without a second's delay, whereas a horse must be steadied and made to jump them clean, or to double on the broad ones. If he be allowed to gallop over them he may not fall, but he is certain to cut himself badly, for they are as sharp as razors, and the slightest touch means a nasty gash. If the enclosures were bigger it would be easy enough, but with the small fields and high walls it is almost impossible to keep up with hounds in a quick thing, and I have repeatedly seen them run right away from everybody.

I have enjoyed very fine sport in Limerick, including some of the best gallops of my life. On turning to my diary I see under the heading January 22, 1894, "Met at Athlacca. A disappointing morning, followed by the best hunt I have ever seen. Found in some wild gorse on Hartigan's farm, close to the Maigue, and ran at a tremendous pace to Lisdouan and straight through the covert and

on to Garryfine, where he got to ground. Distance 9 miles, time 45 min., all over splendid grass land and without a single check."

In the eleven years which have passed since then I have known nothing better. Hounds got away on capital terms with their fox, and ran at a tremendous pace all through. We did not come across a single fence which a good horse could not jump, and the going was the very best. A friend who got a fall about half-way through told me he rode the last three miles by seeing men standing beside their pumped-out horses in every field. The gallant fox got to ground in the main earths in Garryfine gorse, about 150 yards in

THE QUEEN'S COUNTY AND CASTLECOMER HOUNDS "MOVING OFF"
(Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell)

front of the leading hounds. He was none the worse, for we found him again on February 19, when he again gave us a very fine run by Croom gorse to Ballynahoun at top speed, then at a steadier pace past Killiney to Kilmacow cross-roads, where hounds had to be stopped as it was quite dark.

The Duhallow and Tipperary countries, which lie south and east of the Limerick, are also splendid riding; the former, however, is not quite such good going as the other two, and becomes heavy in wet weather. In Tipperary some enormous banks are to be found, some

with ditches on one or both sides and some without. How and why these huge fortifications have been erected is a puzzle to me, and I never got much fun out of jumping them. You have to go at them slowly, jump half way up, and then reach the top by a second effort. Some horses will jump boldly from the top, some will come down in two, and others, if there is no ditch, will walk down them.

Fethard is the best centre for Tipperary, and you can hunt seven days a week there with fox and hare, for there is a Sunday pack which goes out regularly after Mass. These Sunday packs exist in many places. The hounds are a somewhat scratch lot, composed of foxhounds, harriers (including the old Irish black-and-tan hound), beagles, and terriers of all sorts, but they afford their followers a deal of "divarshun." When the troubles were bad in Limerick about twenty years ago, and the county hounds were stopped, a local car driver, a great character, hunted the country with a pack of this description. He used to keep them in a stable by day and turn them out into the streets to pick up their living at night.

The United, the South Union, and the Muskerry hunt the country round Cork. It is a hilly district, and most of the banks are stone-faced, and without ditches. On account of the great amount of wild gorse growing on the hillsides it is often difficult to find a fox, for they are not over-plentiful, and there are so many places where they may be lying. Hounds get very tired of drawing acre after acre of this impenetrable covert.

For many years the cavalry regiment quartered at Ballincollig used to hunt the Muskerry Hounds. When my regiment, the 10th Hussars, was there, Lord William Bentinck was Master and huntsman, and first rate in both capacities. We had some capital hunts, but were somewhat short of foxes, and if it had not been for one old customer who never failed us, I do not know what we should have done in the Monday country. It would have been a fearful calamity if we had caught him! I hear people grumbling sometimes and saying we have too many foxes in Leicestershire. I wish they had had some of the long draws and blank days I have had to put up with; and it is by no means my experience that foxes run any better where they are scarce than where they are plentiful. Kildare is a rather curious country, for one end is utterly different from the other. The north end is a flat galloping bank-and-ditch country, while the south is cramped and hilly, with high dry banks; a range of mountains runs all along the east boundary, and the Bog of Allen lies to the west. A fox found towards the east is very apt to run up the mountains, and hounds have frequently had great hunts all to themselves among the grouse, the heather, and the

rocks. There are several big bogs in the country, but luckily foxes do not like crossing them, and seldom do so; worse obstacles are the domain walls, of which there are a great number. Most gentlemen's places in Ireland are surrounded by a wall about 10 ft. high. The fox has several places where he can get over, often by the help of the ivy which grows freely on them, but the hounds cannot follow him, and much time is lost in taking them round by the nearest gate. These walls spoil many a run and save many a fox's life. At Jenkinstown, in Kilkenny, the foxes often used to lie on the ivy-covered wall, which is broad as well as high.

I had two excellent seasons in Kildare. Colonel R. St. Leger

QUEEN'S COUNTY AND CASTLECOMER HOUNDS—CALLING HOUNDS OUT OF COVERT

(Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell)

Moore was Master, and Goodall huntsman, the best of the sport being in the north end, from Cooltrim, Laragh, and Betoghstown, and in the district round Punchestown and Edestown, all of which is a capital country to ride over, but requires a really good hunter. I have no hesitation in saying that if a horse can go well in Kildare, he will not be found wanting in any country, English or Irish.

A great friend sends me the following note: "The Laragh run, November 26, 1859.—This is popularly accepted as the record run of the Kildare Hounds, as well it might be, considering the country run over (probably unsurpassed in the three kingdoms), the distance, the

straightness, and the finish. The Master, Lord Naas, had a sprained thigh, and was driving in a gig; he drew the covert with only a couple or two of hounds, in order to avoid the chance of chopping some turned-down cubs. A fox went away at once and crossed the canal into the Meath country, from which it is probable he had been hunted the day before. The field picked up hounds at Colinstown, a Meath covert; two foxes went away, but Stephen Goodall, the huntsman, refused to hunt them. Shortly afterwards the hunted fox broke, and the best part of the run began. He went by Kilcarty covert to Grange, by which time most of the field were settled, and from there to a small spinney at Swainstown, where they killed him —18 miles in 1 hr. 40 min. over a perfect line of country."

But we need not go to such ancient history for records of good runs. At the opening meet on November 6, 1883, hounds found in Kerdiffstown and killed their fox in the outskirts of Dublin, more than a twelve-mile point without touching a single covert; while in October 1899, Colonel de Robeck being Master, and Fred Champion huntsman, they found in a bit of wild bog just outside Narraghmore Wood, and killed him under the walls of Newbridge Barracks, a point of ten miles.

As an instance of what hounds will do entirely on their own, I give an account of a run in Colonel R. St. Leger Moore's time: "January 23, 1890.—Found in Copelands and crossed the Carrigower brook, then over the left shoulder of Church Mountain, where the ground became quite impassable for horses, being very rough and thickly covered with snow. Hounds ran on by themselves, and eventually killed their fox at Humewood Cottages, a nine-mile point, but Heaven knows how far the hounds ran over the snow-clad mountains. Time from start to finish three-and-half hours, for two hours of which no one was near them. Goodall got up soon after they had killed and saved the mask."

Meath is a fine country, renowned for the tremendous breadth and depth of its ditches, especially on the Dublin side. Many of them are eight feet deep and V-shaped, so that if a horse gets in he takes a lot of getting out, the services of the "wreckers" with their ropes and spades, and the expenditure of a sovereign, being generally required.

There is a grand stretch of country round Fairyhouse, and I have had many a good gallop over it with the Ward Union Stag-hounds. They try to make the sport as natural as possible, and the deer is not uncarted in full view of the field, as is the custom in England. He is turned out a mile or more from the place of meeting, quite quietly, and without being yelled and ridden at by excited and ignorant crowds of foot and horse. The hounds are then

trotted up and laid on as they are to the wild stag after the tufters have been stopped.

I remember one very pretty hunt. It was late in March, and the weather was hot and dry. When hounds were laid on the scent was very bad, and they could only pick out the line quite slowly for a mile or two. The stag had, however, waited for us in the cool waters of a little pond under some willows. When hounds got close to him he jumped up, gave himself a shake, and away he went with hounds hard at his heels. He gave us a grand gallop of some six miles over a lovely country till he found refuge in another pond, where he was safely taken.

Kilkenny I don't know well, but it seems to me to be a grand

OVER A BIG TIPPERARY DOUBLE
(Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland)

galloping country; the fences, perhaps, are not so formidable as in some of the other countries which I have mentioned, but as it is hilly and carries a good scent, a fast horse and a stout one are most necessary.

An old friend and a good judge sends me his opinion of Kilkenny as follows:—

1. Wonderfully good scenting country, and nearly all grass.
2. Every conceivable variety of Irish fence.
3. Ample scope for six days a week. (It has been hunted nine.)
4. Very getoverable, and practically no wire.

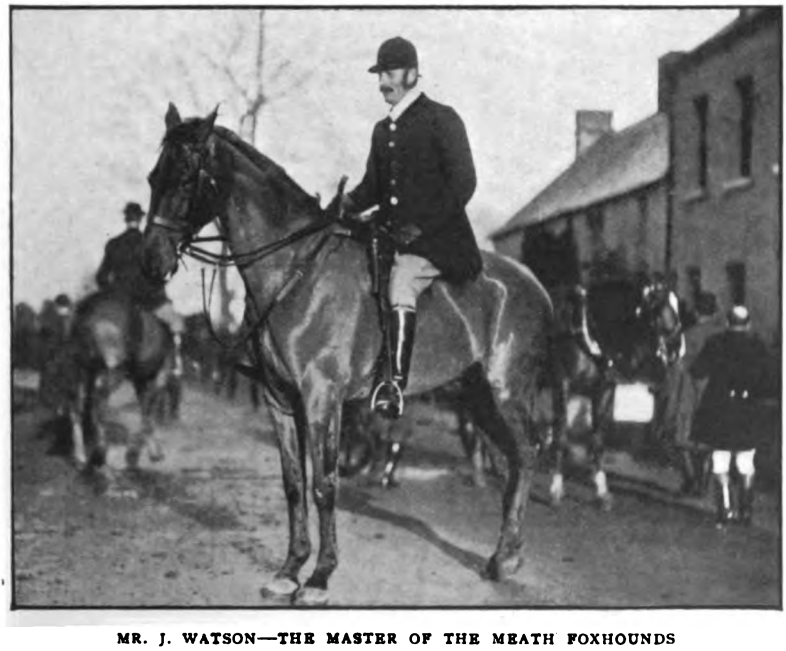
He winds up by saying that it is the finest country on earth. He also sends me the following reply by a horse-coping farmer to an inquiry as to whether he had a good horse for sale :—" No, Meejor, I've no very good horse by me now, but I had the right one last year; but, Meejor, he was that lazy that you'd no sooner got over one lep than you had to get out the ashplant to prepare him for the next. He took a deal of nourishment."

Such is a very imperfect sketch of some of the best hunting countries of Ireland, and there are others very good—Galway, Roscommon, etc., in which I have never hunted, besides large tracts which are at present not hunted for want of a little money to make coverts, etc. It seems to me that this great national asset is not put to the use it might be. England is growing more crowded every year, towns, mines, railways, etc., are ever on the increase, and in the South of England the shooting interest is making itself very seriously felt. In Ireland there is room for all and to spare, and much English gold would be brought into the country through the development of fox-hunting. Ireland is essentially the country for a man of moderate means, for a fiver goes a good deal further there than it does in England.

The one " crab " to the country is the political situation and the trouble caused thereby. Hunting was never stopped in Ireland because the people disliked it; on the contrary, they love it and all to do with it. But with a view to putting the screw on the landlords, agents, etc., the wirepullers have often forced the country folk to stop the hounds. There are lots of nice places in some of the best hunting districts in the South and West which could be had for next to nothing, but what Englishman will take them so long as there is any fear of hunting being stopped ?

There has been very little interference during the last ten or twelve years, but rumours and alarms have been by no means uncommon, and they are quite sufficient to scare away an intending visitor. That the majority of the people, even in the South, want Home Rule I do not believe. I was quartered in Limerick, considered a hot-bed of Nationalism, when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill passed the House of Commons. No sort of enthusiastic delight was manifested; and when the Lords threw it out, relief and satisfacfaction were plainly the feeling of the great majority of the people. Personally I look back upon the six years which I spent in Ireland as among the happiest of my life, and I have the kindliest recollections of her and her people. I went about a great deal soldiering, hunting, and racing, and everywhere met with nothing but kindness and courtesy; while the fun I had, the good stories I heard, and the friends I made, have been an enduring joy.

To the humours of Irish hunting there is no end, and the fun in the field is inexhaustible. I can only say that those most admirable sketches "The Recollections of an Irish R.M.," which first appeared in these pages, are in no way overdrawn. With the remembrance of them in my mind, and the certainty that my readers know them and love them, I hardly dare to attempt anything in the comic line. One or two stories; however, I cannot resist. I had gone with the Limerick Hounds to a district which lay a few miles outside of the country usually hunted. We had been told that we were certain to find, but we had had a long blank draw when we came to a wood on



MR. J. WATSON—THE MASTER OF THE MEATH FOXHOUNDS

the slope of a steep hill-side. I saw a big crowd of country lads on the hill about the covert, and I thought to myself "We shall find here." Hounds had not been long in covert when a terrific yelling broke out from the crowd, and frantic wavings in the direction of the valley. Hounds were galloped up to the spot indicated, and about three fields off I saw a sheep dog going like the wind. Of course we thought he was chasing the fox, so hounds were laid on and away we went over half a dozen good-sized banks. Although hounds ran fast, they did not settle properly to the line, and instead of carrying a good head they strung out much as draghounds do. We ran in this fashion for a mile or so right into the yard of a little farmhouse.

Then we found out the trick that had been played on us. The country-folk were determined to see a hunt of some sort, and to guard against a blank day, so they had stolen a dog from this little farm and had managed somehow or other to get hold of some fox litter and smear him with it. Then they carried him in a bag to a convenient spot, and at the right moment shook him out and started him for home, aided by a smack from a whip, and yells which rent the air. They had their bit of fun and we trotted off to our nearest

A MEET OF THE MEATH FOXHOUNDS

proper covert and were lucky enough to redeem the day by a good hunt.

The following was told to a friend of mine by the very popular Viceroy to whom it occurred. A sporting farmer had actually jumped on "His Ex." no fewer than three times. When the latter soon after landed very nearly on top of the farmer, he was profuse in his apologies, but all the farmer said was, "No matter, your Excellency, you owe me two yet."

MR. AND MRS. SYERS, WINNERS PAIR-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP 1902 AND 1904

ON SKATES AND SKATING

BY EDGAR WOOD SYERS

"A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was swan-like."—*Pickwick.*

FEW devotees of skating are aware of the profuse and compendious literature treating of their favourite pastime.

Since the days of Olaus Magnus and Fitz-Stephen skating has never lacked historians. Goethe and Klopstock have extolled the art in poetry and prose in Germany; Garcin and Vail in France; in England, Evelyn and Pepys, ever curious for any novelty; Johnson, though it must not be supposed that the didactic doctor adventured his ponderous person on "skaits," and Wordsworth, with a host of minor writers, have described its pleasures.

Figure-skating as distinct from speed-skating is of comparatively modern growth. The earliest book on figure-skating which I have been able to trace was written by one Robert Jones, a lieutenant of artillery, and published in London, 1772. This gentleman was evidently no pioneer in the art, for he describes a number of figures

which, having regard to the few facilities for practice in this country, it is hardly possible he could have evolved unaided. Lieutenant Jones was acquainted with the following figures, to which he alludes in detail: the FO, BO, and FI edges, the FO spiral, and the FO 3, on which he bestows the poetical designation of "a figure of a heart on one leg," remarking that it was "a pleasing figure and but lately known"; the FO 8 was apparently also known to him. Plates depicting skaters in various flamboyant attitudes are a feature of Lieutenant Jones's work. It would appear that, when once firmly established, skating rapidly grew in popular favour, for a number of books on the subject subsequently appeared, and a club,

SKATING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, 1842

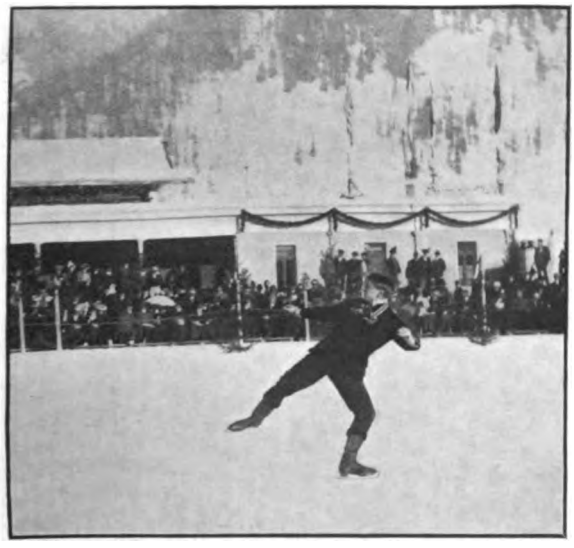
which exists with unimpaired vitality, was founded in Edinburgh about 1780.

The next work of distinction to appear was "Le Vrai Patineur," by J. Garcin, published in Paris in 1813, several copies of which are to be found in this country. This carried the practice yet further, and enumerated the following additions: the BO 8, the serpentine, the spread eagle, FI reverse Q, and the multiple turns, etc.

We now come to the time of Clias, Walker, Clay, and Cyclos (George Anderson), who describes the FO Q, FO reverse Q, the two-foot 8, and the FO loop. After the foregoing period and from about 1860 a remarkable change is apparent in the style of skating as

practised in this country. The older writers up to and including Cyclos, though advocating a certain necessary restraint, indicated very clearly that the limbs should have free play and should assist the movement. Walker states that the position of the arms should be easy and varied, one being always more raised than the other. Harewood advocates the attitude of drawing the bow, etc., Cyclos that the arm should be bent and half raised, the knee bent and turned well outwards, the toe pointing to the ice.

From such directions we turn with surprise to the canons of form laid down only a few years later by Vandeervell and Witham, where we see tentatively set forth those rules which a few years



GUSTAVE HÜGEL, WORLD'S CHAMPION 1897, 1899, AND 1900

later were carried to the extreme of rigidity as set forth in the following:—

"The elbows kept to the side of the body; the employed foot should not ever be allowed to swing."—"Skating," by Douglas Adams, 1894.

"Employed leg must be kept absolutely straight; no bend at the knee is allowed; elbows turned in."—"Combined Figure Skating," by G. Wood, 1899.

Such a momentous change in the character of English figure-skating had for some years a very cramping effect on the development of the art. Immense curves and turns effected solely by body twist were considered its highest expression, and such movements as loops, cross-cuts, and the many wonderful combinations of them

were quite taboo. Some writers, indeed, admitted an occasional indulgence, but the learner was strictly enjoined to straighten himself at intervals, as such diversions could not be executed without "bending the body and knee and craning the head in advance." All figures, save gigantic curves and turns which appeared as a mere incident therein, were regarded as outside the pale and designated "kickers"; and truly, as usually demonstrated, they fully merited the appellation.

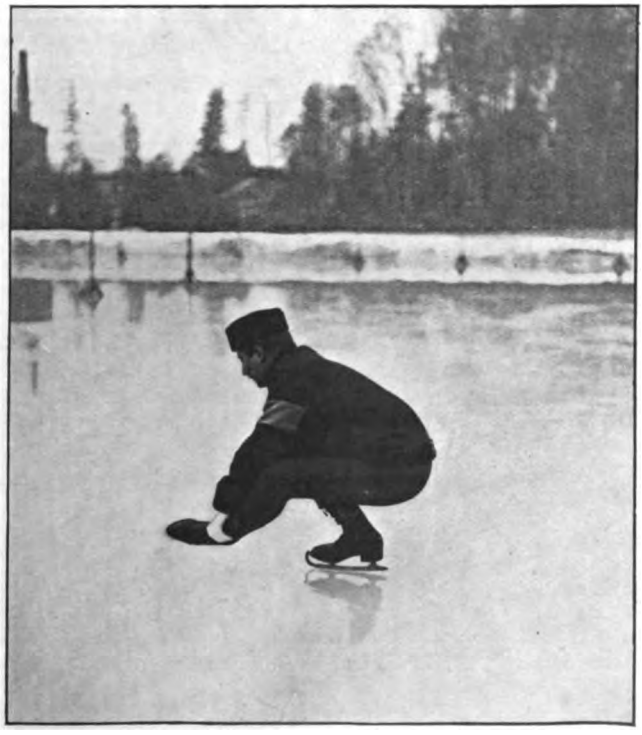
The fact that none of the chief skaters of Austria, Sweden, Norway, and Germany had been seen here accounts for these restric-

ULRICH SALCHOW, WORLD'S CHAMPION 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, AND 1905

tions; had they, or Jackson Haynes, the celebrated American professional who delighted the whole of skating Europe in the sixties by his grace and skill, visited us, we should probably have been spared an infliction of rigidity from the effects of which we are not yet entirely free. It was not till the holding in London of the World's Championship in 1898, when the three greatest skaters of the Continent visited us, that the possibilities of the art were fully appreciated and studied here. The grace and apparent ease with which such figures as loop change loop, and bracket change bracket,

both forward and back, could be skated was a revelation to us, and from that occasion may be dated the renaissance of English skating. All international figure-skating championships and competitions consist of two sections: "A," a set of six or seven compulsory figures—"Pflichtübungen"; and "B," a free programme—"Kurlaufen," of five minutes' duration, in which the competitor introduces such *tours de force* and original combinations as he thinks will find favour in the eyes of the judges.

The tendency of late in free skating seems toward the elimina-



A SITZ-PIROUETTE

tion of figures of extreme difficulty, and the substitution of easy graceful movements. There is much to be said in favour of this innovation, alike as it concerns candidates, judges, and spectators. Should the candidate fail in the execution of a difficult figure he will be not only minus so many marks in respect of it, but the continuity of the representation will be lost, and an inharmonious impression created. On the other hand, judges may find it difficult justly to apprise the true value of an intricate figure, seen possibly for the first time.

From the spectators' point of view complicated star figures, for which the skater has to arrest his progress on each occasion, and which necessitate a circumscribed field of action, are far less attractive than the lightness and movement typical of the Vienna school, which has been so aptly described as "being like dancing on ice."

Of athletic sports skating alone possesses the attribute of a patron saint. This distinction is conferred by St. Liedwi, whose sufferings and virtues deserve a wider recognition. As briefly told, her history is this:

"St. Liedwi was born at Schiedam in 1380. Persuaded by her girl friends to skate for her health's sake, against her own inclinations, she was knocked down accidentally on rough ice in 1396, a rib

THE ACCIDENT TO ST. LIEDWI, THE PATRON SAINT OF SKATERS, IN 1396

being broken inwards. For the rest of her life she was confined to her bed, a prey to unspeakable diseases. During her lifetime, of extreme piety and devotion, visions and marvels surrounded her, replaced by miracles after her death in 1433.

"In 1616 she was beatified, and sanctified in 1890. Some relics of her are preserved in the Carmelite monastery in Brussels."—From "On the Outside Edge," by G. Herbert Fowler.

Owing, perhaps, to ignorance of the foregoing relations, we have never heard of devotees on the eve of some important competition invoking the saint's aid or dedicating wax tapers to her shrine.

We do not propose to attempt here that pleasant task—the teaching of the young idea. It is doubtful if a true impression of the

ever-varying positions incidental to figure-skating can be conveyed to the novice in print; "the eftest way" is to consult some acknowledged authority as to the essentials of the rudiments, and from practical demonstration apprehend the first steps. When initial difficulties have been overcome, as an excellent source of information and the most up-to-date may be commended the "Skating Handbook and Supplement" of Doctor G. Browne, M.A., of Boston, published by Barney and Berry, New York; in it will be found the essence of skating instruction.

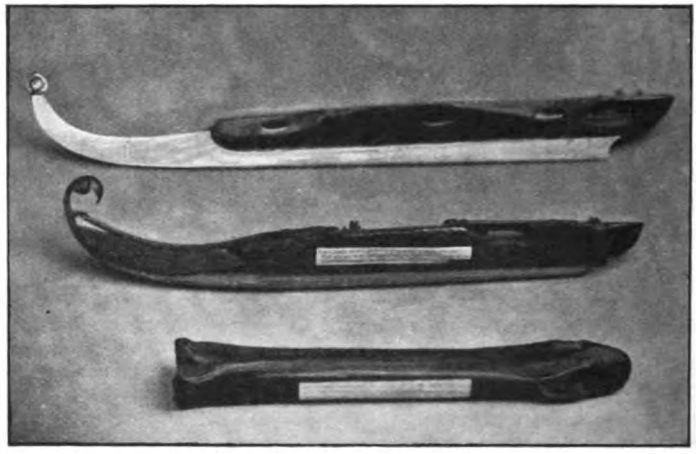
From skating to skates is a natural transition, and a brief account of their evolution, with some typical examples, may be of interest.

RACING ON THE CURVE

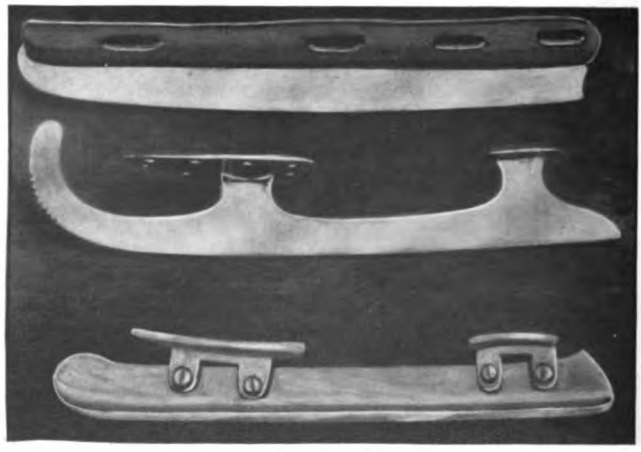
No. 1 represents a bone skate dug up in Moorfields, which remarkable mine of antiquities it would appear the bygone inhabitants of London regarded as a species of museum or convenient repository for the storage of objects likely to be of interest to succeeding generations.

The date of this skate, formed from the metacarpal bone of a horse, is conjectural, probably circa 1200. Progression on bone skates was effected by the wearer punting himself along by means of a piked staff, and Fitz-Stephen relates how the London apprentices were wont—imitative of knights at a joust or tournament—sportively to charge upon each other thus shod and armed.

"Sometime two runne together with poles, and hitting one the other, eyther one or both doe fall, not without hurt; some break their armes, some their legs."



No. 2 is the earliest blade skate we have seen; its date is probably 1664 or thereabouts. It is adorned with a foliated prow, and is the only example of a decorated skate with which we are acquainted. Right-angled; radius about 7½ ft.; width of blade, ¼ in. One might picture such if "'Twere not to consider too curiously to consider so," as having shod some one of those gallants who excited the admiration of Evelyn when he remarked on "Having seene the



strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders, on the new canal in St. James's Park, performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with scheets, after the manner of Hollanders."

No. 3, a German skate, date about 1810. Right angles; no curve; width of blade $\frac{1}{8}$ in.

No. 4, English "club skate," about 1855. Radius $4\frac{1}{4}$ ft.; right angles; width of blade $\frac{3}{16}$ in.

No. 5, the English skate as used for combined figures and large turns; the present day. The method of attaching the blade to the plates by means of screws and bolts is clumsy. This skate is much heavier than No. 6. Radius 7 ft.; obtuse angles; width of blade $\frac{3}{16}$ in.

No. 6 is a slight modification of the pattern introduced by

HERR OTTO AND FRÄULEIN MIZZI BOHATSCH, WINNERS PAIR-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP 1905

Jackson Haynes. It is becoming very popular in England, and is used abroad by Hügel, Salchow, Fuchs, Bohatsch, and others. The row of small teeth cut in the prow enable toe spins and pirouettes to be effected with ease and without damage to the ice. Radius about $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft.; acute angles; width of blade $\frac{1}{4}$ in., tapering slightly to toe and heel.

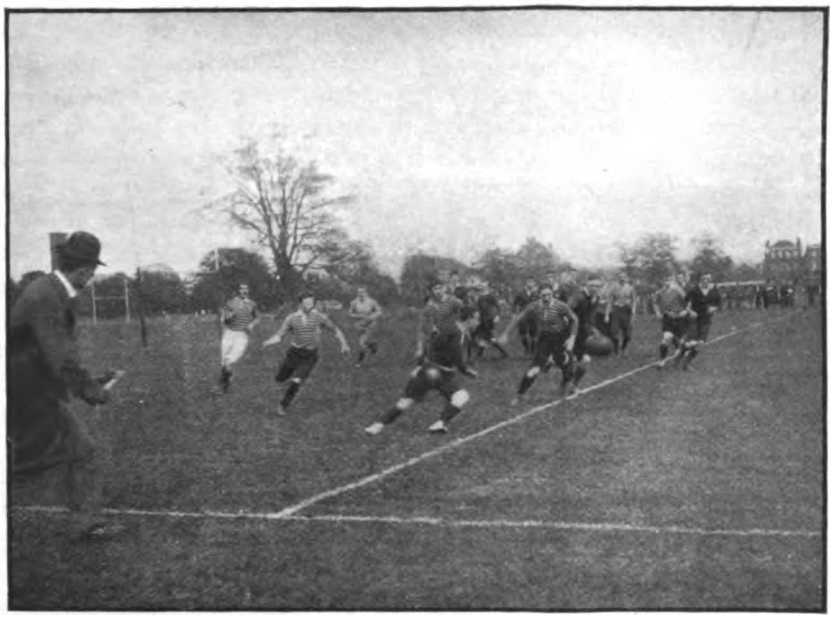
In conclusion, it is safe to assert that skating is one of the sports in which the greatest skill has been attained by living exponents. "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona" does not apply in this connection. Though there was no lack of bards to sing the praises of the

skaters of former days, their exploits, as thus recounted, must be received with discretion.

The legends, still occasionally met with, of skaters apt, among other feats, to inscribe their names on the ice, or "by turning and winding with much adroitness readily in succession to describe upon the ice the form of all the letters in the alphabet," may be relegated to the same limbo as the early accounts of speed-skating, in which it was a not uncommon occurrence for a competitor to cover a mile a minute; indeed, one gentleman of extreme velocity has been credited with the amazing record of two miles in two minutes, *vide* "Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette," London, 1822.

It is our hope, in bidding the reader adieu, that this little review may interest some who are already skaters, and induce others to adventure the "irons" where, as Dr. Johnson says—

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleasures' flowery ground
Thus lightly skim and haste away.



THE LESSON FROM NEW ZEALAND

BY ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN

IF the New Zealand tour has taught the Rugby Union nothing else—and I doubt not but that it has taught them a good many things—it ought at any rate to have instilled into them the fact that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Club after club of old-established reputation has fallen before the onslaught of our Colonists, and but lately I heard a Cambridge man puffing himself up at the expense of an Oxford brother because, forsooth, his University had only lost by fifteen points to nil! Ye gods, what an enviable distinction!

No purpose will be served, however, by cataloguing at length disasters that are fresh in the minds of all, and it would need a more far-seeing brain than that of the writer to settle the problem as to whether the Rugby Union will recognise the cause of their disasters, not only this season but during preceding ones, in their split with the professional element. But whether or not the *protégés* of the handling code receive back the sinners with open arms and recognise at length that a paid player is not necessarily an

assassin, it is vitally important that we of Association inclination should grasp the lesson that New Zealand has tried to teach the Rugby players of England, and that we should not only grasp it but that we should act on it now, henceforward, and for ever.

If we look at the position of Association football in Great Britain to-day we shall find that it is satisfactory from every point of view, except, perhaps, that of the amateur. Unfortunately the latter is being gradually but surely swept away by this inrush of professionalism, and I cannot help thinking that if he vanishes altogether the epithet "satisfactory" will also vanish from the dictionary of football. Professionalism by itself is a very excellent thing; but it is possible to have too much of a good thing—even of an excellent thing. The ideal formation of a pastime, and sometimes also of a sport, is professionalism leavened by amateurism. In the hunting or shooting field we see this is the case, where the Master and his whips or the host and his keepers unite to show us the best of sport; and, still closer to our argument, we witness it in the Yorkshire cricket eleven with its professionalism combining with the unsullied amateurism of Lord Hawke.

Amateur football pure and simple cannot live by itself; for a brief moment or two an isolated team, such as the Corinthians of the present day or the Old Carthusians of the past, may be found to be able to tackle satisfactorily our professional combinations; but it is not the rule—only the exception. Apply our football system to the summer game and solely amateur clubs would soon be left behind. At either pastime we have many brilliant individual players. Cricket knows how to use them, and gently shuffles them in with the professional pack. Football allows them to waste their sweetness and their skill on the deserted arena of an exclusively amateur club.

We are happily able to state that at the present time, with the exception, perhaps, of the London Football Association and some kindred admirers of the good old days, there is no animus whatever among amateurs against their paid brother; the reverse is rather the case, and never was the ground more ripe for the seed of friendship to be sown where hitherto the rank weed of disunion has flourished alone. There are perhaps in England to-day some dozen amateurs playing for professional clubs: ten years ago there were none. So that we have indeed progressed, though our progress has not been far enough. In every professional side I should like to see that leaven of amateurism—not shamateurism please, but the real hall-marked article—which I mentioned earlier in my paper. And I should like to see it there for two good reasons of equal, and, to my mind, inseparable importance. First,

for the sake of the professionals themselves; secondly, for the sake of the amateurs; in a word, for the sake of the game.

The amateurs, as I have already pointed out, are not numerically strong enough in first-class players to flourish alone, and yet their talent is far too valuable when it exists not to be used in the way I have mentioned. Nor are signs wanting in professional football that there is need of some tactfully restraining hand—some inoculator of the serum of true sportsmanlike feeling.

The crowd at a football match has always in its hands the power to make or mar a game, even a team. Taken as a whole, the spectators of the winter game *are* sportsmanlike, and delight to see the game played in its proper spirit; but on nearly every ground nowadays there exists a small but always noisy band of what I can only call the "win-at-any-pricers." *Vox populi, vox Dei*, and the player is only human. Small wonder, then, if he is encouraged to reproduce dirty tricks and unfair tactics when applause is given to them which makes up for its scantiness by loudness and reiteration, and even requests for more. This section of the crowd, too, is great at referee-baiting; no decision, however just, against the home side, but is met with scoffs and jeers; no decision *for* them, whether right or wrong, but is greeted with applause.

The canaille of the football ground, perhaps one per cent. of the assembled thousands, bids fair to ruin the game for everyone else and to make the players turn legitimate excitement into illegitimate unfairness. And here the leaven of amateurism would come in. A player who had tact and was popular with his side could by a mere word restore the lost temper, prevent the coming storm; or with the spectators he might, with equal success, subdue excitement that was becoming ugly. Both player and spectator would lend a ready ear to another player—really a good fellow and a good performer—whom they knew to be in the right, where they might be deaf to a whole army of directors.

For a moment we will hark back to the Yorkshire cricket team. Can one for a moment imagine any of the Yorkshire bowlers sending down body balls, or indulging in any similar unfair tricks? Can one imagine Lord Hawke allowing one of his men to pretend to bowl and then to run his opponent out? The answer is a decided no. Well, we want a Lord Hawke—two or three of them, if possible—in every Association team before the public to-day. Difficult, of course, may be the task to find them, but public school and university would not say impossible. And here do not let my reader run away with the idea that I think that only amateurs know how to play the game, and that the paid player is not a sportsman. Far from it. I have known more foul players among amateurs

than professionals, but only few of these former have been public school men. There are degrees of sportsmanship. There is the man who will forget himself only under extreme provocation. There is, again, the man who will never forget himself under any provocation whatever. And somehow I think I can with justice urge that we are more likely to find this latter type among fellows who have been brought up on the best traditions of the game, who have been taught from their earliest age that departure from its unwritten laws means temporary social ostracism, than we are from any other class.

To take another aspect of the case, there is no longer any doubt that the directors will receive with open arms any amateur player who is up to the standard of the club. In these expensive days of football it is no small thing to be able to decrease instead of increase the wages bill, and, moreover, a good amateur will always introduce some individuality into an eleven, and also a quantity of dash, which is getting somewhat rare amid the machine-like methods of professionalism.

Finally, we have before us two examples, one of unity and one of disunity, between amateur and professional. Cricket, the former, stands united and flourishing; Rugby football is disunited and almost shattered. Hitherto Associationists have been inclined to fall between the two stools; but signs are not wanting that now it is their tendency to learn their lesson, and it only remains to be seen whether the unpaid players can fit themselves into the all too few crevices left for them by the paid. If they can do so, then football has even a greater future than it has had a past; if they cannot, then the game as a national pastime is doomed to destruction within a few years.

ON THE AUERHAHNBALZ (CAPERCAILZIE-STALKING)

BY LT.-COL. COUNT GLEICHEN, C.M.G., D.S.O., C.V.O.

"WHAT? Shoot capercailzie in the breeding-season? And shoot him sitting? On a tree? With a scatter-gun? What an unsportsmanlike thing to do! And what rotten sport—it can't be sport at all!"

Thus to me a British friend. And, until I went on the "balz"[1] myself, I was inclined to agree with him. But I have altered my opinion.

In the big pine forests in Germany there are many capercailzie. As everyone knows, they are extremely shy birds; and as the forests are very big, it is impossible to drive them. The only way of getting them, therefore, is to stalk them; and as they are so wary that the crackle of a twig a hundred yards off is enough to send them flitting, it is only possible to approach them when they are temporarily deaf. This, by a curious law of nature, happens only during the breeding-season, at a particular moment when they are calling ("balz-ing") to their lady-loves, and therefore nature must be held responsible for the otherwise unnatural time which one has to choose for their destruction.

Last April it was my luck to go out on the balz. Place: the outlying spurs of the Thüringer Wald. Time: 2.15 a.m., or thereabouts.

[1] To those unacquainted with German, I would say that this word rhymes with the English word "results."

After an hour's drive through the dark my friend Captain V. and I were met by a depressed-looking little man at the outskirts of a pine wood. Two minutes' confabulation revealed the fact that during the last three mornings a couple of cock had been calling fairly steadily in a certain direction. So we left the carriage and plodded uphill on foot. It was still dark, with snow underfoot, and a fine snow falling—cold, but luckily no wind. Half-an-hour's trudge over a vile path, and we had arrived in the neighbourhood of where a cock had been heard the day before. Cartridges (No. 2) were quietly slipped in, and the gun cocked without noise. Then a silent wait in the cold for another half-hour. Not a sound, till the dull sky began to lighten by ever so little—and then an owl began calling "Tu-hu-hu-hu-hu" close by. Still no sound of our friend—and then—a double noise like two dry sticks being clicked gently together, so faint at first that it did not suggest any live thing. Five minutes' pause—then the clicking again, but rather louder, perhaps a hundred yards ahead of us.

V. signed to me to be ready to rush, and with every nerve on edge we waited. More clicking, more and more continuous, and then the blessed sound "Slif-slif-slif-slif!" At the first "slif" we bounded forward three paces and halted suddenly, as the noise had finished with a gentle "pop." More waiting, perhaps five minutes, till he began again. "Kôrk[1]-kŏrk; kûk-kŭk; kâk-kăk; kêk-kĕk; kîk-kĭk . . . . Slif-slif-slif," etc.—like water being poured gently out of a bottle: it is impossible to represent the exact sounds—"pst-pop!" And there we were, three paces on, it is true, but standing in most inartistic and uncomfortable attitudes. My right foot was in a puddle of icy water, and my left twisted round sideways in an almost unbearable position—yet I dared not move. V. was still more uncomfortable, for the "pop" had caught him in the middle of a stride, and he was on one leg, with the other foot balancing unsteadily in front; yet he dared not put it down, for fear of breaking a twig or making some trifling sound. My heart was thumping like a steam-engine, the fine falling snow was tickling my nose, I felt desperately inclined to sneeze, and my gun happened to be at an angle at which it was agony to hold it for more than a minute. Yet that bird was deathly still, and there was not a whisper in the woods.

Gradually a feeling of anger came over me at the wretched bird who could keep me waiting for ten minutes in a pool of cold water and in excruciating agony. I felt inclined to chance everything and put myself quietly comfortable; but a stealthy glance at V. reassured me—he was suffering even more than I. . . . All things

[1] The sound is more like the guttural Arabic "Kâf" than any I know.

have an end, and at last, to our immense relief, the cock began again. This time, and the next, we did about five paces, and a breathed "Do you see him?" from V. reached my ears. I didn't, and shook my head gently. So at the next rush he went forward with his arm stretched out, pointing to a particular tree which had been concealed from me by intervening brushwood. Then came the "pop" before he had a chance to lower his arm; and thus he remained for the next five minutes, within full view of the bird, and with an expression of patient suffering on his face. It was all I could do to repress a chuckle, but this time I caught sight of the bird too—sitting on a branch, high up, clear against the dark sky, but a good forty yards off. His neck was stretched out, and he was jerking lightly from side to side—a sign that he was alarmed at something. So, making

"KÔRK-KŎRK"

a virtue of necessity, I slowly, very slowly, raised my gun, took a steady aim, and pressed the trigger.

That bird had been sitting there for a good hour, and he might just as well have remained there for another second. But he didn't. At the exact moment when I pulled the trigger I became aware that the cock had suddenly dived off his branch. The shot flew harmless over his head, and before I could spot him in the half light and get the second barrel in he had swooshed down through the smaller branches and disappeared, with a sharp turn to the right, into a dark thicket.

I will not describe our feelings.

The depressed little man, who had waited behind, came running up at the shot, and his face fell. But he offered what was meant to be consolation by relating that in the previous year the very same cock had been missed—a sitting shot—on the very same branch by another sportsman at ten yards' range. It was quite possible, for the cocks are very constant to their tree—but it was no balm to our sore hearts. All that remained was to listen if cock No. 2 were balzing. But after a short stealthy walk and a listening of a quarter of an hour we agreed that it was getting too light, so we went home.

Next morning we were out again about the same time, but in a different and much more hilly direction. The bird of the previous day had not begun to balz before 4.15, chiefly because the weather was dull and cold; but the following morning was glorious. We struggled uphill over tree-stumps and through wet moss at break-neck speed in the dark: for as the weather was quite still and clear, it was probable that the capercailzie would begin balzing rather earlier, and we were a trifle late.

Arrived at the appointed spot we listened intently till the landscape grew clearer and clearer with the approach of dawn. Another owl saluted us in the stillness; the mists in the valley below began to roll away; the sky became redder and redder—yet not a sound. Then at last the welcome half-audible click in the distance. As we moved cautiously forward there was suddenly a loud rustle in the tree close by, and with much fuss and pother a lordly capercailzie arose and sailed down towards the valley. So close, and yet he had not made a single call: evidently bad weather ahead—confirmed by the colour of the sky. For a long time we stood silent, and then the clicking began again, but badly, feebly, and at long intervals. It required infinite patience to get close, for the "slif-slif" was very short, and the hillside rocky, tufty, crackly, and stubby. Meanwhile, however, as if to make up for our discomfort, the sight of the rising sun was beautiful. The trees, silhouetted at first black against the sky, gradually took on their rich dark colouring; the grey boulders stood out against the yellow grass; and the feathery larches paled to a delicate green. Then, just as the sun's disc began to show, and tipped the big firs with gold, a regular chorus of small birds' voices arose, re-echoing the harmony from copse to copse.

And amongst it all the feeble intermittent click and guggle of our cock drew us onward.

Even when within twenty yards of the bird it was difficult to spot him. He was sitting on a young pine surrounded by a thicket of fuzzy spruce; and although I could get glimpses of bits of him, for a time I could not see enough to shoot at. Then at last, after im-

mense precaution, and with my heart going like a sledge-hammer, I sidled in among the spruce, under protection of his "slif-slif," and got a good view of him. He was a beautiful bird, with his head out, beak wide open, wings stretched low on either side, and tail aspread like a big fan. With the sunlight reflected off his coppery green throat-feathers and the sheeny black of his tail, it seemed a brutal thing to slay him. But the sun went behind a cloud and I hardened my heart.

He fell without a struggle, and we returned in triumph. He turned the scale at a little over 9 lb. (German).

On the following morning, after half a gale had blown itself out during the night, I went after another cock in the same neighbourhood. The stalk was not remarkable except for one thing—the marvellous hearing power of the bird. We were a good hundred yards off, and the cock was beginning to balz fairly well, when suddenly, whilst we were standing absolutely still—in, as usual, desperately uncomfortable positions—V.'s ankle, which was slewed round all crookedwise, gave a crack . . . . We had to wait fifteen minutes by the watch before that bird began again.

Then again, when fifty yards nearer, to ease my attitude I happened to lean rather more heavily on one foot. A tiny twig under the carpet of pine needles snapped, so that I could feel but hardly hear it. Yet that bird was completely dumb for the next twenty minutes. At one moment V. breathed quietly his opinion that we might as well shut up and go home: but we gave the cock another chance, and at last he began again.

To make a long story short, I got to within twenty yards of the cock, but there I stuck. He was sitting on a branch, with the trunk between himself and me, and all I could see was his tail and a third of the after end of his body. The tail was already gently quivering with alarm, and had I worked round he must have seen me and bolted. So I had to chance it, and fired at what was visible. A crash through the branches told that I had not missed, but before reaching the ground he found the use of his wings, and, almost invisible in the dark, half flew and half ran at a desperate rate into a thicket a few yards off. That thicket was about a mile square, and we had of course no dog.

My friend was convinced we should never see the bird again, but, knowing where I had hit him, I ventured to differ. We therefore waited till broad daylight, and turned out a dozen labourers with a couple of dogs to look for him.

After ten minutes' careful search we found him—stone dead and within two hundred yards of where he had gone in.

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Amongst other things that were borne in on me during these three days, I found that considerable science was required for timing the stalk. If you are in too much of a hurry you run the risk of making a noise and disturbing the birds. If, on the other hand, you are too cautious, you will hear an occasional swish through the air in his direction, and will recognise that his lady-loves are obeying their lord's behests, and that their lord will shortly descend from his throne to dally with them below. It is then a case of "all over." He honours as many as three or four of them each morning with his attentions, and at the end of the balzing season he is looking rather disreputable, worn, and ragged. About this time his head and neck show signs of many a fight, sometimes an eye is gone, and his strut has lost its pristine pride: three weeks, after all, of nothing but fighting are apt to weaken the knees of the strongest man. By the end of the first week in May, however, his trials are over, and he rapidly recovers on the budding fir-tops, and grows fat and handsome again in the sunny weather. Family cares do not seem to interest or weigh upon him, and the hen has to hatch out her four to six eggs, of a greenish speckly brownish grey, according to her own lights.

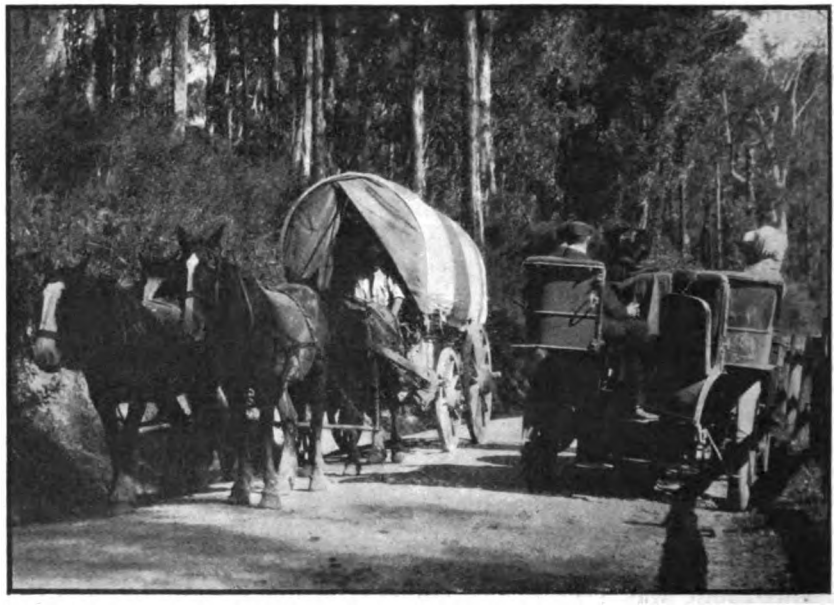
It is difficult to see why the capercailzie should be such a shy bird, and so well provided by nature that he has, according to the local saying, an eye and an ear at the end of each feather. He can have but few enemies. Prowling foxes and weasels below, and martens and hawks above, may be a serious danger to young birds, but these are apparently the only enemies with whom the Cock o' the Woods has to deal; and when he has grown to his full strength he need hardly fear them. Man he can see but little of and hardly know by sight, yet of him he is the shyest. And here nature has turned traitor: for the deafness which alone enables brutal man to approach him during his "slif-slif' call is a purely natural defect. The opening of the beak to make this noise causes two little horny plates to descend perpendicularly in front of each earhole, and whilst they are there the bird hears literally nothing. A gun may be fired close by, the man may yell or make any noise he pleases; and the cock, absorbed in his own sweet music, pays not the smallest attention.

It is said that if two cocks are balzing near each other you can get them both by shooting one whilst the other is "slif-sliffing," and then turning your attention to the other. I can quite believe it, for during his song the cock is so self-

absorbed that he not only hears nothing but sees nothing either. If, however, he sees you in the intervals of balzing, he gets at first nervous and restless. If you remain *absolutely* still, he will, after gazing at you for a bit, think you are only an oddly shaped piece of landscape, and return to his balz. But a nervousness will still remain at the back of his mind, and the quiver in between whiles will tell you that he is a trifle alarmed and may be off at any moment. I need hardly say that if, during the scrutiny, you wink your eye or change the expression of your face, the cock will vanish long before you can get your gun up. Therefore keep your face modestly cast down, and, as regards your gun, hold it pointing at the bird, or he may see the glint of the rising sun on the barrels.

* * * * *

I do not know whether I have succeeded in conveying to the reader any idea of the charm of the sport I have endeavoured to describe. I can only say, speaking for myself, that after my first stalk I was quivering from head to foot with intense feeling, and was sacrilegious enough to express the opinion that it was a much more exciting sport than deerstalking.



THE OLD MODE AND THE NEW—A NEW ZEALAND WHEEL CART

ROUND THE WORLD IN A MOTOR CAR

BY KATE D'ESTERRE-HUGHES

AUTOMOBILISM! The word almost inspires awe as in imagination one travels through the ages and sees the "car" developing. First of all comes to mind the chariot of the Egyptians—the huge, not ungainly vehicle that was the pride of some rich noble; and so through all sorts of wheeled vehicles we come to the motor of to-day.

Not so long ago George Stephenson developed the "auto" idea and brought out one of the wonders of all time—the locomotive. But a locomotive can only go where first its rails have been laid, and to the unconquerable energy of man this inflexibility of movement was only another incentive to further progress.

In Cugnot's dreams he seemed to be able to travel with lightning speed over the world, and his imagination builded for him a fairy car. "Thoughts are things," so say the wise, and imagination after all is but the faculty of foreseeing, and so clothing with thought what must some day be formed in the material world. Out of Cugnot's imagination then was born, in 1769, the first of all vehicles

to move by its own power on land—the beginning of the latter-day development of that which in this twentieth century is still young, "Automobilism."

To the student, and even to the casual reader, as yet it means but a few names. These are veritable landmarks indeed amid an ocean of technicalities. One hears of "engines" and "carburettors," of "clutches," "ignition," and "differentials," but they are the A B C's of the book of automobilism, and for interest one hurries on to the story of which such words form the alphabet.

"Cherchez toujours la femme," say the French, and the history

MR. GLIDDON AND THE KING OF THE FIJI ISLANDS

of the automobile movement is not without its women. Perhaps one who could recount the most entertaining of car experiences would be Mrs. Charles Gliddon, an indefatigable world-explorer, who, in 1903, accompanied her husband in a 16 h.p. Napier to the frozen North. The motorists started in Sweden, and the journey to the Arctic circle was one long, triumphant procession. Sweden can boast of many telephones, and these were used to such good purpose that long before a town was reached cyclists were waiting to greet the autoists of whose wondrous drive they had heard by means of the "phone." After welcoming the Gliddons these ardent wheelmen turned back to notify their townsfolk that the car was on the way.

Great was their astonishment and dismay when they found that the car, and not themselves, was to be first at the rendezvous, where the inhabitants of the surrounding country enthusiastically received the travellers with much shouting and ringing of bells.

A rather amusing and withal instructive incident occurred in a diminutive village in the north of Sweden. The tyres—which were especially large—attracted considerable attention, and one old man, who had been fondling them for some time, turned at last to Mrs. Gliddon, saying, "I am seventy-six years old, and hardly now believe that such a thing can be possible, that I should be alive to

A FIJIAN ROAD

see a wagon that goes by itself without horses and with such wheels! This is the most wonderful thing that I have ever seen."

The roads in Sweden are not for the comfort-loving, being mostly narrow and rutty with a wide ditch for a border: in some places mere gullies do duty, while far north there are only reindeer tracks. No bridges are found in these northern regions, and the Napier had to be ferried across several rivers in small flat-bottomed boats: in two or three cases temporary bridges had even to be built first from the shore to the boat. Plainly, the motorist who explores must be prepared to rough it, as did the early settlers in America and the colonies. Luleå is the wonder spot of the North, for it glories

in the possession of a steam ferry. Miles away the travellers heard of Luleå; the inhabitants talked of it with glee, and told them that they should be happy indeed, for at Luleå they would have the chance of crossing a river on a steam ferry!

Intelligent curiosity is well, but at times it is somewhat embarrassing. The people in these country villages did not seem able to realise that motorists were, after all, of the human race, but came and looked at them with ill-concealed amazement, some even being venturesome enough to climb up and peep into the hotel windows, until at last Mrs. Gliddon declares she was really obliged to look

ADI CAKAHAN, THE FIJIAN PRINCESS—MRS. GLIDDON AND MRS. MACDONALD ALSO IN THE CAR

into her mirror to see if she were truly the same woman who once upon a time had started from America.

After their objective—the magic circle—had been crossed and Mr. and Mrs. Gliddon had bidden good-bye to the land of the sad-faced Laps and sturdy Finns, they set to work to plan a novel motor trip round the world.

In 1904 they again started from Boston, on a Napier still, but this time one of somewhat more power. From Minneapolis to Vancouver, a distance of some 1,800 miles, they travelled on the railway—in their own car, be it always understood—and averaged the thrilling speed of a mile a minute.

From Canada to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, and thence to Tasmania, Australia, Java, Malay, London, and New York, is a round-the-world tour which must have been productive of many noteworthy an experience.

The roads of Java excited Mrs. Gliddon's admiration. Everyone goes bare-footed, and it is considered a sacred duty to remove bits of glass or rough stone from the public way—thus for the motorist it is a veritable paradise. Java, indeed, pleased Mrs. Gliddon immensely. It is, she says, the country she would best

A TOWN CLOCK IN ONE OF THE FIJIAN ISLANDS

like to re-visit. The Dutch have not yet attempted to educate the natives beyond work, and the people are all very respectful to the whites, removing their hats or crouching to the ground when these pass. The Javanese are not frightened of the Dutch rule, but respect it, and their deference to all Europeans is really a mark of reverence for their own rulers.

Mrs. Gliddon was especially interested to see how the women are beginning to regard a woman's affairs from a European standpoint. The impression the Javanese give a visitor is that of happiness. Some, of course, are wealthy, but the majority of the

population is composed of just the working people of the country, and they seem perfectly satisfied with their life. What impresses the stranger, too, is the mass of humanity everywhere. "We drove," says Mrs. Gliddon, "hundreds of miles on end. There never was a spot two hundred yards in extent where we could escape people. There was no loneliness anywhere. Sometimes I thought, 'Surely, now we're coming to a place without people!' But no; as the car approached, literally thousands of black heads sprang up from the rice fields on either side of the road."

ANOTHER FIJIAN ROAD

Java is a beautiful country, though so cultivated that one looks longingly for an oasis that has not been touched; but there is not a spot that man has not turned into a garden, and the place is so teeming with people that it seems to be always one entire fête.

There is here a great deal of the red-tape rule. One must first obtain permission to enter the country from the Governor-General; next, under the instructions of the Resident, the Chief Engineer of Railways inspects the car; and then, after having paid a deposit of about £30 to the Customs, one can procure from the Post Office Department a permit to remain in the country six months. The Dutch, too, are exceedingly watchful, and will not allow anyone who

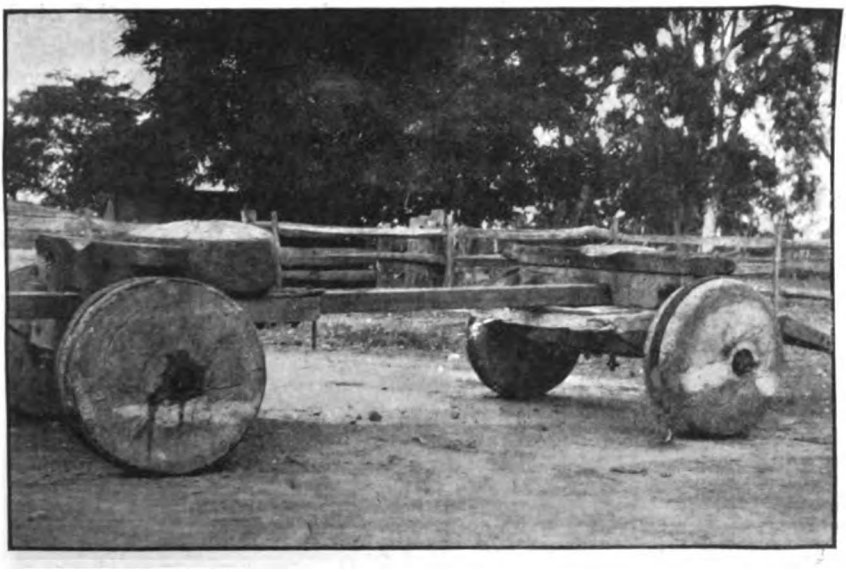
might cause trouble with the natives to enter the country. This care is, however, not to be wondered at, when one considers that they have charge of an enormous uneducated population of something over thirty-five millions.

The people in the towns had seen motors before the appearance of the Gliddons; but even in the country places, where they were unknown, no one seemed to be frightened, most of the inhabitants contenting themselves with staring in open-eyed wonderment as what must have been to them almost a miracle passed by.

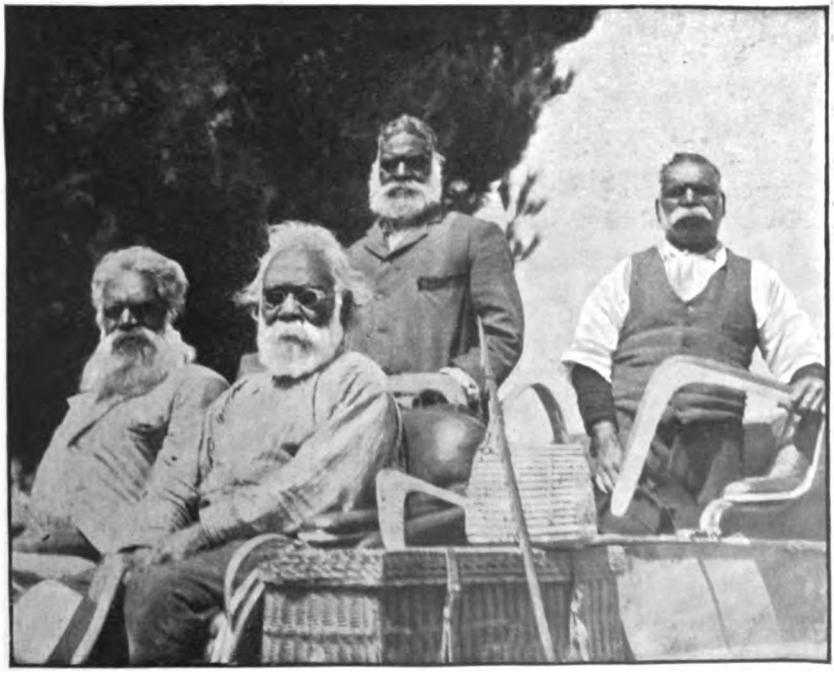
In Fiji the natives were delighted with the car, none of them having had the faintest idea of what it would look like. The King

A HOTEL IN NEW ZEALAND

himself had never seen one except on paper. His first question to Mr. Gliddon was, however, "Will it go sixty miles an hour?" It seems that he appreciates speed. The people screeched themselves wild with joy over it, and named it "The Father of all Devils," "The Boat of the Land," and "The God of Fire." Every two or three days they seemed to be ready with a new name—never feeling quite satisfied with the last. They all wanted to ride in the car, and even offered as much as a shilling to pay for this privilege. The mystery of its motive power appealed strongly to them. They would lie down and look underneath for a long time without moving to see if they could find out what made it go. Whenever the car was stopped immense crowds would gather round, and when it started



A NEW ZEALAND WAGON



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

would run after it until they were tired out, screaming the whole time.

The Fijians were frankly attracted by the man who could manage such a strange animal, and they would stand round Mr. Gliddon and look at him as if they had never seen a white man before. Some offered to buy his clothes—thinking, presumably, that there must be a marvellous power in them. One man asked him the price of a striped shirt he happened to be wearing. Mr. Gliddon,

AN AUSTRALIAN RAILWAY CROSSING

thinking he meant the cost, turned to Mrs. Gliddon with the query, "How much?" When she replied, "Oh, about six shillings," the native shook his head, and taking four shillings carefully out of his mouth tendered them. He was distressful for a long time after he was refused, and for about an hour stood round the car, every few minutes offering his four shillings.

The Fijians strike the stranger as being a particularly placid race, whereas one would assume, from the fact of their having been cannibals but a short time ago, that they would still retain more savage characteristics.

Their cannibalism really came to them as a religion. In the old days they believed that the gods, having delivered an enemy into their hands, expected them to devour as well as to kill him; and this supposed wish they most strictly carried out—eating, in fact, everything but the tongue. When the car was in Fiji one woman was in jail for having killed and eaten her grandchild. She was the only one who for a long time had broken the rule against eating human flesh, and she said that she had resisted the impulse to eat it time after time, but had at last felt that she could go no longer without tasting a little of her old food.

The Princess of the Fijians is, Mrs. Gliddon found, very beautiful in face, form, and character. She understands English well, but cannot speak it, or rather will not, as she is of a retiring nature, and lacks the necessary confidence to embark upon the language. She is now a firm believer in the motor car.

After escaping from the enthusiasm of the Fijians, the car and its occupants wended their way to New Zealand. Here they were lucky enough to be able to run over Ward's Parade—the most southern road in the world—on the one fine day that, seemingly for their special benefit, was sandwiched in between many wet ones.

Mrs. Gliddon can say that she has been both farther north and farther south on an automobile than anyone else in the motoring world. She has managed to see something of over eight thousand different cities, villages, and settlements, and now she and her husband are again on their way round the world by car—this time keeping near, if not quite within, the torrid zone.

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XI.—MR. BURKINGTON'S BEAGLES

BY FRANK SAVILE

MR. PHINEAS BURKINGTON wore a frown of extreme dissatisfaction on his fat and somewhat foolish face. He gnawed his short sandy moustache and poked the fire with unnecessary fierceness. It wasn't his own fire, and the fact that he poked it showed extreme tension of mind. For he was quoted as a pattern of politeness by many ladies who owned marriageable daughters, and he must surely have been aware of the adage which permits such familiarity in a house where you have been welcomed for seven consecutive years, but under no other circumstances.

But his companion and host, Mr. Connor O'Connor, showed no signs of resentment. His acquaintance with his guest had not, indeed, endured for the period prescribed—not even for as many weeks—but his respect for the young man, and for his shekels, was limitless. He was prepared to endure much at the hands of the sole proprietor of Burkington's Boot Beautifier, a concern which employed its thousands and had made its owner one of the most prominent men in all Ireland. Mr. O'Connor, in fact, viewed the young millionaire through very rose-tinted glasses—imaginative lenses which swelled his financial virtues to the exclusion of any small defects of face or form. In Moyle and the surrounding district he posed as Mr. Burkington's social godfather. Many of his neighbours accused him of hankering after a closer connection.

He looked at the frowning face and the fiercely-brandished poker, and spoke smoothly.

"Ah now, Phineas," he pleaded, "don't be after disturbing yourself."

"I *do* disturb myself," retorted Mr. Burkington, defiantly. "It is the most disturbing thing that has ever happened to me. After all your encouragements to be refused with—with *ignominy*. She said she'd as soon marry Flitty Boyle, the travelling knacker!"

The ghost of a smile dinted old O'Connor's lips and fled unseen —of Mr. Burkington.

"'Tis but her wild way of speakin'—the unbridled filly that she is," declared the father of the lady under discussion. "For a penny I'd lend her a slap—the colleen; but as likely as may be she'd return it, and 'tis no small fist she has. Take time, me bhoy, take time!"

"My patience has its bounds," remarked the young man, importantly.

"Of course it has," said the old man, suavely; "but you're a terror for resolution—many's the time I've marked that in your eye. You'd not be allowing yourself to be bested by a shlip of a girl?"

Mr. Burkington's features relaxed.

"If I had the rights of a husband I have no doubt I could—er—tame her," he allowed. "At present I'm at a disadvantage."

Mr. O'Connor remembered that he himself had possessed the rights of a father for twenty-one years and some months. At no period did he recollect relations existing between himself and his offspring in which he could be regarded as tamer and she as tamed. But these reminiscences he kept to himself. He nodded propitiatingly.

"That's your own self that's talking now!" he assented, eagerly. "In six months you'll be riding her on the snaffle."

"I have yet to get her bitted," Mr. Burkington reminded him, with ponderous joviality.

"And that you'll not do with one finger or two," remarked his host. "It comes to this—you must be always at her. She has to get accustomed to the idea of you—you must be there always—slap in her eye. Once she understands that you're the bhoy for her—the only one I'll let her live and marry—she'll take you at a gulp!"

Mr. Burkington hardly seemed to relish this metaphor. The old gentleman, however, failed to notice his frown and continued the parable.

"Don't let her out of your sight, Phineas," he admonished him. "Ride with her, run with her, sit with her! Put another meet a week on to your beagling fixtures and show her sport. I'll see that

she attends them. She'll come with all her heart. She adores running, the light foot that she has."

In spite of the stimulating nature of this address the young man's frown deepened.

"She's fond enough of beagling," he agreed, "but so is that weedy lad from the barracks—Gaisford. She's always a great deal more in his company than mine."

"Him?" sneered the old man, contemptuously. "The fathom of pump water! A sound man like y'rself could throw him up and catch him in y'r mouth! Oust him—shouldher him out of the way! Show spirit, me lad! Cut in between them!"

"I have to attend to my hounds," said the Master of Beagles, with the manner of one who directed the destinies of the Pytchley or the Quorn.

"You'll have all your married life before you to demonstrate upon them," argued his would-be father-in-law. "Leave them be temporarily. Huggins, your whip, will cast and yoick if your attentions to Nora keep you lagging. For this season you've but the one hare to hunt, and that's my daughter, bad scran to her obstinate sowl!"

Mr. Burkington still looked doubtful. The old gentleman's parchmenty face took on a flush of exasperation.

"See here—you!" he cried, wrathfully, "must I in my sixty-sixth gouty year come on me old shooting pony to show you that's health and strength and full nourishment how to bridle a filly that's yours for the asking? She's mine, and now I've said she's yours! Go you and take her. And if any red-jacketed stick of an Army captain stands between you, into the first ditch with him! I've given you the sole right to the girl's company. Keep it!"

The Army captain's rival nodded.

"There's a good deal in what you say," he admitted. "You'll impress this—this arrangement upon Miss Nora?"

"I'll impress that and a birch-rod on her sleek, deceptive skin!" declared the irate parent, "if she so much as squeaks under your hand. But do you do your own part with the hardest heart in you. Stick to her—cling to her, me lad, and if by March she isn't Mrs. Burkington, I'll eat every hare you'll have caught, skin and teeth!"

Mr. Burkington's lips relaxed into smiles. As one who seals a bargain, he suddenly shook his Mentor by the hand.

* * * * *

The little beagles tailed out across country with shrill melodies of joy which demonstrated that scent lay warm. They had found early, in an unlikely spot, and after many misgivings on the part of

the field that sport would dally. But luck had been with them. The pack had not frittered away its energies in useless manœuvrings for a find. A stout old jack hare had sprung up almost under their noses in a sedgy pasture, and was scudding across the open towards the distant moorland as straight as a dart. For the first three fields the hounds had run in view. Now their noses were well to the ground, but on a scent which—as old Larry Pike, the Moyle Hunt earthstopper, was wont to express it—"rose and shtruck thim in the eyeball."

The field was long and straggling. Tim Huggins, the whip, pranced gaily at the tail of the hounds, taking the ditches with springing leaps which none but a born bog-trotter could emulate. A little behind him came a resolute line of boys, ardent sportsmen every one, running with breathless jealousy, each with his own pet theory of a likely line, but each with an inquisitive glint of the eye towards any neighbour who showed signs of improving on it. Back of these again ran one or two striplings of slightly maturer years, panting more than their younger rivals, but wearing down by degrees into their second wind, and covering the ground with long and regular strides which spoke of experience as much as ardour. In an irregular patch followed the main body of the field.

There were several girls among the followers—bright complexioned, grey-eyed daughters of Erin, each with an attendant train of cavaliers. It was noticeable that of these Miss Nora O'Connor held the largest court.

A detachment of subalterns and a junior captain or two from Moyle barracks made up a majority of it, but among these dapper youths Mr. Burkington's massive form was bulking largely. He ran doggedly at Miss O'Connor's shoulder, towering over her like a battleship over a sloop. The military cruisers—to complete the metaphor—invariably found the wind taken out of their sails if they attempted to run alongside. Now and again Miss Nora looked up at him curiously. The Master was displaying the agility of one of his own hares. Several times she endeavoured to disembarrass herself of his proximity, but turn and twist as she would he invariably kept within armsbreadth of her. He made no remark—he never tried to emulate the breathless repartees which the young warriors exchanged—he reserved the powers of his lungs for the business of running. But he was *there*.

Suddenly the full chorus from the hounds died to a whimper. The runners looked up gratefully to recognise a check. The pack went feathering across a pasture under Tim's able directions, casting for the line. Miss O'Connor mopped her brow and dropped into a stroll.

"Praise Heaven for *that!*" she ejaculated, piously. She looked up at Burkington again. "Won't you be giving them a cast?" she inquired.

The young man eyed his pack indifferently.

"I'll not improve on Huggins's line," he answered, and stood watching the feathering sterns without enthusiasm. He remained steadfastly at his captivator's side.

She turned and raised her eyebrows ever so slightly at the young man who had been sharing the duties of escort with Burkington. He stood as near her on the right as her other admirer did on the left. She had a comically bewildered air as she gazed at him.

He smiled back. He was a tall, bronzed, supple-looking man of about eight or nine and twenty, and he and Miss Nora contemplated each other with every sign of mutual satisfaction.

"Ah, me!" she deplored suddenly, "they've hit it off—they'll be running for Hennessy's Flat. I'll not be able to keep the line any longer. I'll make a cut for the bridge below Shan's Paddock, and with luck catch up to you there."

"Now—now, Miss Nora!" objected one of the youngsters, "with your limbs and talents you've no call to run cunning. And 'tis as likely as the next thing that she'll make another swerve and evade you and y'r cut entirely."

One of his companions pinched his arm and frowned. A sudden look of intelligence pervaded the youngster's features. He sidled off with his friend. "Sure, I forgot," he apologised under his breath. "'Tis not the hare she'll be after catchin'."

By twos and threes the little crowd took up the running and followed the disappearing pack. Gaisford stayed where he was.

"Yours is a wise decision, Miss O'Connor," he remarked, "but there is a good deal of water out in the river meadows below Shan's. If you'll permit me I'll be your guide in avoiding it. The old sheep lane will be our way, won't it?" he added, turning to Burkington, who still stood doggedly at his elbow.

A frown was creasing the Master's fat face. He hesitated.

"Ay," he said at last, "I'll show it you."

The other two made a simultaneous protest.

"Oh, we couldn't possibly take *you* away," they began; but their unsolicited guide interrupted grimly.

"Oh, but you *could*," he affirmed, resolutely. "*I'm coming.*"

They looked at him blankly—they made several somewhat incoherent protests. Mr. Burkington answered with no more than monosyllables or silence, and began to lead the way towards the sheep lane. They toiled up it at his heels, exchanging glances

which pictured wrath, surprise, and amusement, as different points of view in their companion's conduct suggested themselves. He, on his part, offered no further explanation of this sudden desertion of his pack than a still more aggressive proximity to his lady-love.

They had passed out of the lane, crossed the bridge, and reached the Moyle high road, when Miss O'Connor complained of weariness. No sign of hounds had rewarded their attempt to cut in, and without the goad of excitement she explained that her energies weakened. She looked up hopefully as the sound of wheels drew attention to a pony-cart which was trotting down the road.

"Is it you yourself, Flitty Boyle!" she addressed the driver, a dark-eyed, clean-shaved youth who touched his hat to her with great respect. "Would it be within the powers of the good cob there to give me a lift on the way home?"

"'Twud be iverlastin' honour to me poor contrapshun of a car, miss, if you'll enthrust y'rsilf to me," said the man, grinning cheerfully. "Sure, I'll have ivry plisure in life in takin' the whole three of ye."

Miss O'Connor shook her head hastily.

"No, no," she dissented. "I'd not allow any such cruelty to your little nag. Besides, Mr. Burkington and Captain Gaisford will be only too glad to be rid of me. They want to find hounds again."

Gaisford's face showed a trace of astonishment—almost annoyance. Then it suddenly cleared into intelligence. As she passed close to him to mount upon the step of the car, Miss O'Connor had covertly pressed a small object—her empty purse, to be explicit—into his hand.

Mr. Burkington stood with his mouth open, the picture of indecision. She seated herself and made an impartial farewell to both with a very pretty smile. Flitty flourished his whip and brought it down smartly upon the pony's back. The car went off at a gallop, leaving the two men staring after it with envious eyes.

They turned at last to scan the country for the vanished hunt. Suddenly Gaisford heard his own name called in distinct but dulcet tones.

A couple of hundred yards away the car had stopped. Miss Nora was waving energetically. "I've forgotten my purse!" she shrilled, and Gaisford made a melodramatic gesture of self-reproach.

"How forgetful of me!" he cried. "She gave it me to carry for fear she should lose it!"

He darted down the road holding the missing piece of property conspicuously in his hand. Mr. Burkington sullenly awaited his

return. Gaisford held out the purse. Miss Nora took it with a demure smile of thanks.

"Captain Gaisford," she remarked, "Flitty here thinks the pony could manage *one* more conveniently."

"Without cruelty?" grinned the Captain, and upon the word leaped up and perched behind her. Again the whip descended upon the little nag's flanks.

There was a shout from behind. The Master of Beagles had broken into a hand gallop and was pursuing frantically down the road, making a sporting attempt to win a race in which the odds against him were something like a bank to a button. Gaisford waved him a cheery hand; but Miss O'Connor, in view of subsequent explanations, forebore to look round. The distance increased. In a little while even the semblance of pursuit was given up. Mr. Burkington stood panting, a dark blot upon the dusty highway, while the lovers drove on in pleasant converse with the grinning Flitty. They were dropped five miles further down the road at the back of the coverts which fringed the O'Connor demesne.

* * * * *

"It's been worth it," remarked Miss Nora half an hour later, "but they'll never forgive it me. Father or Phineas—the one or the other of them—will never let me out of their sight after this."

Gaisford smiled confidently.

"It all comes round to what I've tried to persuade you of a hundred times, my darling," he said. "In blunt English, you've got to elope with me—there's no other way out of it."

"Must I now?" said the girl, with dancing eyes. "It's easy talked of, but not so easy done. I'll be under the eyes of the pair of them every hour of the day."

"Just look the situation squarely in the face," urged her lover. "Do you want to marry Phineas Burkington?"

"I'd sooner take in washing for my living," said Miss O'Connor, with great decision.

"And you've no insuperable objections to marrying me?"

"For the moment I can't recall them," allowed Nora. "But how? That's the question."

"It's as easy as kissing," said Gaisford, illustrating his remark with warmth and conviction. "We'll be married in Moyle parish church in the light of the open day. Jim Lascelles, the vicar, has been my pal since schooldays. The barracks are in his parish, so I'm a parishioner. A special licence and his affection for me are all the goads he needs, and he'll keep a shut mouth about it till it's over."

Miss O'Connor's eyes opened very wide indeed.

"And how am I going to get to Moyle parish church without a 'Yes' or a 'No' or a 'By your leave' from my father?" she asked. "What will I say at all—'Excuse me, dad, for half an hour; I've just remembered I've got to run into Moyle to be married to Jack Gaisford'?"

Gaisford grinned.

"Not quite that," he agreed. "It's not by leave of your father at all that you'll get the chance, but by the goodwill of Tim Huggins."

If the girl had shown amazement before, her emotions on hearing this remark can only be described as stupefaction.

"Tim Huggins—Phineas's whip?" she cried.

"There's no other Tim Huggins," said Gaisford, "and he, I'm glad to say, is my very good friend. He'll arrange it—under my supervision—so that you'll have no fuss, no trouble, no explanation of any kind. All you have got to do is to attend next Monday's meet of the Beagles. It's at Allonby. You'll get a straight run away to the river—a four-mile point—and very likely without a check. The hare will cross the river, and there's no bridge."

His lady-love stared at him as if he had gone suddenly daft.

"My dear boy," she deprecated, "are you dreaming or wandering, or what? Who are you to say how and where and whence next Monday's run is going to take place. Have you trained your private hare and put him in Tim Huggins's bag?"

"I'm prophesying," said Gaisford, with a laugh, "but I'm on a certainty. I had the luck to pick Huggins's youngest out of that same river when she fell in, in flood time, last March, and her father would do more than I'm going to ask him to do, out of gratitude. It's all quite simple. The run will end at the river bank, and the river will pound the hunt. There's no bridge, as I impressed on you before."

A sudden gleam of intelligence lit Miss O'Connor's features.

"And no boat?" she inquired, meditatively.

Gaisford nodded.

"One," he said. "Mine."

* * * * *

A strange procession was passing across the fields from Allonby towards the marshland and the river in the small hours of Monday morning. Huggins led by a string an object which seemed to have all the agility of a grasshopper and the elasticity of an indiarubber ball. Flitty Boyle, walking a yard or two to the rear, stirred up the unwilling captive whenever it substituted passive resistance for active, admonishing it with an ash rod or the toe of his dilapidated boot as circumstances seemed to advise. The deep dusk, which is

deepest just before dawn, shrouded both escort and prisoner, and a passer-by, if there had been one at that hour, would have been puzzled to discover the details of what was toward. As a matter of fact it was an extremely robust jack hare which the whip was tugging by a cord wound round the unfortunate animal's neck and withers, and which Flitty goaded from behind.

"Ah, get along wid ye—get along!" expostulated Flitty, thrusting at the hare as it turned a complete somersault after an energetic effort to tie its tether into a true-lover's knot. "'Tis possessed the cratur is—as full of its fal-las as a—a gymnasium! What for will ye not walk demurely wid two gintlemin that's expandin' wid nothin' but kindness towards ye?"

"'Tis poor atin' he'll be," said Tim, tugging remorselessly at the cord. "His blood will be that fevered and his muscle that drawn! I'll let him loose to recover himself when the line's once laid. There won't be enough sound mate on him to feed a chickun! Howiver—he's spreadin' the scent like a water cart."

"He is so," agreed his colleague. "'Tis time we were thinkin' of the first check. We've come a full mile, or the best part of two."

Tim nodded. With a turn of the wrist he suddenly jerked the animal towards him and grasped it in his arms. Holding it tight he walked solemnly across the pasture for a hundred yards or more before he released it.

"That'll give us all a breather," he remarked, as he set it down again. "I'll not make me cast this way till I see Miss Nora gettin' her own breath back again. Come you now! We'll give them a touch of deep goin' in Packy McKeough's potato patch. Be this and be that! 'tis the most artistic run they'll be havin' laid out be a master hand, though 'tis mesilf that declares it!"

From these fragments of conversation it will be seen that Gaisford's plan was in full process of foundation. Mr. Huggins's gratitude had not been worked on in vain. He and his bosom friend the knacker were leading a line across country for the subsequent benefit of the beagles, and were using no half measures to ensure success to their undertaking. By slow and dogged degrees the procession proceeded upon its way, the hare's terror gradually fading into apathy, and its acrobatic performances deteriorating sadly in its fatigue. Other artistically placed checks were engineered, and the hare, instead of resisting, lay inert in Tim's arms, worn with its emotions. Pasture, plough, and moorland were each in turn insinuated deftly into the trail, till at last men and hare brought their arduous duties to a close upon the banks of the Lycke, the well-known salmon-infested river, which has given

the town of Moyle more importance in the eyes of the outside world than its citizens altogether appreciate. It was in full spate, foaming a fathom deep between its clay banks, its waters touching pollards and thickets which were generally far back from its encroachments.

The two men heaved a sigh of relief as they sank upon convenient boulders and instinctively fingered in their vest pockets for pipes. The hare panted in a comatose state at their feet. For a few minutes they smoked restfully without moving or speaking. Then Flitty rose. He beckoned his companion forward.

The two sidled along the bank for a few yards till they reached a clump of brambles at the water's edge. Within its recesses lay a coracle, the tiny wicker skiff which the professional fishers use.

"There 'tis," said Flitty, tersely; "and do you, Tim Huggins, disthract ivrybody's attintions from prying in this direction by any manes short of assassinatin' thim. When once the captin's got her launched, and Miss Nora in it—why thin, let thim swim who will."

"And they'll not be many," said Mr. Huggins, significantly, as he strolled back to his captive and resumed charge of the cord which he had tied to a tree. "The water's as cold as Miss Nora's silf when Phineas is passagin' about her, and you'll not find much that's colder. I'll carry this unfortunit baste a furlong down the bank and let it deliver itsilf where it will. Sure it's had its Purgathory, the cratur; let it make its own Paradise."

* * * * *

The Allonby meet had proved an early success. The usual tuft-flicking and bush-punching which precedes a run from a moorland find had been short enough. Huggins, as he made a wide beat to circle the gorse which edged the moor, was suddenly heard to holloa loudly; the next instant his battered cap was whirled aloft upon his stick, while the whimper of the hounds swelled from doubt into full-throated certainty. Young men and maidens drew their elbows down to their sides and set their caps firmly upon their heads. At a swinging trot the field followed the whip, who was already bounding over a dyke at the far side of an arable enclosure.

The Master did not lead his field. If the previous week he had closely accompanied Miss O'Connor, on this present occasion he could only be described as shadowing her. Step by step he dogged her twinkling heels, turning as she turned, slowing as she slowed, sprinting as she sprinted. And in the background, "unstiffening his limbs and easing the cob's wind," as he expressed it, trotted Mr. Connor O'Connor on horseback, watching his daughter with grim determination. The young lady's self-appointed directors had evidently been more than a little alarmed by the previous week's escapade, and were taking no chances. Each of them had addressed

the blackest of black looks to the imperturbable Gaisford when he and half a dozen of his colleagues had turned up in due course from barracks.

The captain had shown no signs of being impressed by the want of cordiality extended to him. He had wished the Master and his desired father-in-law good morning with unabashed good humour, and had offered Miss Nora a bow and a smile which she very naturally acknowledged. But he had not pressed into her company. Indeed, the find had come so quick upon the meet that the usual few minutes' dalliance, which as a rule accompanies all such encounters of young men and maidens, had been lacking. Everybody jostled forward at best pace—one which left little enough breath for compliments.

The well-manufactured check came in its appointed place. Miss O'Connor threw herself down upon a dyke and fanned herself violently, expressing her conviction that one more minute of such going would have seen her a purple-visaged corpse. Mr. O'Connor's cob whistled like a blackbird. Mr. Burkington paced up and down before his charmer pantingly; want of wind, however, not depriving him of one wrinkle of his aspect of determination. Huggins seemed to make his casts somewhat perfunctorily, casting an eye at the group as if he waited more for the convenience of his field than to the mere chance of the hour. As Miss Nora stood up, and found breath enough to offer a remark to her nearest neighbour, Huggins strode away with an air of satisfaction. The next minute his holloa apprised them that the scent had been taken up in McKeough's potato patch. With feet that gradually assumed elephantine proportions as the heavy soil clung to them, the runners proceeded upon their way.

About an hour had gone by. There had been another check or two. Nearly four miles had been covered. Suddenly Gaisford supplied a note of tragedy to dilute the morning's cheerfulness. Crossing a dyke he stumbled, and fell with his foot doubled under him. There were many offers of assistance, but none from Messrs. Burkington or O'Connor, when it seemed that the gallant captain had slightly sprained his ankle. Large grins, indeed, suffused these gentlemen's faces, and Miss Nora's father relentlessly prevented her stopping to offer more sympathy than could be compressed into three words and shouted from a distance. Doggedly he and Burkington urged her on. Not that the sufferer permitted anyone to lose sport by staying with him. The hurt was a mere nothing, he declared, and he could limp after them quite easily and take up running again when the first bruised stiffness had gone out of the joint.

And so the whole field passed on. Gaisford watched them out of sight round a convenient spinney and then took to his heels and sprinted across country, following a course parallel to the one they had taken. As a recovery, this incident came positively near to the miraculous. As a side light on the deceits practised by the military profession it has other aspects.

Meanwhile the field had come full stop upon the brim of the foaming Lycke, gazing blankly at its turbid floods. A rich, full-brogued voice hailed them from the opposite side. Flitty Boyle was to be seen waving an excited hand from the seat of his car.

"'Tis right over, swimmin' like an allygaytar, the baste came!" he declared. "He's gone down the Moyle road, drippin' and layin' the dust like a sprinklin' cart!"

The breathless hunt looked disconsolately at him. There was no bridge within five miles.

"Where will we find a boat, Flitty?" cried the whip. The knacker stood up and pointed eagerly down the river to the right.

"There should be one at Duveen's house, Mr. Burkington, y'r honnour, sorr. If Mr. O'Connor wud take it upon him to give a canter down and see, 'twud perhaps save the bulk of you a useless matter of manœuvring."

Old O'Connor looked round. Gaisford had disappeared and Mr. Burkington still maintained his rigid proximity to Miss Nora. He gave a nod and flicked his nag. In another minute he was out of sight.

Huggins was kneeling twenty or thirty yards away, examining one of the hounds which he held upon its back between his knees. He called to the Master.

"Wud you come here, sorr? I mislike the look of Fanciful's foot. She's limpin' sadly."

Burkington made an impulsive step forward, and then hesitated. Nora O'Connor held her breath.

He stared round him. Gaisford was not in sight and the girl was standing beside the water, idly watching the eddies. He stepped quickly towards Tim and stooped over the hound.

Nora edged a pace or two up stream. Burkington's broad back was towards her, and his gaze fixed upon the pad between his fingers. Silently, quickly she glided behind an intervening bush and fled through the pollards to the left.

A minute later Burkington dropped the dog's limb, expressing the opinion that nothing ailed it except the application of his whip's too easily roused misgivings. Something splashed on the surface of the stream.

A coracle had shot out from the bushes on the left, skimming across the ripples towards the opposite shore.

Burkington stared at it in incredulous wrath.

Whatever injury Gaisford might have experienced to his foot, his arms were certainly in the best of trim. He was working the paddles most lustily. Nora O'Connor, kneeling and facing him, was wearing a smile of demure satisfaction.

Burkington lifted his arm and shook his fist at them.

"Come back!" he demanded, imperiously. "Come back this very instant!"

Miss Nora raised her eyebrows.

"There's no room for more than two at a time, Mr. Burkington," she answered, with mild surprise; "but if you'll put hounds to me I'll get them on the line. Make them swim it."

Burkington danced with rage.

"You'll be sorry for this, you—you hussey!" he cried, as the coracle grounded against the far bank. "Your father will take satisfaction from you if he has to do it with a stick!"

Miss O'Connor shrugged her shoulders.

"I think you hardly know what you're saying," she deprecated, and turned to Flitty, who beamed upon her graciously.

"If you're on the way to Moyle, perhaps you'd give me a cast so far in your trap?" she asked.

Flitty gave a duck and a smirk.

"With ivry plisure in life, miss," said he. "Give me y'r hand an' I'll drag ye up."

He suited the action to the word.

Gaisford looked solemnly at his watch.

"Sorry I've no time to bring the boat to ferry the lot of you," he informed the grinning field. "I've an important engagement in Moyle myself."

Burkington poured forth a flood of imprecation. "You—you scoundrel!" he roared. "I'll have the law of you—I'll—I'll——" His rage made him inarticulate. He spluttered incoherently.

Gaisford nodded.

"You'll tell me all about it next time," he answered, genially. "Right away, Flitty!"

He skipped up and occupied the same seat which he had used to such advantage the week before. The whip fell upon the pony's back. Flitty, his trap, and his friends flew off down the road in a cloud of dust. As they disappeared round a distant corner Miss O'Connor's handkerchief was seen to flutter over her shoulder in ironical farewell.

For an instant Burkington made a motion as if he would throw

off his coat. He looked at the surging ripples and hesitated. He was a poor swimmer at the best of times, and what sort of pursuit he could make upon his own feet with his clothes sogging full of water, even if he gained the opposite side in safety, was hard to tell. He relinquished his notion, and instead began to run furiously in the direction which Mr. O'Connor had taken five minutes before. With the sporting instinct that the end of *this* run, at any rate, should not escape them, the field followed valiantly.

Half an hour later Mr. O'Connor turned in great amazement from superintending a temporary caulk of Pat Duveen's very leaky punt, to see the whole hunt—minus his daughter—sweep into the boatyard and confront him.

It was another five minutes before he gathered the true inwardness of the situation, so rabid were Phineas's denunciations. But when he understood the many explanations which everybody seemed anxious to supply, he fairly emulated the Master of Beagles' fury. He seized upon tow and mallet and hammered and caulked like one possessed. His anathemas were brilliantly inventive; his energy sublime.

In spite of both another twenty minutes went by before the most reckless adventurer present suggested that a launch was possible, and even then Mr. Burkington eyed the gaping seams askance. But the old gentleman was beyond the restraints of mere prudence. He hustled his cob and his would-be son-in-law aboard.

Pat Duveen took the pole, and leaned forward to shove off. Suddenly he paused, and, like all the others present, turned his eyes in the direction of the town. A sort of incredulous hush fell upon the assembly. It was followed by an instinctive shout of amazement, of glee, and of unrestrained laughter.

The wind was fair from Moyle, and gleefully upon the gusts rang out the peal of wedding bells!

A DAY IN OUR ELK FOREST

BY SIR HENRY SETON-KARR, C.M.G., M.P.

HAVING made a bad start at Langletet, we determined to go up to the hut and the soeter. By Langletet I mean Johan Bergan's house, which is on the west bank of the Gula River, and a mile or so distant from Langletet railway station. Beyond a saw-mill and a farmhouse or two I have never yet discovered any approach to a town, or even a village, at Langletet. The post-office is at the station, and there is not even a grocery store or a blacksmith's shop in the neighbourhood. Johan's house, reached by ferry over the river in the usual leaky Norwegian boat, is supposed to be the centre of our elk forest. But it takes a young and very active man adequately to hunt from that centre even the smaller half of the 100,000 acres or so of pine-forest, birch-scrub, and fjeld which we rent from the Norwegian Government, and on which we have a right to kill a stated number of elk.

We had been at Johan's house two days, and so far had done nothing. The first was an ideal day for driving the hills above Langletet, fine and warm, with the lightest of easterly breezes (all the bad weather here comes from north and west), the right direction for this particular drive. But a perverse fate impelled us instead to hunt with the men and dogs in leash, my son M. in Laerdal, I to the south, and neither of us got a shot. M. and Peder found the tracks of a good bull, and followed him for miles to and fro through thick pine-woods, seeking in vain for a sight of the great black hairy side at which to shoot. Occasionally they were close

to him, but the bull was never seen. Ivor and I wandered through miles of forest on the south end, jumped a cow, but saw no bull.

Next day we drove the Langletet woods, and of course the wind had changed to a wrong airt. But the drive had been arranged overnight, the men secured, and with insular obstinacy we determined to carry it out. The men swept some miles of our thickest woods round the precipitous shoulder of a hill to the edge of the Laerdal Canyon, where the rifles sat. An open marsh, a mile or so long, protected our left, and it was commonly supposed that elk did not cross the Laerdal Canyon on the right at this point, though I have my doubts on the subject. Men can, with infinite

UP THE GULA VALLEY

labour, slide down one side of the canyon, wade the stream at the bottom, and clamber on all fours up the other side, hanging on to trees and rocks in the process; and I have yet to find the ground in Norway where a man can go (even the long-legged active Johan) and an elk cannot, if pushed to it. Anyway, the drive was an absolute failure, though two years ago I had killed a 48-inch head in this same drive. M. and I sat on the side of the wind and put Ivor back and down in the canyon, but all to no purpose. Not an elk was seen. It was unthinkable that there were no good bulls in the drive. There is always a good bull somewhere on this steep and thickly wooded ridge. But he had obviously declined even

to cross the wind for any distance. My experience is that it is as difficult to drive an elk as it is to hunt a fox for any distance otherwhere than down-wind. It is the old woodland instinct, inherited by the elk from generations of wolf-hunted ancestors, never to give your pursuers a chance of getting your wind. Some cows broke back, of course, and after lunch, going casually up the Laerdal Valley, on a round way home, we unexpectedly jumped a young bull, who nearly galloped over us while the men were carrying our rifles. We did not want his head, of course: it was too small. But the men wanted meat, and there was no doubt that that particular bull, at that particular moment, might have got hurt but for the fact that the men had our rifles.

So, as I say, things having gone somewhat agley, we determined next day to go further afield, I to the hut, and M. to the soeter. The hut and the soeter are eight miles apart, and a rifle domiciled at each can stalk and hunt ground inaccessible to ordinary mortals (who want to sleep at home at night in comfort) from Langletet.

M. took John the chef with him, and Peder the hunter, with his dog Passup. Also Johan and Ole with two horses carrying luggage and stores. Quite a retinue, in fact. Of his visit to the soeter it is sufficient here to chronicle that he killed his first bull-elk on the following day, a fair-sized beast enough: also saw three good bulls the next day, none of which he got; and finally, two days after, followed for many hours and miles a fine bull carrying a 42-inch 19-point head, which he eventually ran into and killed late in the evening on his way home to Langletet.

The point of this story, however, is to relate the events of one particular day with which Ivor, myself, and another big bull-elk are mainly concerned.

I also had a modest retinue with me at the hut—to wit, Ivor and his dog Rover, the fair-haired Carrie as chef-de-cuisine, and sundry horses and men for the luggage. On the way up to the hut Ivor and I managed very successfully to give our wind to a big bull, whom we presently saw in the far distance down the valley, making record time—accompanied by his mistress, an exceedingly active young cow—for the thickest woods in Laerdal Canyon. The annoying part of it was that Carrie, an hour ahead of us, had walked past this very bull on the way to the hut, watched him with interest as he gazed upon her within eighty yards or so, had admired his horns and great bulk, and then told us all about him afterwards. The bull evidently knew a thing or two. "Han stor og saa lang paa mig" ("He stood and looked long at me"), said Carrie to us that evening. As I

looked at the fair young face of the Norwegian lassie, glowing with health and innocence, the conduct of the bull in question appeared to me most natural, and only what one would have expected. The bull had scorned to run away from a petticoat, but as a matter of caution, I suppose, had removed himself and party, namely, his cow and her calf, to a thick wood adjoining, under the shoulder of the fjeld, where the wind blew all ways. There he subsequently became aware of the approach of Ivor, Rover, and myself, before we saw him, and promptly left the neighbourhood, without giving us the chance of a shot.

Next morning Ivor came hurriedly into my bedroom at 7 a.m. to say he saw elk. I went out in my pyjamas, and from the

A NINETEEN-POINTER

back door of the hut two cow-elk were plainly visible grazing on the open fjeld, just above the birch-wood, not 500 yards away, across a thickly-wooded valley. A careful examination through my glasses showed one of the cows to be a very large, obviously old, and even dissipated-looking elk. I went to bed again, much to Ivor's disgust, and later on had a blank day in the forest so far as shootable bulls were concerned.

That evening our party was reinforced by the active Johan, who brought news of M.'s first bull. Next morning I was again awakened by the men to look at the same two cow-elk grazing

in the same spot. These elk had evidently spent the previous day in the thick birch-wood adjoining.

Then I succumbed to the insidious temptation to kill that old cow, instigated thereto by Johan and Ivor. I had hitherto sternly declined to molest cow-elk. But the case in favour of now breaking this rule was put thus by our local casuists:

The forest was full of old cow-elk, too many in fact, and they wanted thinning down. This particular cow was obviously far too old ever to have another calf, and was therefore a mere cumberer of the ground. She was, moreover, large and fat, her meat was most desirable, and nothing could be more handy for the larder than to kill her close to the hut. On the other hand, if spared, she would

TWO GOOD ELK-DOGS

merely grow older and more useless every year. It was therefore much better to kill her than a young bull, for example, who, if spared, would naturally grow into a larger bull.

As I had been roused out of bed two mornings in succession to look at the same old cow, and felt inclined for some early morning exercise, the men's logic prevailed. I put on shooting boots and coat, seized my rifle, slid down into the thick woods below the hut, and crawled up the far side of the valley. A gallery consisting of Carrie, Ivor, Johan, and Ole of the baggage train, watched the whole proceeding from the door of the hut. Of course the two elk had lain down in the birch-scrub while I was crossing the valley; equally of course I scared them coming up the hill; but they rashly stood

for a few moments on the sky-line, gave me opportunity for a quick shoulder-shot at 150 yards before they disappeared, and a chorus of yells from the gallery informed me of the fact that the old cow had fallen dead a hundred yards further on, shot through the heart. So I returned to bath and breakfast while the men butchered the elk.

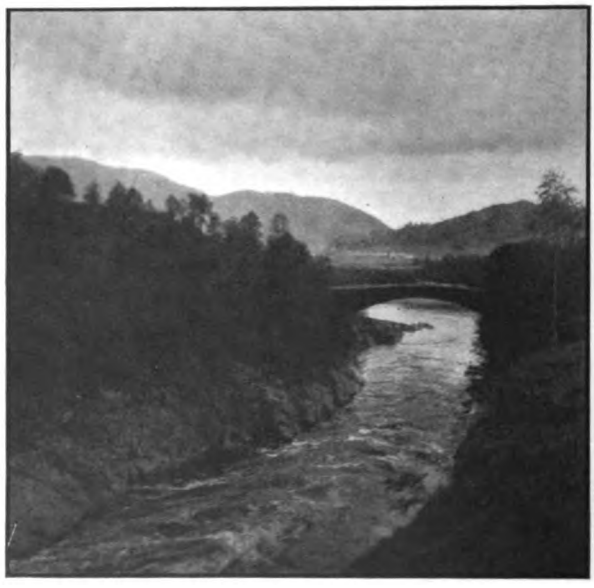
But this was merely the opening episode of what proved for me a red-letter day in our forest. I had not yet had a shot at a good bull this season, and the morning and early afternoon were spent in two small drives by Ivor on the other side of the valley, I vainly hoping to intercept any bull he might perchance move. The weather was too calm and still for successful hunting with the dog in the thick forest. The second of the two drives terminated in good

LUNCH IN THE FOREST

news. Ivor returned hastily, before half his round was completed, to say he had seen a big bull in the birch-wood on the higher fjeld. Here, then, was the chance for the quiet stalk that I had long been hoping for. So far we had not seen any good bull out of the thick pine-woods.

Half an hour later I was lying on a ridge with Ivor spying the birch-scrub where last he had seen the bull. Presently, yes, there was an elk moving in a patch of scrub half a mile away. Between him and us was a comparatively open valley running down from the high fjeld. The only way to get across unseen was to ascend the back of the ridge on which we were lying. I left Ivor, and proceeded

to undertake the stalk alone, the light breeze then blowing up the valley. As I ascended the ridge—confident, if all went well, of a fairly easy stalk—suddenly the wind changed, and blew down from the fjeld. This altered the whole situation. I could not now ascend and come on to the bull from above and behind. He would inevitably get my wind. I crawled to the ridge and looked over. Presently, through my glass, I saw the bull and a cow come out of the patch of scrub and move slowly along the face of the hill towards the thicker woods beyond. Then for the first time I saw him well. What a fine brute he was, and what a grand head he carried! My cow of the morning was a mere calf in comparison to his lordly bulk,



UP THE GULA TO THE ELK FOREST

and his wide-spread shovel horns formed a trophy I most ardently desired.

There was nothing for it but a prolonged crawl over the sky-line through a slight hollow in the ridge and then downhill, with a single birch-tree between the elk and myself. At length, what a relief it was to stand upright in the hollow below, in the semblance of a man and not of a reptile! The bull was restless and moving onwards all the time. His companion, a young and apparently frivolous cow, fed on continuously without thought of danger. But her lord and master was evidently love-sick and uneasy, and kept hustling her along. I proceeded across the hollow, sheltered by a friendly ridge, bent and panting, over a wide marsh, round a friendly shoulder, and,

to my disappointment, saw the bull was still moving towards the shelter of the thick forest, and was now a long shot away from a ridge 200 yards ahead, whence I hoped to take the shot. I could just see the bull's horns in some birch-scrub 200 yards beyond the ridge in question. It was a case of now or never: of a rapid forward move to get a long shot, or perchance to lose my opportunity. For the evening was drawing on, and if once the bull reached the thick woods a quiet shot was unlikely.

I bent double and covered the 200 yards to the ridge as quickly as quiet progress would allow, and crawled up the slope to find that the bull had gone on another 100 yards, had come out of the birch-scrub, and was gazing back in my direction. Half-way up the slope I drew a bead on his broad shoulder, now over 300 yards away. The position was bad and I could not align my rifle as I wished. Another

TAKING HOME THE BULL

crawl of five yards, my heart in my mouth. On the summit of the ridge I got the position I wanted, drew a full bead right on the top of his back—the shot was uphill as well as long in distance—and pressed the trigger. As the smoke of my 500 black-powder Express cleared away I saw the bull galloping madly down the hill. He vanished round the corner and disappeared in the birch-scrub as I gave him a snapshot from my second barrel. Then all was still. Ivor, on the skyline half a mile away, had no doubt seen the shot, and possibly the sequel.

So I followed on the tracks of the bull, nervously afraid of the result. The chances of the shot were great. I could easily have miscalculated the distance and fired under or over. Also the slightest deviation to right or left might mean a miss or a slight wound and a

long, and possibly vain, stern chase. Before I had reached the bull's tracks, the cow appeared on the skyline above, evidently looking for her lord and master. This looked promising for a kill. Then, to my surprise, came cheery yells from my rear. I faintly distinguished something like "good jagt" (good hunting). Ivor was not a demonstrative person, and he was sober when I left him. So I waited for his arrival and his tale, for I guessed he had seen the bull fall. Presently he arrived within earshot, told me what he had seen, and we went on some 400 yards to find the great bull, carrying a 44-inch 13-point head of great strength and beauty, lying stone dead on the hillside, shot just in front of the heart.

This is what Ivor had seen: The bull had galloped madly forward through the birch-scrub for two or three hundred yards; had then reared up on his hind legs and savagely attacked a solitary birch tree, smashing it to pieces with his hoofs; had continued to rear up till he nearly fell over backward; had recovered himself and galloped another hundred yards or so, and then suddenly run round in a circle and fallen stone dead. He was one of the largest bulls, in body, I have ever killed. Ivor and I could not turn him over, and it took three horses and four men to bring him home on a sleigh next day.

LUCKSMI VILLAS, THE CHIEF PALACE OF THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA, BY WHOSE COMMAND SPORTS IN THE ARENA AT BARODA ARE HELD

ARENA SPORTS IN INDIA

BY A. SIDNEY GALTREY

In casting round for an appropriate title for the subject-matter of this article my first intention was to describe it as "The Wild Sports of India." Reflection, however, brought a change of mind, for whilst being wild in the sense that they are barbarous survivals of an age of long ago, there are also other sports in India, which, though pursued from east to west and from Peshawar in the North to Cape Comorin in the south, are not sports confined to the arena, and organised at any moment for the edification and gratification of native rulers. And following the same line of argument there are one or two arena sports which it would be libellous to describe as wild—as, for instance, the ancient art of wrestling. One who has been enabled to watch good native wrestling will surely regard it as being less wild and more scientific than the wrestling of our western civilisation which London is wont to afford. An ever-present suggestion of wildness must necessarily be associated with all classes of shikar after big game. The sportsman who has shot his first

nine- or ten-foot *bagh* will not like to think that the tiger came to fall under conditions opposed to a wild environment or circumstances of danger. In like manner the man who has tilted a good stout spear at a game pig has experienced some of those rare sensations that only accompany a wild sport. The term "wild" is not misused when applied to such fine sports as big-game shooting and pig-sticking. It is otherwise with the barbarous wildness and passion for fierce sensations such as are induced by the arena sports conducted in the capitals of certain native rulers in India. They survive if only to show, as Kipling once remarked, that East is East and West is West, and "never the twain shall meet."

So little is known in England, and indeed outside of the great Eastern dependency, of this striking phase of native life that perhaps no better excuse is necessary for attempting a pen picture. We are reading a great deal every day of the scenes of Oriental splendour in the path of the progress made by the Prince and Princess of Wales; of the wonderful homage of Maharajahs and chiefs to the British Raj; and of the exceedingly Oriental ways of showing this loyalty. Pomp, pageantry, and picturesqueness are allied, though they never may be to a greater extent than in the memorable Delhi Durbar of 1903. When, therefore, we think of such things, all thoughts of a new order in India are banished. A truly Indian institution such as sports in the arena will never vanish so long as such scenes continue to be witnessed as are being enacted in India at the present time. And yet the old order does seem to be changing in many respects. Maharajahs are buying motor cars; they like them better than gaudily apparelled elephants and resplendent howdahs. A few of them are visiting Europe, and when they return they prefer a quieter garb than the blaze of gorgeous robes and costly jewels. A picturesque characteristic such as the sports in the arena may, if this new order continues to creep into the life of the native, be doomed. They will at least die hard, and while they still flourish on special occasions readers of this magazine may not be altogether uninterested in some details concerning them.

Instances are many, but let us for the moment turn from what can be offered by the arenas at Hyderabad, where the Nizam's tastes for sport are often as sensational as they are aggressive, Jeypur, the wonderful "pearl" city of the fine Rajput Maharajah, Udaipur, and a host of other capitals of native states that occur to the memory, and discuss the capital of the Gaekwar of Baroda. Baroda has furnished its sensations ere to-day in other matters than those of sport. The present Maharajah, for instance, succeeded a ruler who was the central figure in a criminal trial on the score that

he was alleged to have attempted to poison the British Resident. The mind now goes back to a day not long ago when the young man who will in the ordinary course succeed to the *gadi* was married. He had been to Oxford University, and yet by reason

THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA ON A STATE ELEPHANT

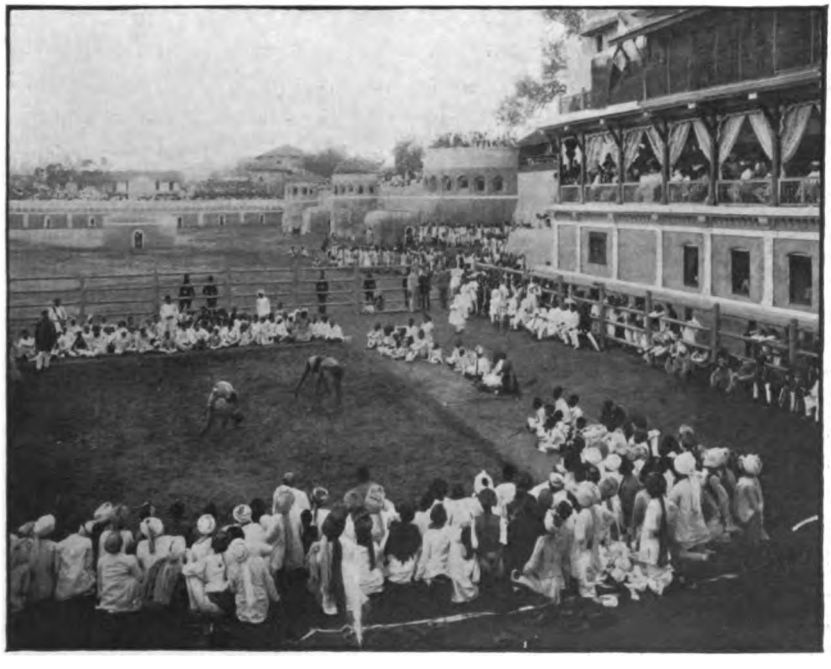
of his position as heir to the Gaekwar Maharajah he had to banish for the time being memories of an Oxford life and go through the long string of rites, solemn and rigorous ceremonial, and magnificent pomp of an orthodox Hindu marriage. In a week of festivities for the entertainment of the Maharajah's European guests and the

edification of visiting potentates, the Sirdars of State, and representatives of the people, not the least important, and certainly not the least interesting, were the sports in the arena. What preceded them had probably possessed a more important significance—the ceremonial processions; the Imperial Service troops in uniforms of striking colours; the elephants of State, bedaubed and heavily decorated; the two famous Baroda guns, one of solid gold mounted on a carriage of silver, the other of silver mounted on a gilded carriage, and the serried masses of the people forming a never-ending background of motion and colour. Each of these phases of the festivities had its own special attraction and served to demonstrate the resources of the State; but the sports in the arena were to show that those old traditions which in their own parallel are suggested by the sports of the old Romans still survived and were indeed as cherished as ever. And not a few of the Maharajah's guests went to the arena on the day of which I write in motor cars!

The Maharajah may choose to be borne to the arena on one of the state elephants or in a carriage drawn by a smart pair of English-bred hackneys. The former is more in keeping with what is to follow, and so you may see him whom the people salaam the occupant of a roomy, swaying howdah, glittering with gold and fashioned at either end with designs in rampant figures. All that you may see of the elephant is the head and lower part of the legs. The rest is covered with a huge *jhool* of scarlet and gold. The head is painted blue, and on it is a coloured design showing, say, a swan or a leopard, the swan or the leopard being drawn so that the elephant's eye becomes the eye of the drawing. How different is this stately beast, perfectly trained and decorous in its manners, from the wild elephants that are so soon to fight in the arena! Even the very tail-straps of the *jhool* are covered with golden bosses.

You pass from the main arteries of the city to more squalid and meaner streets, and skirting the old palace of Nazar Bagh, where are kept the wondrous Baroda State jewels worth crores of rupees, you suddenly pass under the shadow of a great wall. It comes upon one abruptly, and might almost be the guardian of some prison inmates. No indication is afforded of what is beyond. A few more strides and the big gates swing apart. Now, surely, you are in a strange place, a sort of vast amphitheatre—a large open space walled in on all sides, a few turret-like buildings of solid stone dotted about the centre, and openings like doorways in the long stretches of walls at intervals of about twenty yards separating them. In one corner of the great arena is a pavilion built up high from its base with a frontage evidently intended to fulfil all the

purposes of a comfortable—and safe—grand-stand. Here already are gathered many of the Maharajah's guests, European and native, and soon the order will be given to let the sports begin. At the opposite end to that at which you made an entrance is also a heavy gateway, and beyond that, outside the walls, there is evidently something of importance attached to the sports. For there is great animation. The ringmen are moving with as much hurry and bustle as it is possible for a native of India to show; the sense of expectancy is quickened and every nerve set on end by the appear-



A VIEW OF THE ARENA AT BARODA—NATIVES WRESTLING

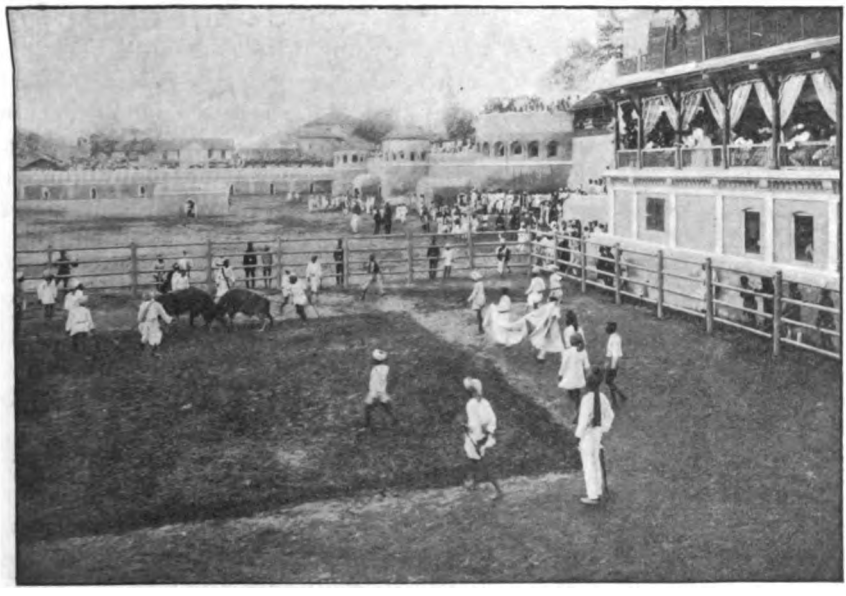
ance of these preparations—for what? Something revolting? The idea that something sensational is in store is started by the sight of throngs of spearmen. They are for the most part in white *cupra*, wearing many-coloured puggarees, and carrying long, sharp-pointed spears. We know that elephants are to fight. Do they fight each other or are they opposed by a whole host of humans? Presently we shall see; but meanwhile there are other arena attendants bearing what closely resemble large torches in metal holders. They have evidently not yet received their cues, for they are subdued and inactive.

While still the big gates—opening to we know not what—are ajar and men are coming and going in swarms, a signal is given for a start. Like the circus at home, the Maharajah's head showman makes modest beginnings, and prefers to delay his "star turns." So the stage carpenters rush forth, and in the course of a few minutes a square ring has been railed off in front of the Maharajah's stand. The precision and speed with which the rails are placed in position and fixed suggest that arena sports are not of infrequent occurrence at Baroda. A smart corps of British engineers or sappers would have been proud of the job. There is some shrill shouting—the native must always make a noise if he is to accomplish anything—and whole bevies of men, old and young, take their places on either side of the square. They wear the big puggaree with flowing ends so characteristic of the Baroda man. Soon, in different parts of the ring, acrobats, jugglers, and tricksters of all shades and grades are at work. The forming of pyramids, excellent tumbling, and exhausting somersaults constitute the *répertoire* of the acrobats, and as each troupe ends its turn the members come to the front of the grand stand and profoundly salaam the Maharajah and his guests.

"Has the burra sahib seen native wrestlers at work?" queries one of the State dignitaries; and at that moment a number of burly natives take their places on either side of the ring, each squatting tailor-fashion until his time arrives. Then at a word, or at the signal of the clapping of hands, two big men strip to the waist and prepare to wrestle. Simultaneously another couple engage themselves at another end of the big square. One man, I remember, was very big and seemed to possess a great deal more fat than muscle, and yet he showed great powers of endurance and secured a fall after twenty minutes' hard going. His joy was a wonder to behold, for had he not won beneath the very eyes of the Maharajah? He ran nimbly to the front of the stand, never pausing for breath; and, slapping himself and patting his forehead, he salaamed and fell prostrate. I am not able to say whether native wrestling is actually governed by a code of rules. Probably it is, for these wrestlers in the arena at Baroda took the business seriously and seemed as cautious in defence as they were aggressive in the attack. So far as I could judge their rules are identical with what is known in England as the catch-as-catch-can style. What I wish to emphasise is that their wrestling was in no way incoherent, but seemed to be governed by intelligent tactics and sound laws.

While big men were still giving each other a gruelling a string of fighting rams were led into the arena, each between two keepers.

All that had preceded their entry revealed little that the average Anglo-Indian was not already familiar with. The appearance of the rams was the first sign that animals were to fight on an elaborate scale. They were big and heavy enough for the serious business on hand, but they showed no alarming animation and gave no anxiety to their attendants. They were of the ordinary Indian species, possessing full broad foreheads and heavy receding horns. These latter were so placed that they could not possibly do mischief in the ordinary process of butting. We were soon to discover how prehistoric man came to call a ram a ram. Two were led into the



BUFFALOES FIGHTING IN THE ARENA AT BARODA

ring, one at either end, so that they approached each other diagonally across the square. The clamour of many tongues suddenly ceased, and two men, bearing a white sheet of cloth, advanced into the centre of the ring and held it up so that the rams could not see each other. Then at a signal the sheet was swiftly torn aside—the rams were given their liberty, and seeing each other they raced for the centre with grimly lowered heads.

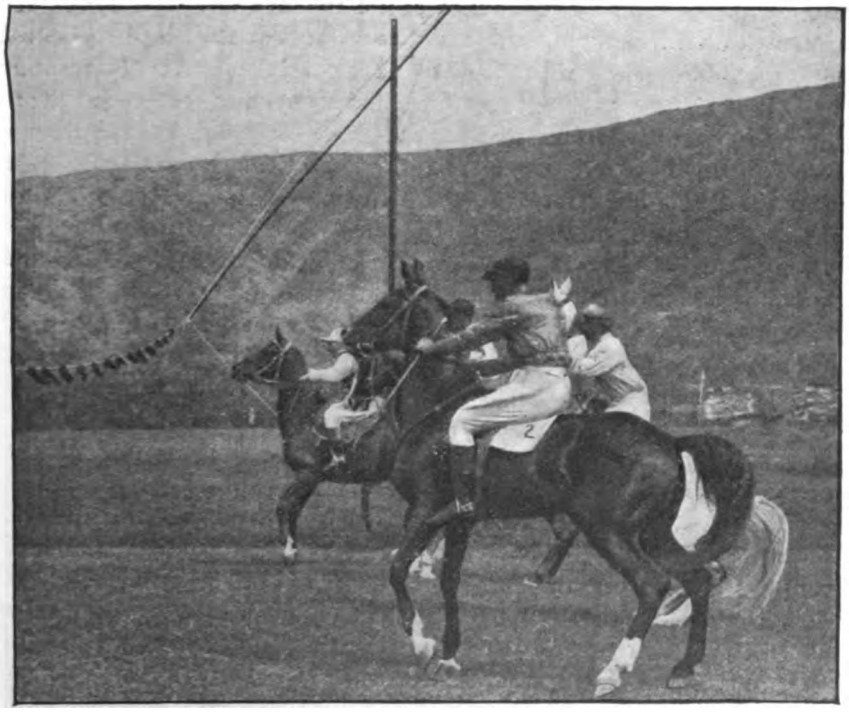
One felt a catch of the breath, a tightening at the throat, at that moment. There was no time for thought, for when within a few yards of each other the rams took a spring into the air so as to gain impetus for the first awful butt. With murderous precision their

skulls met with a force which sent up a crack heard all over the arena. I am told this first grand charge is usually the deciding factor—the knock-out which comes at the outset instead of the end —so you may imagine the grim swiftness of this first ram charge. Both staggered perceptibly, but the heavier suffered the less amount of recoil, and he returned to the battle. His opponent was game too, but if he had not actually come by a cracked skull he must at least have developed a terrible head-ache. In a few brief moments the butting on both sides grew weaker, and the ring attendants for the first time betrayed any sentiment when they separated the fighters and led them away. And so on through a small flock of burly rams until the unedifying business was ended. One or two of the beasts were certainly not keen for fight after engaging in that opening desperate ram at full speed, but not a single one showed the white feather.

Following the lesser fry of four-footed fighting beasts came the buffaloes. They were of the species that one might see on any city *maidan* in India, yielding milk or used for ploughing or industrial purposes. Surely this fat and lazy water buffalo was not capable of strenuous fight? But these Baroda buffaloes soon banished any doubt on the point. I have no knowledge of what preparation they are given immediately preceding arena sports. Perhaps they are doped! At any rate, these beasts seemed angry from the first moment of their entrance. The same formalities as in the case of the rams were observed. They were hidden from view by means of the white sheet, which may be seen drawn aside in the illustration, and then, encouraged by yells and a few sharp spear-prods, they made for each other and angrily engaged in the first butt. Their horns are long but laid well back along the slope of the shoulders, and each strove hard to make the best possible use of them. The hollow, dull sound of the butts was revolting enough, but it was positively sickening to listen to the crunching of the horns as they were torn and twisted. Their demeanour, too, was far wilder than that of the rams, and had it not been for the rails they would have carried the fight to the limits of the big arena and away from the Maharajah's stand. As it was, one young bull seemed to recognise an old opponent that had thrashed him badly before, and felt that at all costs he must escape another such punishment. So to the gaping astonishment of the attendants the bull threw his weight at the rails rather than face the foe, and, breaking down a passage, he galloped to the further end of the arena and refused to return.

Would the elephants, too, engage in wholesale murder for the special delight of the guests? It was a dread prospect after witnessing what damage the rams and the buffaloes could do.

Except for hosts of spearmen and torch-bearers the arena was emptied. And after a great deal of shouting the form of a giant elephant suddenly loomed into view through one of the great gateways. His fore legs were free, but the hind legs were shackled together, and attached to the shackles were huge, cruel weapons resembling pincers in shape, with long spiked teeth of metal. So long as these clasped the limbs the great *hathi* could not be dangerous. A long chain borne by attendants was fastened to the shackles, and, before giving him partial freedom, this and the



CURIOUS STARTING-GATE IN INDIA

pincers were removed. As the chain shackles coupling the hind legs remained, it will be seen that the movements of the elephant were still considerably restricted; but even so he managed to get over the ground at a surprisingly fast pace. In like manner a second fighting elephant was introduced to the ring, and so the two were brought to blows. But what followed was certainly less revolting than the fighting of the rams and buffaloes. They "pushed and shoved," charged with uplifted trunks to the accompaniment of sharp cracking trumpetings, and twisted each other savagely by the

trunk; but, so far as I could see, there was no serious damage done. Undoubtedly this was due to the restrictions of the chain-fetters behind, and under the circumstances it is reasonable to suppose that the big beasts did not relish the fighting. In the case of one couple the attendants had hard work to goad them even to notice each other. The means adopted were to prick with the long spears, or fire off immense firework squibs in the metal torch-bearers. Then it was that we saw and appreciated the uses of the openings in the walls and in the turret buildings about the centre; for occasionally the irritated elephant would turn on his persecutor and chase him. A man's only chance of life in such circumstances was to vanish into an opening and advance so far that the elephant could not reach him when using the trunk as a lasso. At Hyderabad they allow elephants to fight with a good stout wall between them, but perhaps the Baroda plan is the more realistic. As a change from fighting between two elephants, a man on horseback would enter the arena and attack the elephant single-handed. His business was to go so near as to engage the elephant's attention and then gallop out of its reach. The business of again securing them and conducting them from the arena is somewhat protracted. A man more daring than the rest has to watch his chance to run behind the elephant and place on its legs the crippling pincers. When once they are on its movements seem paralysed, and safe removal then becomes a fairly easy matter.

The story of arena sports in India, so far as it applies to one particular native capital, has been told, and with slight variations in methods, and perhaps also in daring, it is the same everywhere. Whether they will be out-distanced and forgotten by the march of events and time remains to be seen. For our administration in India to-day is educating native rulers to a sense of their duties and responsibilities, and those responsibilities seem opposed to the sports I have attempted to describe.

BOOKS ON SPORT

OUTDOOR PASTIMES OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

The proportion of big-game hunters who write about their sport is extraordinarily large—a fact that is continually impressed on those who are connected with sporting magazines; but few of them are so good alike in the field and with the pen as the energetic President of the United States. This book is a record of his outdoor pastimes during the last five years, and includes the chase of the cougar, bear, wolf, wapiti, various other deer, and sheep. Enthusiasm and equanimity are notable points about the President. "In mid-winter, hunting on horseback in the Rockies is apt to be cold work," he remarks, further noting that it was eighteen degrees below zero when he started on a five-weeks' cougar hunt in North-west Colorado, and the deep snow shown in the first photograph certainly does suggest chilliness; but the President evidently cared little for the weather, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The cougar is pursued by dogs, and Mr. Roosevelt's description of the pack, if so it may be called, is amusing. Jim was the most useful of the lot, and after him an animal called Boxer, who was bitten through one of his hind legs by the first cougar, so that for the remainder of the trip he had only three to go on—a fact which did not interfere with his appetite, his endurance, or his desire for the chase. Here is a bit of description: "Both Boxer and Jim had enormous appetites. Boxer was a small dog and Jim a very large one, and as the relations of the pack among themselves were those of brutal wild-beast selfishness, Boxer had to eat very quickly if he expected to get anything when Jim was around. He never ventured to fight Jim, but in deep-toned voice appealed to Heaven against the unrighteousness with which he was treated; and time and again such appeal caused me to sally out and rescue his dinner from Jim's highway

robbery. Once when Boxer was given a biscuit, which he tried to bolt whole, Jim simply took his entire head in his jaws, and convinced him that he had his choice of surrendering the biscuit or sharing its passage down Jim's capacious throat. Boxer promptly gave up the biscuit, then lay on his back and wailed in protest of Fate."

The pack had many interesting peculiarities, the author remarks, the most extraordinary being that four of them climbed trees. There is a photograph of one dog, called Turk, who has pursued a bobcat to what is stated to be an altitude of thirty feet above the ground. The climbers do not seem to have been by any means safe in the branches. A dog, indeed, would often lose his footing and "come down with a whack which sounded as if he must be disabled, but after a growl and a shake he would start up the tree again." The pack was certainly game, and so likewise were the President's companions. One of them had a trick of seizing a wolf by the lower jaw, the performance of which for the first time might well make a brave man hesitate. Wolves are coursed, and one day the quarry bit the greyhound which overtook it. "At the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leapt off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse with one hand, and thrust the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hands down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it so that the wolf could not bite him. He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did—that is, behind the canines while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth. With his knees he kept the wolf from using its forepaws to break the hold until it gave up struggling. When he thus leapt on and captured this coyote it was entirely free, the dog having let go of it, and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not twenty yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the greyhound standing beside him, and his horse standing by as placid as he was." The President thinks this "a remarkable feat," and there will be few who do not agree with him.

Abernethy threw the wolf across in front of the saddle, still holding it, then mounted and rode off. He caught others in the same fashion, and the author notes the curious fact that they never strove to fight, seeming resigned to their fate, and looking about with their ears pricked. A photograph is given of Abernethy holding the wolf, and another with one he caught subsequently, alive in

front of him on his horse, a dead one being fastened on behind. Some of the "punchers" must also have been extraordinarily good riders. One of them the President noted on a young and partially broken horse with no bridle, simply a rope round the animal's neck.

Some interesting remarks are made on a fact which must have struck many readers of volumes on sport: that is the way in which birds and beasts often come to be known by the familiar titles of creatures that they do not resemble. Unscientific people do not like to invent names if they can by any possibility employ those already in use; thus, it is pointed out, the Americans "have no distinctive name at all for the group of peculiarly American game birds, of which the bobwhite is the typical representative; when we could not use the words quail, partridge, or pheasant," Mr. Roosevelt observes, "we went for our terminology to the barnyard, and called our fine grouse fool-hens, sage-hens, and prairie-chickens." The American true elk and reindeer were called moose and caribou, but for this there is the excellent excuse that the names are Indian. In South America cougars and jaguars are described as lions and tigers, and, indeed, all over the world similar confusion exists.

Not the least interesting chapter is that about wapiti, which the President describes as "the largest and stateliest deer in the world." He is evidently a great reader, as well as an admirable writer, and one of his chapters deals with "Books on Big Game," which contains a remark we cannot refrain from quoting. "If we could choose but one work," he says, "it would have to be the volume on 'Big-Game Shooting' in the Badminton Library."

Not only in consequence of the distinguished authorship, but for its intrinsic merit, the President's book is one which can on no account be omitted from any sporting library which has the least pretension to completeness.

JULES OF THE GREAT HEART. By Laurence Mott. London: William Heinemann. 1905.

This book deserves special mention as one of the most striking and original novels that has been published for a long time past. The scene is laid in the little-known region of Hudson Bay. The characters, new to fiction, as they are here drawn, because of their reality, are filled in with singular force, and the author conveys the impression—few critics will possess sufficient knowledge to speak with certainty—that he is thoroughly familiar with the strange life he depicts. Jules is essentially a man, indomitably brave, self-reliant, resourceful, absolutely honest—a wonderfully fine

character. He is a trapper, what is called a "free trapper" indeed, and so a thorn in the factor's side, the factor being superintendent of the post; for the honesty which has just been mentioned did not prevent Jules from taking fur wherever he found it, as he could not see that it really belonged to the Hudson Bay Company if the animal which grew it had accidentally diverted its steps from one of Jules's traps to one of the Company's. For this and for other reasons a great many men's hands were against him; Jules was, indeed, in constant danger of his life, but no one was ever better able to take care of himself. Early in the book he is pursued by one of his special enemies, Le Grand by name, and the way in which the tables are turned is a characteristic adventure. The dialect employed—a mixture of English and French—adds peculiar quaintness to the conversations.

In spite of his phenomenal wariness, Jules is captured and taken to the factor, who has put a price on his head. Jules believes that his death is inevitable, and is prepared to meet his fate with Indian stoicism, which so appeals to the factor that his life is spared on condition that he hunts for the Company; and he accepts the terms, faithfully serving his masters until he feels that he has paid the debt. Jules has a wife whom he tenderly loves—one does not understand, indeed, why he is separated from her so long—but finally he sets off with Le Grand, who has now become his most faithful friend, on a journey to the place where she is. Le Grand is captured, tortured, and killed, the murderer meeting with a most hideous fate at the hands of Jules, the avenger. What that fate is, and how, having broken his leg, Jules drags himself on his hands and one knee for the last fifteen miles of his journey to meet Marie, readers may be left to discover for themselves. This is essentially a book to be read, and to be remembered.

NATURE IN EASTERN NORFOLK. By Arthur H. Patterson. Illustrated. Methuen & Co., London. 1905.

Mr. Patterson may be described as a born naturalist, who, one perceives from his autobiographical chapter, could by no possibility have passed his life otherwise than he has done. His father was a shoemaker in humble circumstances, and the boy had to work as soon as he could earn money, fate leading him to the humblest position in a chandler's shop, the proprietor of which sold coals as well as tea, bread, and candles. But every hour the budding chandler could seize for himself he devoted to the living creatures in the fields, hedges, and ditches around him, and the first twopence he saved went in the purchase of a little paper-covered book called

"Gleanings from Natural History." Soon after he came of age young Patterson obtained a position as supernumerary postman, but he had previously contributed to the press, an article on Kingfishers having been published by a London daily paper. For a short time Patterson seemed to have found his true career, for he was made manager of a small zoological gardens near Manchester; but the affair came to grief, and returning to Yarmouth, his native town, he obtained employment as a draper's warehouseman. From 8 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. he served his master, but he was up before the house-martins which were twittering with their heads outside their doors at three o'clock in the morning, and he stole forth to watch the life of the creatures he loved so well.

It will readily be understood that the observations of such a student as this are worth the most careful attention. He writes of nothing that he has not seen, and the conclusions he draws are not derived from books—though he sometimes checks the statements of other authors—but from the birds and beasts themselves. To a great extent the volume is a catalogue, with notes and comments, of the birds, fishes, mammals, reptilia, amphibia, of the country he has ranged. What sort of pets Mr. Patterson has kept will be guessed. Otters have been among the number, and he says that their dispositions vary. One he had was so tame that it used to run about the house and play on the hearthrug with the children. He has had badgers, too, but has found them generally "very intractable, differing greatly in this respect from the fox and the otter," creatures which are capable of exhibiting traits of strong affection.

It is rather curious to come across a note to the effect that the fox in 1834 was very seldom seen in East Norfolk. "Probably the indigenous local race is extinct," Mr. Patterson says, and it is thought worth special record that one was seen crossing the river at Haddiscoe in 1834. We most cordially agree with Mr. Patterson in thinking it a great pity that gamekeepers do not turn their attention to the destruction of rats rather than to that of their enemies—stoats, owls, etc. Rats, as he truly remarks, will undoubtedly increase in proportion to the extirpation of the *Mustelidæ*. The criminal neglect which is enabling rats to thrive and grow in town and country alike is a blunder for which we shall all have to pay.

BADMINTON NOTÀ BENE

AT the present moment multitudes of people are suffering from perplexity as to what they can give for Christmas and New Year's gifts. A visit to the Royal School of Art Needlework should at once solve the difficulty. The word "art" in this connection is not a misnomer, though the productions of the school are far from being limited to "needlework." That is only one part of the business, for here can be purchased antique pottery, furniture, metal work, and various other objects which are precisely what the seeker after Christmas presents requires. Visitors need not fear that the prices of the articles are beyond the reach of modest purses; one can, indeed, spend a great deal of money, and the temptation is doubtless great, but there are all sorts of cheap little things also.

* * * * * *

Ladies' clubs are a feature of the period, and one which should prove a vast comfort and convenience to residents in Kensington and the vicinity is the Ladies' Park Club, the premises being situated at Wilton House, 87, Knightsbridge, opposite the French Embassy and Albert Gate. The social position of the committee and vice-presidents is beyond all question, and affords a guarantee of the most unimpeachable character; but the tariff is remarkably low, a hot luncheon, for instance, being served for 1*s.* 8*d*, and a dinner of five courses for half a crown. The club is intended to be "quiet and exclusive without being dull or dowdy," and everything seems to have been thought of and provided for in the carefully compiled rules.

* * * * * *

Steadily and surely the motor as applied to the water is going ahead. The Marine Motor Co. of 2, Army and Navy Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W., have just completed some important Government contracts, and are building just now a 40-foot cruiser for Mr. Foster, of Bradford, which is to be fitted with a sixty horse-power engine. This should certainly travel! They also have in hand an order for a very large paraffin motor for the Imperial Japanese Government, for Japan is nowadays to the fore in everything that is new.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

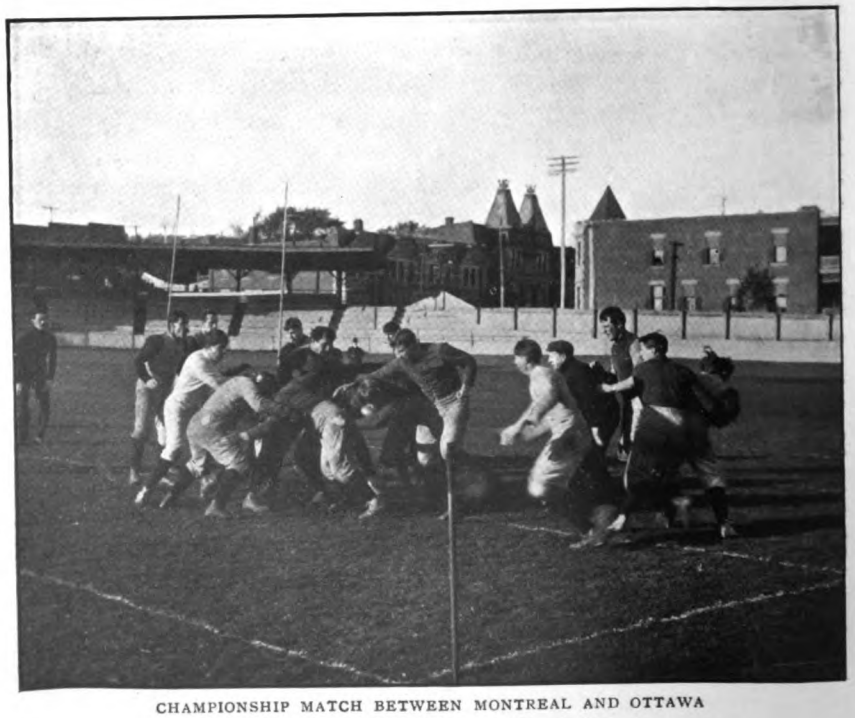
The result of the January competition will be announced in the March issue.

THE NOVEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the November competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. C. F. Shaw, Nottingham; Mr. R. F. Smith, Montreal; Mr. John A. Douglas, Montreal; Mr. W. Pfleiderer, New Malden, Surrey; Mr. Robert W. Hillcoat, H.M. Transport *Plassy*, Southampton; Mr. P. T. F. Oyler, Durie, Leven, N.B.; Mr. R. H. Martyn, Cheltenham; Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea (two guineas); and Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels.

OVER!

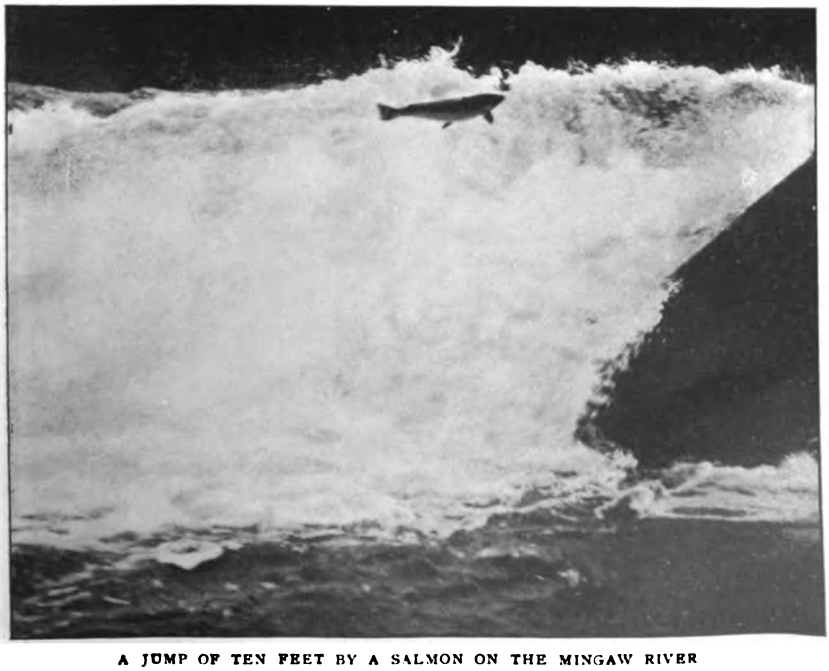
Photograph by Mr. C. F. Shaw, Nottingham



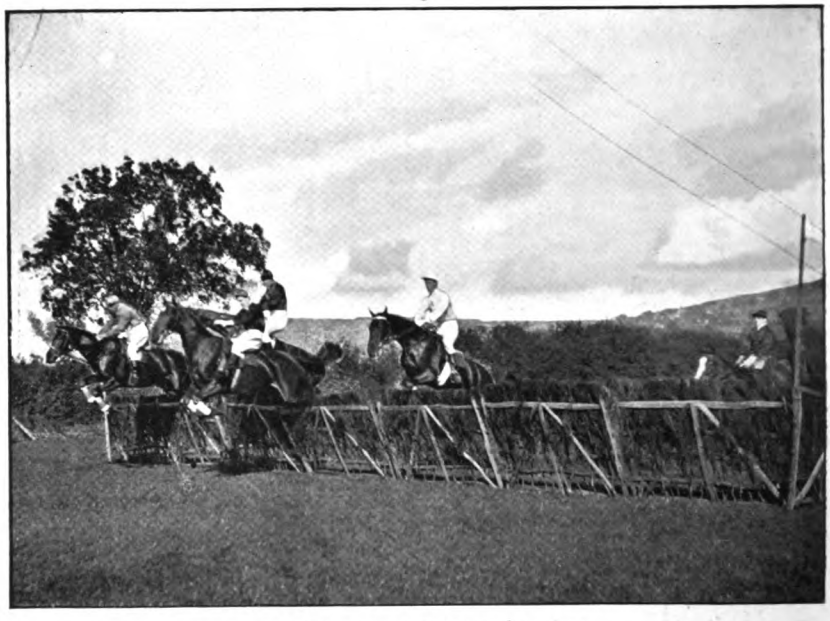
CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA

Photograph by Mr. R. F. Smith, Montreal

QUORN HOUNDS AT KIRBY GATE
Photograph by Mr. John Day, Leicester

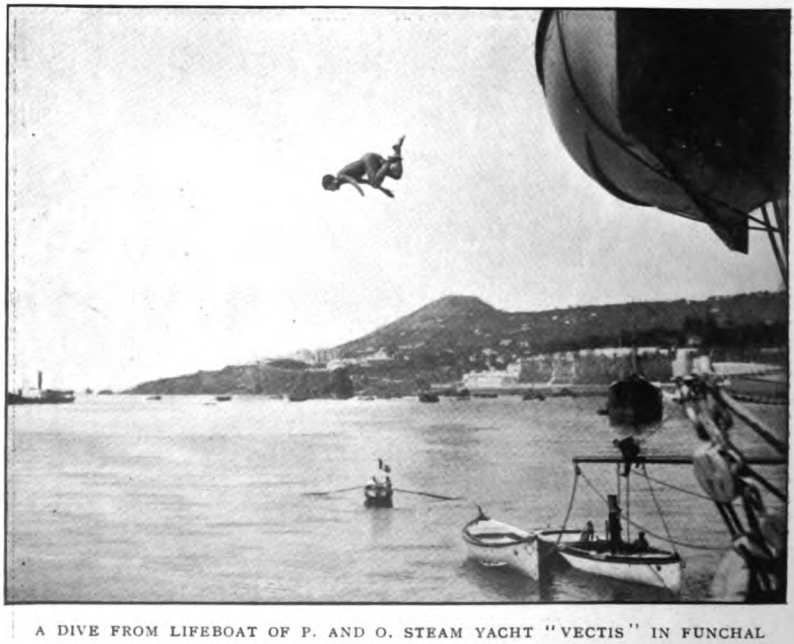


A JUMP OF TEN FEET BY A SALMON ON THE MINGAW RIVER
Photograph by Mr. John A. Douglas, Montreal



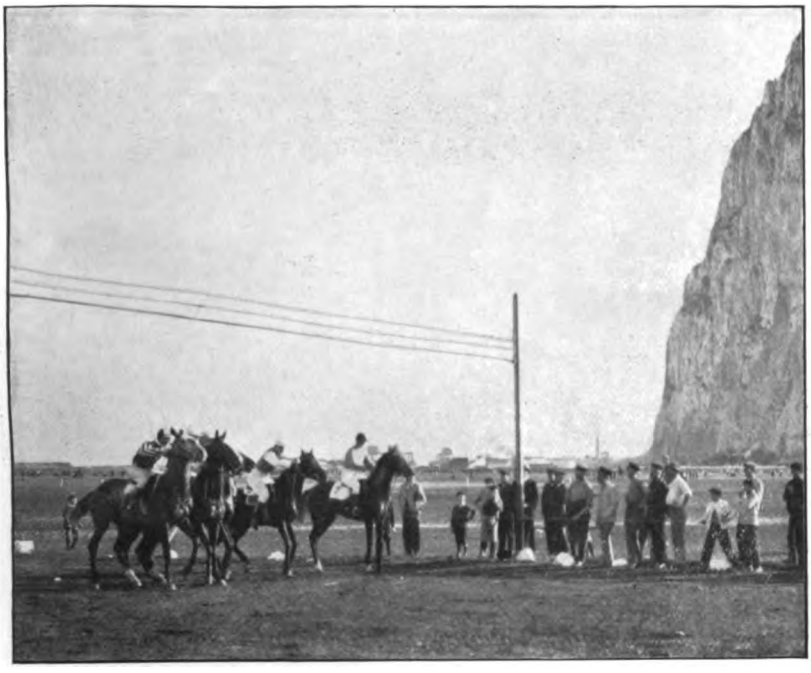
PRESTBURY PARK AUTUMN RACES, 1905

Photograph by Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire

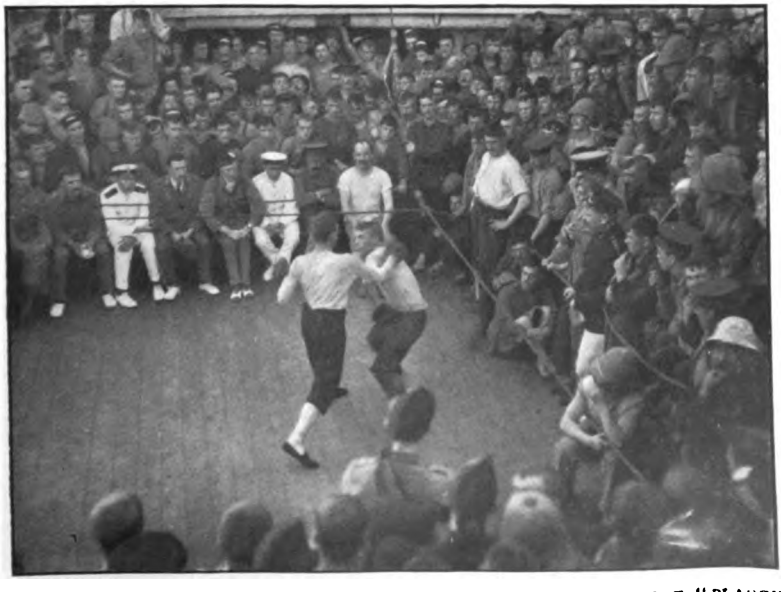


A DIVE FROM LIFEBOAT OF P. AND O. STEAM YACHT "VECTIS" IN FUNCHAL HARBOUR, MADEIRA

Photograph by Mr. W. Pfleiderer, New Malden, Surrey



A START—CALPE TURF CLUB MEETING, NORTH FRONT, GIBRALTAR
Photograph by Mr. A. Smith, D2 H2, Crutchetts Ramp, Gibraltar



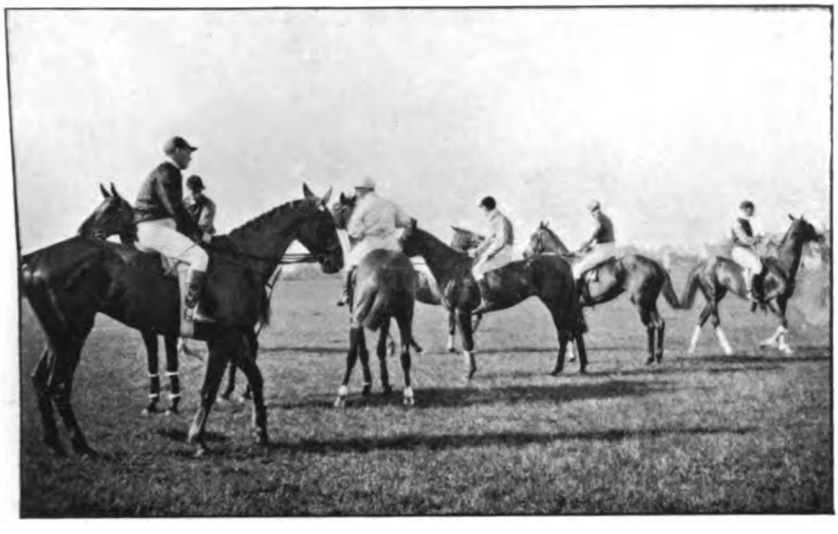
SEMI-FINAL OF THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF H.M. TRANSPORT "PLASSY," OUTWARD BOUND WITH THE WEST RIDINGS (33RD REGT.) AND DETAILS, OCTOBER 1905
Photograph by Mr. Robert W. Hillcoat, H.M. Transport "Plassy," Southampton

A SHOOTING PARTY IN MAURITIUS

Photograph by Mr. A. A. Lucas, Garden Court, Temple

ON THE AIGUILLE AT THE GRANDS MULETS, MONT BLANC

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Stuart, Brasenose College, Oxford

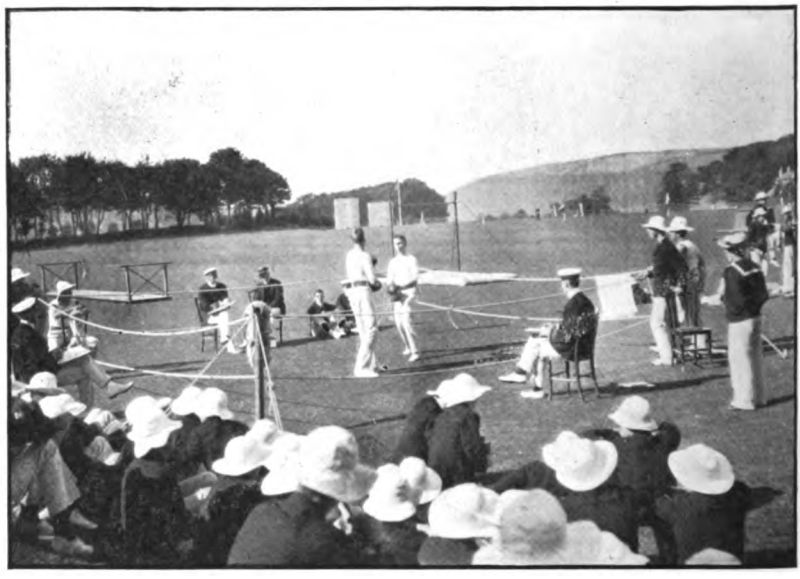


START OF A HURDLE RACE AT WORCESTER, MAY 1905

Photograph by Captain E. C. Jennings, Royal Fusiliers, Peking

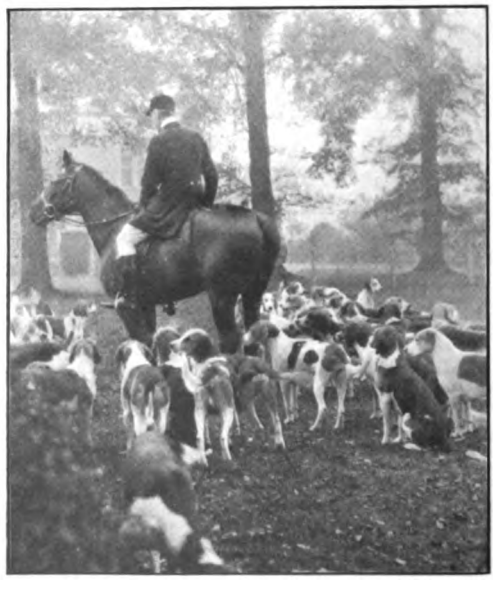
SHOOTING A CROSSING PARTRIDGE

Photograph by Mr. P. T. F. Oyler, Durie, Leven, N.B.



FINALS OF THE HEAVY WEIGHTS—ASSAULT-AT-ARMS, H.M.S. "BRITANNIA," 1905

Photograph by Miss M. N. Waller, Beenham Court, Newbury



A CUB-HUNTING MEET

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln

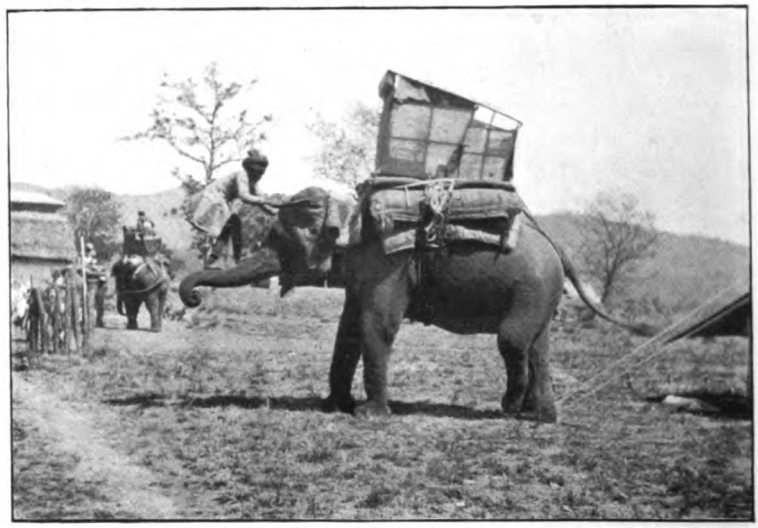
CHELTENHAM COLLEGE PICK-UP GAME—A CLEVER PICK-UP

Photograph by Mr. R. H. Martyn, Cheltenham

WHO CALLED THE OFFICER?

Pet donkey of a detachment of the Royal Sussex Regiment which always used the officer's tent as a sunshade

Photograph by Mr. J. M. Hulton, 2nd Royal Sussex Regiment, Candia, Crete



A MAHOUT MOUNTING HIS ELEPHANT BY HOLDING THE EARS AND STEPPING ON THE TRUNK

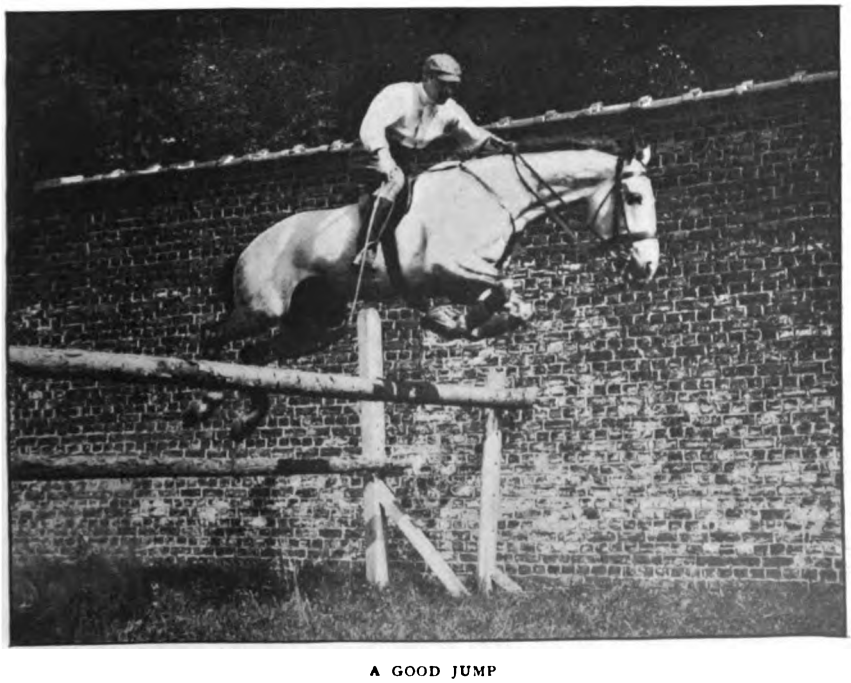
Photograph by Captain W. G. Thompson, R.H.A., Lucknow

WATER POLO—A CORNER OF THE "FIELD"

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea

EXERCISING THE DOGS

Photograph by Mr. H. L. Hoyle, Todmorden



A GOOD JUMP

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels

ESSEX OTTER HOUNDS—"A CASE OF TERRIERS"

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge

PUSH BALL MATCH BETWEEN THE OFFICERS OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT AND THE 87TH ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS

Photograph by Mr. C. E. Kinahan, 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, Wellington Barracks, Dublin

MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY STARTING A RACE AT LINCOLN SPRING MEETING

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

IV.—MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY

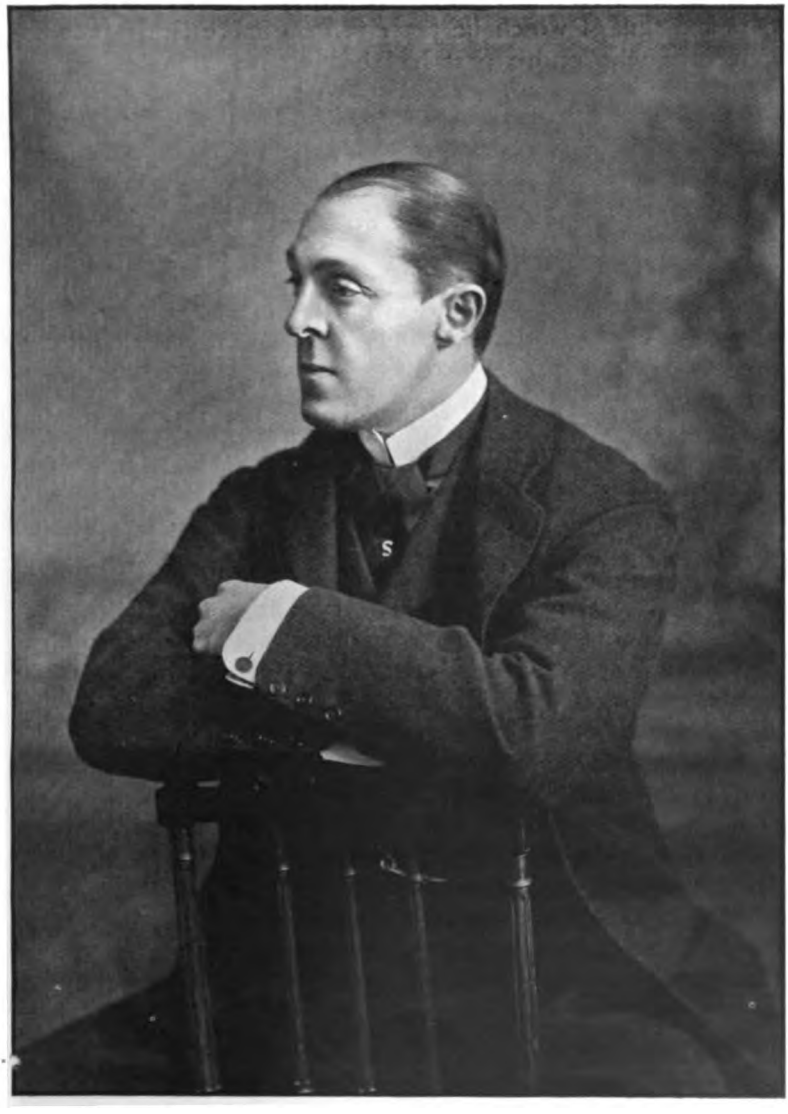
BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

FOR a great many years past, I should be inclined to say from time immemorial, the name of Coventry has been associated with sport. It seemed quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, for instance, that in the early sixties the sisters Emblem and Emblematic should have carried off the Grand National in the colours of that most respected of sportsmen the present Earl, and that his name should be recorded as a Master of the Buckhounds. Prominent among hunting men in the Shires more than a decade before the consecutive Liverpool victories was another member of the family, the Hon. Henry Amelius, son of the eighth earl, whose second son, Arthur, was born at Melton Mowbray in 1852, to prove

himself in the course of time in all ways a most worthy representative of the famous house.

I once in conversation asked Mr. Coventry at what age he first began to ride a pony, and the question fairly puzzled him, for he could not remember a time when he did not ride, or indeed when he did not hunt. Another query I inquisitively put to him was what made him take to race-riding, and this also gave him serious pause, until after a while he hazarded the opinion that he "supposed it was natural instinct," which one can well understand to have been the case.

As it happened, his elder brother, "Bee," was one of the finest amateur horsemen ever known—indeed, the word "amateur" need not be employed, for Captain "Bee" Coventry held his own with the very best of the professional horsemen, and his finish on Alcibiade for the Grand National of 1865 was among the most brilliant efforts in the history of that exciting contest. Arthur, rising fourteen at the time, may well have been inspired, particularly seeing that the family colours, as just remarked, had been borne to victory in the two previous years. A desire to emulate the feats of the brother who was the object of his devoted admiration could not fail to influence the boy; and so it befell that at Croxton Park in 1874 he wore silk for the first time, a four-year-old named Billy Button having been entrusted to his guidance. Three months later, at the Worcester Meeting, he won his first race, the Worcester Cup, 5 years, 10 st. 5 lb. (carried 10 st. 8 lb.), on Baby (and was nicknamed "Baby" accordingly), the horse, which started at 100 to 8, beating a red-hot 7 to 4 favourite, The Druid, ridden by R. Wyatt, a short head. In the year following at Melton he won his first steeplechase on a mare of Lord Carrington's called Amy, beating Captain Riddell, an experienced rider, to get the better of whom was decidedly a feather in the young amateur's cap, especially as behind him were such men as Lord Queensberry third, Captains W. Hope-Johnstone and "Doggy" Smith, Col. Harford and Mr. "Rolly." It was chiefly in jump races that Arthur Coventry performed; and though in these early days he does not appear to have stood out prominently—for race-riding is a business which essentially requires practice and experience—he was sufficiently good to be entrusted with the handling of Mr. Vyner's Bellringer in the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase of 1879. A note by the late Duke of Beaufort in the Badminton Library Steeplechase volume may here be quoted: "The course at Derby, where the meeting took place that year, was an extremely severe one, so much so that a protest against its severity was made by some of those interested in the event. Mr. Arthur Coventry, on being consulted,



MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY

declared it to be in his opinion an excellent course, which any alteration would tend to destroy; and the result proved that he, at least, found it suitable."

It was about this time that Tom Cannon was attracted by the neatness and skill of which he perceived the more than promise in Mr. Coventry, who on his part had begun to entertain that enthusiastic admiration for the great jockey which grew in intensity so long as he continued to figure in the saddle. Tom Cannon at this time, 1880, had bought a horse from the late Sir John Astley, the popular "Mate," called Timour; and wanting a jockey for it at the Bibury Club Meeting, he asked Arthur Coventry to ride—this being the first of the innumerable occasions on which my old friend wore the scarlet and white hoops of the "Master of Danebury." In the eighties there were probably more animals in training at Danebury than at any other establishment, a formidable string of jumpers as well as flat-race horses. It was a delightful house to stay at, as I can record from my own knowledge, having been privileged to be a frequent guest; and on these glorious downs Arthur Coventry may be said to have finished his education—there, that is to say, and at the various meetings at which he rode the horses he had schooled and galloped at home. Winners were easier to find in those days than they are now, and if anyone wanted to know what to back, it was never a bad thing to have a few sovereigns on Mr. Arthur Coventry. It need scarcely be said that there was never a question of the Danebury horses being "out," and when Mr. Coventry was in the saddle it was perfectly certain that if the animal were good enough he would win his race. A pleasant recollection of this period is Mr. Arthur Coventry on old Hesper, one of the very best hurdle jumpers ever known, who, I think it is safe to say without going into tedious details, won more races than he lost, for the most part with Mr. Coventry up.

He did not win one, indeed, which would have inflicted a serious blow on a rash sportsman who had laid £10,000 to £100 against the horse securing the flat-race at Croydon, the big Hurdle Race at Sandown, and the Lincolnshire Handicap. The first he carried off, the second likewise fell to him, and the bold layer must have experienced the severest qualms when he found Hesper with only 7 st. 1 lb. to carry a good second favourite at 7 to 1 for the first big handicap of the season. For this, however, the son of Speculum and Hesperithusa was not good enough, the race falling to the Comte de Lagrange's Poulet, who beat Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Master Waller a head, the same owner's grey, Buchanan, third.

"Hesper usually won," Mr. Coventry remarked to me, when I asked him for some details about the horse; and the *Calendar* shows

how well the remark is justified. Other hoops in which the rider distinguished himself were the primrose and rose of Lord Rosebery; for on the Chester Cup winner of 1882 Arthur Coventry carried off several stakes. And another good jumper whom he often rode to victory was Beatus.

It was at the Manchester Meeting of 1882 that Mr. Coventry made the acquaintance of this animal, having been asked to ride him in a selling race with the information that he was rather shifty but jumped all right. Mr. Coventry found him, on the other hand, in all respects a charming horse to ride, and won so easily that seeing he had only 10 st. in a good-class handicap next day he

A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS AT KNOSSINGTON HALL, FOR SOME TIME THE HOME OF MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY'S FATHER

said in answer to inquiries that it was certainly well worth running. In hard condition at the time, 10 st. 5 lb. was the lowest he could do: and to get off the surplus in twenty-four hours was a hard task. But there was a nice horse to be ridden, and so, by walking hard, and omitting such little luxuries as dinner and breakfast, on the smallest of saddles Mr. Coventry just did the weight and won his race, easily beating Too Good, a notable Irish jumper, ridden by Mr. H. Beasley.

On one occasion, indeed, Beatus won a race much to Mr. Coventry's chagrin. This was at Derby in 1883. Notwithstanding

that Prudhomme had 12 st. 10 lb. to carry, he was supposed to be fully equal to the task, especially with Mr. Coventry riding, and the one that seemed chiefly to be feared was Lord Hastings's *Zeus*, ridden by James Adams—though really, in sketching these little chapters of Turf history behind the scenes, I am not sure that I ought to call "James" Adams anything but "Jimmy." Mr. Arthur Coventry on Prudhomme, however, and Jimmy Adams on *Zeus*, were alike convinced that whichever beat the other would win the Devonshire Handicap. Both were masters of the business, and each set out bent on pulling it off if possible; so, never far apart, they jumped their hurdles and galloped over the ground between them. Towards the finish each was equally on the alert to seize that psychological moment when with chances equally balanced races are lost or won by, as it were, a gleam of inspiration. Which endeavoured to get first run I do not know; but whilst the pair of them had all their thoughts and energies directed to the question, they suddenly became aware of the fact that something full of running was flashing up on the off side. It was Beatus, ridden by his own boy, A. Wood, and not thought worthy of consideration—he started at 100 to 7 offered—but Wood understood the game a bit better than had been supposed. His well-timed run had given him the advantage, and he flashed past the post a neck in advance of Prudhomme, who was in turn a neck in advance of *Zeus*. Mr. Coventry said nothing. "Where the devil did *you* come from?" was Jimmy Adams's perplexed inquiry to Wood as they rode back to weigh in.

Beatus was thought good enough to win the big hurdle race at Auteuil, especially as Arthur Coventry was free to ride. The horse stayed well, and Golding, who trained him, advised the rider to lay well up with the leaders, and to come away two hurdles from home. Mr. Coventry came away much earlier in the struggle, notwithstanding that he was never unmindful of his instructions; but after winning by a great many lengths he rode back to the enclosure and showed Golding his gloves, torn into ribbons, proof of the fact that he had done his best to hold the horse.

Often as Mr. Coventry carried the scarlet and white hoops to success, he sometimes found himself opposed to them; and one of these occasions was when the late John Jones, father of Herbert Jones, the King's jockey, was up on Ubique, who was thought a certainty, Mr. Coventry having been asked to ride a horse called Golden Beam. Ubique was one of a trio belonging to an eccentric owner who had named the horses for the apparent purpose of puzzling the ring. The other two were called Unique and Utique. To the man of even very modest education the names presented, of

course, no difficulty; but it will be perceived how easily such nomenclature led astray the racegoer whose scholastic attainments were wanting. Unique was a dissyllable, and if Unique why not "Ubeek" and "Uteek"? It was borne in upon the perplexed student of the card, however, that Ubīque was a trisyllable with the accent on the "bi," and he not unnaturally failed to understand why the ancient Romans, or whoever the idiots were who invented this sort of language, did not say Utīque with the accent on the "ti"; or on the other hand, if they wanted to knock the backer off his balance by saying Utīque, with the accent on the U, why they did not also say Ubīque? No one will be very much surprised to be told that these horses were often called out of their names, especially

MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY ON IRISH WAKE AT STOCKBRIDGE
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

perhaps as running at the same time was a daughter of Exminster and Una, called Unice. This, however, is by the way. Ubique, ridden by John Jones, was supposed to be a Danebury good thing, whilst Golden Beam was thought to have no chance, his only backer being Arthur Coventry's brother Aubrey, who always had a tenner on Arthur's mounts, however remote their chances appeared to be; and on this occasion the 100 to 8 chance Golden Beam just did Ubique by a short head. Tom Cannon's disappointment at being beaten on his 4 to 1 good thing was mitigated by his pleasure at seeing his pupil's brilliant finish. Nothing was said, but, meeting Mr. Coventry on his return to the paddock, heartily if silently Tom Cannon shook the winner by the hand. I reminded Mr. Coventry

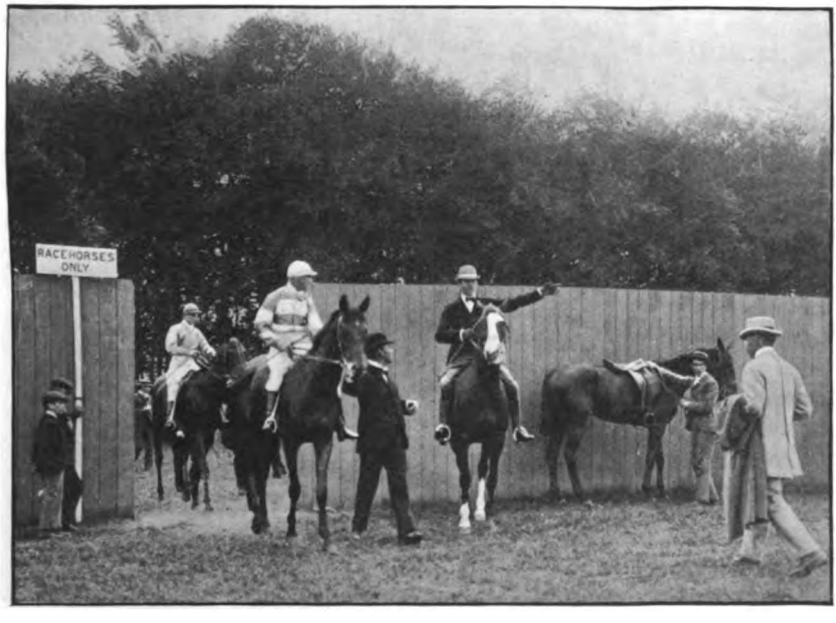
of this story the other day, and with characteristic modesty he begged me to leave it out; but I am risking his displeasure in relating the anecdote, because I think it is a very pleasing little tale, eminently to the credit of all concerned. I may add here that I lately asked Tom Cannon for details of races at this time, and he winds up his letter about his old friend with the words, "There is nothing you can say that is too good for him."

It is only the advertising tipster who knows for a certainty what will win every race that is run—that is to say, of course, if one believes his statements, which one may do if sufficiently lacking in common sense. There was a little tragedy, for instance, when Mr. Coventry rode Keepaway on one occasion for Lord Rossmore. This was by way of being a good thing, and the owner was equally surprised and delighted to find a bookmaker willing to lay him six monkeys against it. Keepaway did not, indeed, stay for ever, but he had a nice turn of speed, and, with this judiciously saved, was thought sure to win. Mr. Coventry timed his one run to the second; but Keepaway swerved a little to the right just at the moment when his opponent swerved to the left, the consequence being that Mr. Coventry caught the other jockey's arm, lost his whip, one stroke of which could not have failed to land the six monkeys, and so, momentarily hampered, was beaten a head.

One of Mr. Coventry's early successes was on The Scot at Croydon; the horse, a son of Blair Athol, afterwards passing into the possession of His Majesty. This was the first animal that Mr. Coventry ever rode in the National, but he failed, not being a genuine stayer, and did no better in the following year when, ridden by John Jones, he started first favourite at 6 to 1 in the race won by Voluptuary, who finished his career on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, where he was in the cast of a melodrama called *The Prodigal Daughter*, and jumped two fences in a representation of the great steeplechase, the hero riding him. Bellringer, Mr. Coventry's National Hunt Steeplechase winner, was another of his Liverpool mounts; but the horse was knocked over, as horses so often are at Aintree. On Jolly Sir John, a representative of Danebury, he had another essay in Zoedone's year, and he also rode Montauban, for Mr. Baird Hay, winner of a large number of races, but in this National he was most emphatically not fit. I forget who trained the horse, and may be doing him an injustice in sharing a belief which was current at the time that he was disappointed at not having a jockey of his own selection in the saddle. Montauban, however, had certainly not done anything like the work that is imperative for a National winner, and Mr. Coventry discovered this when riding a gallop a couple of days before the race. When they had gone some-

thing less than three miles the horse was stone cold, blowing hard from want of condition, and Mr. Coventry, pulling up, exclaimed with equal astonishment and disappointment, "Why, this horse is not nearly fit!" "Well, it can't be helped *now*, sir, can it?" was all the satisfaction he got from the trainer.

His fifth and last ride in the National was on Redpath in 1885. About this time Mr. Coventry was retiring from the saddle, but he was, of course, eager to win a Liverpool before he gave up. Tom Cannon was equally anxious to supply him with the opportunity, and Redpath, 10 st. 3 lb., certainly seemed to have a tremendous



MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY GIVING DIRECTIONS FOR PARADE FOR PRINCESS OF WALES' STAKES

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

chance, notwithstanding that 20 to 1 was laid against him, Roquefort being a hot favourite at 100 to 30, with *Z*oedone and Frigate well up in the market. At this time the Grand National finished over hurdles. If it did so nowadays there would be the loudest outcry against the decadence of the sport, and the most contemptuous protests that genuine steeplechase horses could not be expected to jump hurdles; but one and twenty years ago this was the state of the case, and as the field approached the penultimate row of sticks Redpath was going so well that Mr. Harry Beasley, on Frigate, called out to Mr. Coventry, "You've won easily enough this time!"

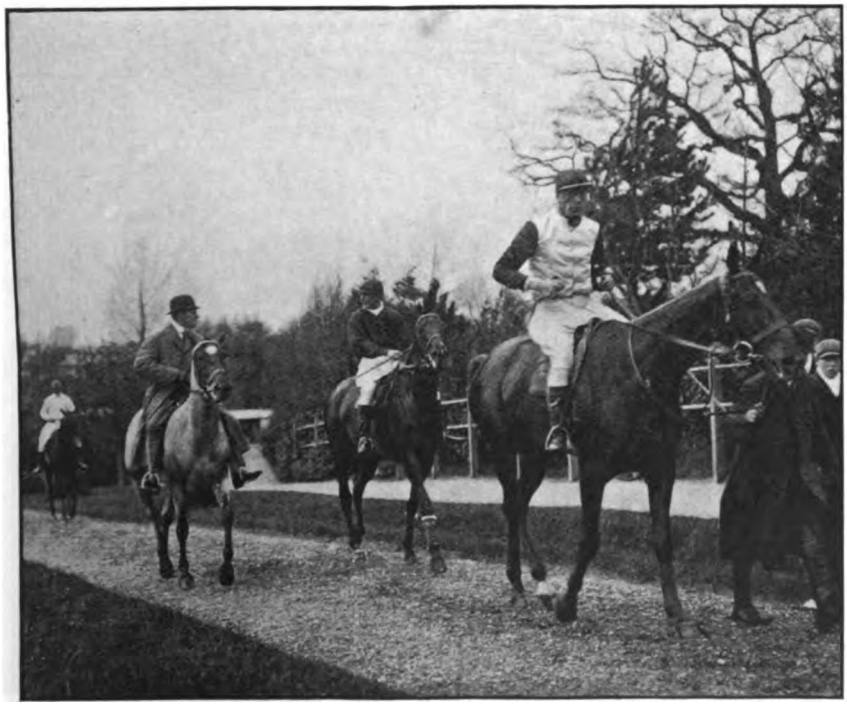
"It's not all over yet," Mr. Coventry replied; and immediately afterwards Roquefort forged ahead, Frigate lasted on, and Redpath tiring, Black Prince passed him and finished third, Mr. Coventry just missing a place.

Redpath, it may be incidentally observed, had the luck to win the Grand Steeplechase de Paris in the following June. Roquefort was favourite for this, followed in the market by Redpath, 6 to 1, and Prince Edward, 7 to 1, the last two being both Danebury-trained; and the betting was far from representing their chances, Prince Edward, it was believed when he left home, having something like 21 lb. the best of it. He, however, fell in the race, knocking Captain Lee Barber out, and cutting his head badly, Redpath being good enough to win from a French 50 to 1 outsider called Mon Premier, Chancery, Mr. Harry Beasley up, third. Lowe rode the winner, and it may be remarked that at this time, in contrast to the present state of the case, more than half the runners were English, besides those mentioned, Redpath, Chancery, Roquefort, and Prince Edward, there being Hardware (Count Kinsky), Lioness (Mr. George Lambton), Captain (Mr. D. Thirlwell), Kilworth (Sly), Donnycarney (Hatchett), and Buckshot (Kavanagh); but this is by the way.

On a good fencer Mr. Coventry subscribes to the general opinion that there is no course like Liverpool, though it may be remarked just now, when the fences are being prepared for the next celebration, that many of those chiefly concerned strongly disapprove of the jumps being splashed up with green twigs, as they have been of late years. The horses are used to jumps of this sort elsewhere, so have an idea that they may chance them, brushing through the tops as they can with impunity on some other courses; the consequence being that they get turned over.

One of the best animals Mr. Coventry was accustomed to ride under National Hunt rules—we shall come to flat racing presently—was a mare called Boisterous, owned by Tom Cannon; and for the Metropolitan Hunters' Flat Race of 1881, 10 sovereigns each, 200 added, at Sandown, she was certainly one of the "best things ever known racing"—to use the familiar phrase. At this time Mr. Coventry was winning a number of stakes on a more than useful horse called The Owl, belonging to Mr. Harry Hungerford, who was then a prominent owner; and, wanting to try Boisterous, Tom Cannon asked Mr. Coventry if he thought Mr. Hungerford would lend them his consistent runner. The son of Blinkhoolie and No Name was placed at Cannon's disposal, and then the question arose as to the weights that should be carried. If Boisterous beat The Owl at evens, would that, Tom Cannon wanted to know, be good enough for the Sandown race? and seeing that The Owl, carrying

13st. 7lb., had just comfortably disposed of a useful animal called Gimcrack who was receiving precisely two stone, Mr. Coventry was somewhat amused at the suggestion, convinced that The Owl could give Boisterous, then at the beginning of her five-year-old career, a great deal of weight. It was decided, nevertheless, that they should try at evens, Arthur Coventry riding The Owl, whom he knew well, Tom Cannon on his own mare, and that they would have a couple of racehorses in to make a pace. The two latter jumped off, Boisterous third with The Owl at her girths, and so they went



COMING BACK AT LINGFIELD—MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY TALKING TO MR BULTEEL

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

for the best part of a mile. "Come on, Mr. Coventry," Tom Cannon exclaimed as they galloped along; and "I'm coming as fast as I can, Tom!" was all that he could urge in reply. Tom Cannon kept pulling his horse back, Mr. Coventry tried to take advantage of the fact and get ahead, but never had a look in from first to last, until, pulling double, Boisterous had passed the real winning post, leaving The Owl to go on a few hundred yards further for the benefit of any touts who might happen to be scrutinising the gallop. "I suppose you know I could have beaten you a quarter of a mile?"

Tom Cannon observed as they pulled up. "Just about as near a quarter of a mile as makes no matter, Tom," was the answer; and on Boisterous at Sandown Mr. Coventry naturally achieved one of the easiest of victories.

I chanced to be at Danebury when Boisterous was schooled over fences for the first time, and described the incident in a book published some years ago called "Racecourse and Covertside." Boisterous did well; but perhaps I may be allowed to quote my description. She had jumped a couple of hurdles in good style, and Tom Cannon decided that she should have a try at the steeplechase jumps led by a chestnut horse called Hugo. I hazarded the opinion that so good a hurdle jumper must prove a flyer at the other game. "'Yes, but this is different,' Tom Cannon said; 'she can see through the hurdles, but here's a great black thing and she doesn't know what's on the other side. I shan't be surprised if she refuses, but if she does jump she will have to clear it or come down—for she can't brush through; it won't give. However, she has got to learn some time or other, and she may as well begin. Here they come!' 'And she means having it, too!' I exclaimed, as the chestnut horse came on with a vigorous rush, the mare following in his wake."

"Nearing the fence she pricked her ears, and seemed, as it were, to measure the distance with her eye; then gathering herself together, rose at the leap, cleared it in perfect style, and was away again on the other side after her chestnut leader without a perceptible pause. 'Capital! I hardly thought she would have done it so neatly. There she goes again, too!' Cannon said, as the pair approach and fly over the second obstacle. 'Yes, that's first rate. I like the way she looked at it and took in what she had to do.'"

Boisterous nevertheless proved a disappointment over jumps. She was a heavy-shouldered mare, and pitched on landing when going at racing pace, so that it was only on the flat that she distinguished herself.

I was talking one day to Fred Archer in the weighing-room, I think it was at Lewes, when he took up a race-card and observed: "'Jockeys seven pounds extra,' and Mr. Arthur Coventry riding. That's a nice treat for the jockeys!"

"Can't you give him seven pounds?" I inquired.

"No, nor seven ounces," Archer replied. "Over a mile he's just as good as any of us. At five furlongs we are more used to jumping off, and may perhaps have just a bit the best of riders who are not always at it; but over a mile no one is better than Mr. Coventry."

That was the verdict of one who will be admitted as a competent judge; and, I may add, it only bore out the general opinion.

No one, too, appreciated, I should say appreciates, horsemanship more than Arthur Coventry. I remember at Epsom standing next to my friend in the Club Stand to watch a race in which Tom Cannon rode a horse of his brother's against an Epsom-trained mare called (I think) Black Duchess. These two were out by themselves as they neared the distance, but Black Duchess seemed to have all the best of it, and someone standing close to us exclaimed, as he watched them, "It's 10 to 1 on the mare." "An even sovereign on the other," Arthur Coventry replied, taking the offer of odds as a figure of speech; and after a desperate finish "the other" won

KEMPTON PARK—MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY GIVES UP HIS COB TO P. WOODLAND, WHO FELL

a head. "What made you back it?" I said to him. "It looked to me any odds on the mare?" "Yes, but I knew Tom would do something extraordinarily wonderful in the last hundred yards!" he rejoined; and Tom certainly did.

It may be said without hesitation that no one has done more than Mr. Arthur Coventry to maintain the reputation of the genuine gentleman-rider. Here is a little story with which I chance to be acquainted, bearing on the subject. A certain personage had some horses, in which he did not take very much interest, leaving details as to their running, and so forth, to someone who managed for him.

This manager, looking for a jockey one day in a gentlemen-riders' race, naturally went to Mr. Coventry, asked if he were engaged, and hearing that he was not, begged him to ride.

"I think it's a good thing," the manager said, "I don't see what's to beat you, and I should advise you to have a pony on."

Mr. Coventry never ventured much on his own mounts, for some mysterious reason, seeing that when he was in the thick of the fray he not seldom had a biggish stake on a horse ridden, perhaps, by an indifferent 5 st. 7 lb. boy; but on this occasion he ventured his pony and was beaten. A week or two afterwards the manager asked him to ride the same horse again.

"He's come on since he ran last, and his race did him good. We ought to get a good price, too, and you'll get your pony back with interest," he said.

"I'll ride him with pleasure," Mr. Coventry answered, "but I can't fancy him. There are two or three that I think ought to beat him this time. It's not good enough to bet on."

"I don't agree with you," the manager said, "and I shall certainly put your pony on."

"Please don't do anything of the sort," Mr. Coventry replied. "I really won't bet."

"Oh, but you must. I shall put a tenner on for you at any rate. You must have that."

"No," Mr. Coventry said, emphatically, "I won't back it for a shilling; please don't do anything for me."

The horse started at 10 to 1, won half a length, and on the Monday Mr. Coventry received a cheque for £100 from the manager. Telling a friend the story of what had occurred, he added, "I couldn't take the money, of course; but I was rather puzzled. You see, I don't know anything about Lord ——'s manager. He may be the straightest fellow in the world, and very likely he is; but, on the other hand, I thought that if I sent him back the cheque I shouldn't know what became of it; so—though I wanted the money badly enough, goodness knows!—I tore off the signature and returned it that way. Lord ——, when he looks at his book, will at any rate see that I never cashed his cheque."

It is pleasant for a gentleman rider to be able to go into the weighing-room with a happy confidence that there is no question about his status, and some years ago when a skilful horseman, who notoriously made a living out of the game, boldly claimed the 7 lb. allowed in a certain race for gentlemen riders, Mr. Coventry was in a position courteously to inquire whether the claim was justified.

The Steeplechase volume in the Badminton Library appears as the work of Mr. Coventry and myself. I had a hard task to

persuade him to undertake the business, he protesting that he was no penman; but, of course, his knowledge and experience were invaluable. The Duke of Beaufort urged him to help, and his brother-in-law, the late Lord Suffolk, who it is almost needless to say was one of the most brilliant writers of the period—a large claim, which, however, may be made without any exaggeration—promised all possible assistance, and, I may add, gave it. So it was arranged that we should talk the chapters over together, that I should do the actual writing, and that Arthur Coventry should come and hear them read—criticising, commenting, and suggesting until

MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY WAITING FOR ROCKETERS

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

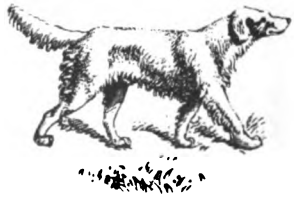
we got things into shape; and thus the book was written. Mr. Coventry used to come to my house to hear what I had done, and then if any technical questions arose as to the precise manner in which horses landed over their fences, or what not, he would say, "I think we had better go down and see Tom Cannon." So to Danebury we would go, confident of a kindly welcome, we had some of the horses out, and published the results of our observations.

Wanting occupation, and loving the atmosphere of the racecourse, Mr. Coventry, when he gave up riding, applied for the post

of Starter, and was, of course, cordially welcomed. He has done admirable work in this capacity, as all racegoers are aware, both with the flag and since the introduction of the gate; if he has a fault it is really a virtue—infinite patience mixed with over-anxiety. There is perhaps more ignorant criticism of starting than of anything else in racing. Some horses are in their strides at once, others begin slowly—perhaps swerve or are badly bumped; and so, though they may have been in most perfect line when the barrier flew up, all the jockeys equally ready, in fact, when the start has been simply perfect, there is sometimes a wide distance between leader and last when they have gone a few hundred yards; the start being set down as wretched, and the starter as a species of criminal.

In the days when Mr. Coventry was winning many races, and full of enthusiasm on the subject, he confided to me that he would rather catch a big salmon than win any race ever known, and his keenness for the rod continues. A regular visitor at Gordon Castle, his skill as an angler has been shown by the landing of many big Spey fish. He is also an excellent shot with gun and rifle alike, though a victim to the acutest attacks of stag fever. "You feel cool as a cucumber till you get that wretched rifle in your hand," I have heard him say, "and then the fever catches you, and you don't know what you are doing." The end of it, however, in his case, is usually a good head.

It is difficult to write about the character of a friend whom one has the pleasure of constantly meeting, and with regard to this it will be sufficient to say that there are the best of reasons why Arthur Coventry should be, as he is, one of the most popular men in England.



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XII.—THE SATYR MAN

BY H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD

THE great museum was closed for the day. In the dim galleries many skeletons stood: whitened bones of man and ape and mammoth; grinning masks and fleshless limbs; weird relics of things which had once wandered in long-forgotten forests, or browsed on plains now hidden by the sea.

The subordinates had departed, and Mr. Sugg, the assistant curator, accompanied by a friend, alone remained. Mr. Sugg was young—young and untravelled enough to have eliminated all mystery from the universe. For him poetry was merely an elevated form of ignorance, and wonder a matter of imperfect education. He smiled at the word "Soul," knowing that Life is a process pretty much akin to combustion, and for the weaker brethren, including religionists of all denominations, his contempt, even if genial, was none the less thorough. In the spectral light, and surrounded by the jetsam of the dead ages, he was engaged in arranging certain bones on a rough table for the delectation of his friend.

"Now, these are what beat us," he said, when he had concluded the arrangement to his satisfaction. "We have never been able to determine with certainty the species to which they belong."

His friend, no mean zoologist by the way, examined them with keen interest.

"Gorilla!" he said, at length, rather decisively.

Mr. Sugg appeared to be amused. "Before we travel quite so fast we may at least take it that the remains are those of a true anthropoid ape."

His friend assented. "Certainly," he replied.

"Well, wait a moment. In the first place we may, of course, pass by the gibbons. Apart from the question of size, the extreme relative length of hand and arm so characteristic of the gibbons (*Hylobates*) is too conspicuous by its absence here"—indicating the skeleton—"to make further inquiry on that head necessary. Now we come to the orang. The length of the entire foot of the orang, as compared with that of the backbone, is strikingly great. In the present case the length is not remarkable. Again, take the hand; there is no marked discrepancy in the relative lengths of thumb and fingers. The orang has the shortest thumb as compared with the forefingers of all the anthropoids."

The friend reflected. "That is true," he said. "As I told you, there is nothing for it but the gorilla, or possibly the chimpanzee."

Again Mr. Sugg smiled.

"But the ribs," he said; "there are only twelve pairs, as in man. No gorilla or chimpanzee has ever been discovered with fewer than thirteen. Then the wrist-bones; there are only eight. In a chimpanzee or gorilla there would be nine."

The friend looked utterly blank. "Still, the skeleton is not that of a man," he said, reflectively. "Apart from the abnormal length of limb, the bones of the feet alone make such a hypothesis untenable. You see that the hallux is so constructed as to oppose the other toes (much as our thumb can oppose the fingers), instead of being parallel with the other toes and exclusively adapted for supporting the body on the ground. The prehensile character of the hallux, in fact, is fully developed, and renders the foot a distinct and tremendously muscular hand. By the way, what does Stacpoole say of it?"

Mr. Sugg toyed with the bones a moment without speaking.

"That is the really strange part of the business," he said, at length. "Stacpoole says never a word."

* * * * *

But although Professor Henry Stacpoole, whose name rings at short intervals through the whole scientific world, has systematically refused to enlighten the curiosity of Mr. Sugg and his like, it by no means follows that he has nothing to say.

The unclassified bones which Mr. Sugg handles with professional carelessness are closely linked with an episode in his career which he is never likely to forget. Incidentally they may be said to have discovered for him a very charming wife, but their associations have none the less a distinctly painful side. The skeleton has never been articulated in the ordinary way; usually the bones are

stored in one of the vast drawers which line the workroom. For whenever the Professor's glance falls upon them he sees a dim vista in a West African jungle. The ground is slippery with blood, and a girl, newly snatched from death, is at his side. However, here is the story :—

With his reputation still in the future, Henry Stacpoole, like most young zoologists, was avid of discovery. He was also a keen sportsman, and the spirit of adventure was strong within him. When, therefore, a letter came from the Rev. Dr. Stirling, a missionary settled at Bakéli, hinting at mystery and sport, Stacpoole read it with unusual interest. Bakéli is a small station on a tributary of the Gaboon River, and Stirling wrote of a tradition current amongst the natives, that certain large ape-like animals differing from all recognised species exist in the dense jungles thereabouts. These animals were named indifferently, Gina, Qugeena, and M'wiri, the latter a term signifying "Satyr Man." The higher caste Fans, Stirling went on, had a superstitious reverence for these strange creatures, and refused in any way to molest them, believing that the souls of their dead ancestors had entered their bodies. This belief had given rise to a Fantee saying: "He who kills M'wiri kills a Soul." A further safeguard from offence lay in the fact that M'wiri was credited with altogether supernatural knowledge and power: that his long arm could reach his adversary irrespective of place or distance, at any time, no matter how far he might flee, nor howsoever cunningly he might hide himself. Stirling concluded by saying that notwithstanding his long residence, he had never seen one in the flesh, but that recently certain unidentified bones, which he forwarded, had been brought to the mission house. He was interested to know what Stacpoole would make of the matter.

Now Stacpoole recalled certain words of Winwood Reade's: he remembered Wallace had predicted that new forms akin to the gorilla might still be found in the dense, unexplored forests of Western Africa. And here was a remote spot practically on the Equator, the mystic line which all the giant anthropoids love; and here was the legend—widely spread, whatever might be its base—that the new form actually existed. Besides, there were the bones.

After a very brief delay for the procuring of suitable arms and accoutrements, the West Coast mail steamer bore Henry Stacpoole down the Southampton Water on his way to the Gaboon.

The mission house at Bakéli was of bare wood, thatched with fan palms, with a wide veranda in front. It had been originally occupied by the native catechist and his wife, and fell far below any

European standard of comfort. Still, it contrasted favourably with the irregular rows of huts which surrounded it, and Stacpoole was well content.

The road of beaten red dust, strewn with unnamed *débris*, ended in the rude market-place, where the butchers sold their reeking goats' flesh. To the left the silent river ran, almost hidden in places by the dense tangle of creepers and lianas which lined its banks, and behind grew clumps of wild ginger and stately groups of date palms. Here William Stirling lived his simple life amidst the savages, the monotony of which was alone broken by the stray visit of some official from the distant railway on a hunting-trip, or of a drunken half-caste Portuguese rum-dealer. Here Stirling's devoted wife lived and died, and the little stone which marked her grave could be seen gleaming white at the foot of the palms.

Stacpoole found himself welcomed warmly, and it was only on his arrival that he learnt that the old missionary had a daughter. Later, she entered the little bungalow where the two men were seated.

"A strange child, Stacpoole!" said the old man, as he stretched out his gnarled and knotted hand to clasp the little white one at his side. "She wanders where she will in this Heaven-forsaken country. She has no fear."

Stacpoole glanced at the slight figure and fair, delicate face of the girl as she stood stroking her father's hand.

"It strikes one as being rather a wild life for a young lady," he said. "Miss Stirling should at least avoid some of the errors of conventionality."

When they were alone the old man again spoke of his daughter.

"Yes," he said, reflectively, "I sometimes wonder if I am acting fairly to Enid in permitting her to remain here. But she is so happy—and—and so strangely good. Even to me she appears like a spirit. She passes through the foulest scenes, the most devil-like orgies, but she touches them exactly as pure sunlight might. Darkness, sin, disease—even in this death-dealing climate she has never known ache or pain—seem to shrink from her as though she were something of an essentially different nature. As I said, she knows nothing of fear. When the plague decimated half the country-side, she was out alone in the blackest night on her errands of mercy. The lowest savages, even the wild animals, seem to recognise something which they cannot understand, but which they instantly give way to. She is a strange child!"

Stacpoole assented. Even he had been touched by the sense of radiant power which this girl, who was little more than a child, seemed to possess. But for the keen sportsman and naturalist there

was something more important afoot than missionary capacity, however sublime. He unstrapped the cases where the rifles were carefully packed, and he noted with satisfaction that his host ran over their fine lines with a practised eye, and that his hands lingered on the barrels with the pleasure which betokens the old sportsman.

Already the conversation had turned many times on M'wiri, the mysterious ape-like creature of which Stirling had written. The old man was deeply interested in the matter, but he had little of personal knowledge to impart.

"Since the day of my first coming here many years ago," he said, "I have heard rumours of this strange beast. They were usually accompanied by wild tales plainly apocryphal, and I dismissed them from my mind. In this weird country anything seems possible. A touch of fever in the blood, and dark forms may arise in the brain which it is hard to distinguish from realities. It is best to be on one's guard."

"Is it not possible to interview anyone here who has really seen the apparition, god or brute, as it may be?" asked Stacpoole.

The old man looked troubled.

"Few state that they have actually seen it," he said; "and it is hard to get them to speak. As I told you in my letter, I had doubt of its existence, but——"

He paused, and the troubled look deepened on his face. Stacpoole looked up quickly.

"The fact is Enid now claims to have encountered it. I can hardly believe it to be pure hallucination—but—the circumstances are so strange. You know well the timidity of all the gorilla tribe; how it takes most careful tracking to get a sight of them at all. Well, here is a monster, vaster in girth and length of limb than any known man, moving in the midst of the street at broad midday, passing her within three feet."

"It must have been seen by many others besides Miss Stirling?" said Stacpoole, quickly.

"No; the street chanced to be empty—that is not unusual. It is strange—very strange—but something of the Fantee feeling, which I have hitherto held to be blank superstition, appears to have affected the child's mind. There is no fear; not even shrinking. She has nothing of these in common with the Fans. It is rather a sense—how shall I express it?—a sense almost of reverence; a feeling that it would be a terrible, even an impious, thing to offer it injury. We must beware how we discuss any murderous scheme in Enid's presence, Stackpoole!"

That night Stacpoole smiled a little in self-derision. His hope

of adding a new anthropoid to the meagre list already known to science was growing remote. It occurred to him again that the bones might be merely some abnormal example of a known type after all. The evidence of the existence of a new species became more and more shadowy—the half-dreamy babblings of a few superstitious savages, most of which were demonstrably absurd; the "vision" of a neurotic girl, seen amid circumstances in the highest degree improbable—upon these rested his hopes, lately so rosy.

He looked from the low veranda. The African moon had risen. It touched the snaky lianas and other monstrous growths with unearthly radiance. A white gleam lay upon the river, and dim forms rose, or seemed to rise, in the water, appearing to dissolve rather than to sink, leaving the mind restless. Strange perfumes were in the dead air, and sometimes a low, wailing cry came from the woods. Above, towering far into the gloom, rose the funereal plumes of the date palms.

Stacpoole turned aside impatiently. In this devils-land anything seemed possible. Given but a touch of the omnipresent fever, and the strongest brain might see trees as men walking.

He took out the rifles and began to oil the locks. Even if M'wiri was a myth, there were deer in the woods, and hippo and crocodiles in the river.

In the morning two scantily attired savages, Kanga and Salombo, stood stolidly in the veranda; mighty hunters and professional trackers who knew the jungles as snake or tiger might, and who could subsist for many days on a cassava ball or mere handful of plantain paste.

Yet, keen sportsman as he was, Stacpoole showed no undue eagerness for the fray. The fact was he had become rather interested in Miss Stirling. At first psychologically, and subsequently for reasons which hardly came within the domain of true science.

Anything apparently less neurotic, or more winsome, than this daughter of the forest he had never met. She was so utterly free from the artifice usually inseparable from feminine civilisation that Stacpoole had come to look upon her as a child. Yet her knowledge was extraordinary. In the matter of the intricate fauna and flora of the region he found himself sitting at her feet, drinking from deep and original wells of information. Plainly she owed nothing to the text-books: she had an instinct for birds and beasts and flowers, and she saw them in new and interesting lights, always at first hand. A saving grace of humour destroyed all trace of the bluestocking, and the little caressing ways which she had never been taught to hide were delightful to behold.

Stacpoole refrained from referring to M'wiri. If the girl were

the victim of hallucination, as he firmly believed, the matter were better left. Still, she was a most interesting companion.

As the little hunting party passed through the village, Stacpoole's attention was attracted by a hideous and extremely old savage sitting in the red dust of the roadside. He was attired in the uncouth garb of a native priest or witch-doctor. His mouth was partly open, and his eyes had the fixed piercing quality not infrequently seen in the insane or the dying. He appeared to look through the group to some distant vista beyond, but he gave no sign of being aware of their presence.

Stirling touched Stacpoole's arm. "Come!" he said. "Don't speak to him. We may have trouble.—That is Mongulamba," he added later. "Mainly mad, I think, but with some method in it. Why he is here, I don't know. He belongs to another tribe—cannibalistic devil-worshippers, if rumour is true. They have learnt, however, to keep their proceedings carefully secret. So much of civilisation has at least reached them. But why that half-witted monstrosity is hanging about here, so far from his own people, it is difficult to imagine."

But Stacpoole soon forgot the loathsome figure squatting in the dust. A new world seemed opening around him. The wonders of tropical vegetation, the giant ferns, the trees which were each a towering mass of flowers, the brilliantly dyed birds and butterflies—all these brought a new delight to the soul of the naturalist. In its lower reaches the river broadened into a lagoon, and here the keen eye of Salombo, peering through the tangled greenery, marked a dull grey object lying like driftwood on the water. Here Stacpoole got his first shot at a crocodile; but, although the bullet was true, the grey driftwood merely sank from sight, and appeared no more.

That night the young naturalist felt at peace with the world. The bag might be nil, M'wiri might be the mere phantom of a fever-striken imagination, but at least he had gained a near intimacy with a tropical forest, a thing worth many journeys, and one which surely no man can ever forget. As Stacpoole lighted a cigar he heard Kanga and the stalwart Salombo busy in the small bamboo enclosure where they cleaned the rifles and prepared the gear ready for the morrow.

Within the little bungalow Miss Stirling was still seated at the table. Her father had risen and had moved towards the door. Outside, the moon made little pools of light, their outlines sharply defined by the black shadows of the trees. The girl had been chatting merrily with Stacpoole. Suddenly she fell back, her eyes fixed strangely on the little blindless window.

"*There! There! It is there!*" she said, in a low, breathless voice.

Instantly Stirling turned and seized her in his arms. "Enid—Enid—my darling," he whispered, soothingly, "you forget yourself. You are dreaming—dreaming!"

But Stacpoole had leapt to his feet, his face pallid with excitement.

"By Heaven, she was right; I—I saw it myself. There was a weird, unearthly face pressed to the glass."

In a second more he was outside. "Kanga—Salombo," he whispered, "the guns—quick, and not a sound!"

The hunters knew many words of English, and handed the rifles silently, wondering what game was afoot. Then, armed themselves, they passed out quietly with Stacpoole into the blackness of the trees.

The ground here was fairly free from undergrowth, and Stacpoole lined out his men with orders to shoot if anything moved. In the stillness of the night the crackle of a dry twig could be heard. Every second Stacpoole expected to hear a mighty rush, but nothing stirred. They were now nearing the edge of the belt of timber. The pale light began to filter through the trees and to illuminate the wide open space beyond. Sometimes a faint breath of wind moved the boughs, and again all was silent. Stacpoole leaned against a tree and waited listening.

Suddenly a sound came—a half-cry choked in its utterance. A noise of crushing, followed by the fall as of some heavy body from a height. Then again all was silent, save for the faint rustling of the boughs.

On the instant Stacpoole had rushed to the spot whence the sounds had come, barely twenty yards away; but Kanga had reached it first. For one moment he crouched over the shattered corpse of Salombo, whining like a dog. Then with a terrified cry of "M'wiri! M'wiri!" he bolted through the wood like a gun-shy setter.

* * * * *

For many days the death of Salombo spread consternation through the village. The natives feared to leave their huts. Stacpoole, alone, rifle in hand, worked the nearer woods day by day, but without result. A sense of gloom descended upon the little bungalow, and Miss Stirling's face grew white and strained. Even Stirling himself appeared to be uneasy.

One day he took Stacpoole aside. "I wish you would cease to hunt for this accursed thing," he said, somewhat abruptly. "It is affecting Enid's mind. Do you know she claims to have seen this weird beast again?"

Stacpoole started. "She must not venture out," he exclaimed. "The thing is too dangerous."

Stirling passed his hand with a distressed movement across his brow. "It is not that," he said. "I begin to fear for her reason. She contends now she has not only seen it, she has touched it, held some uncanny communion with it, and she asserts vehemently that we are in the presence of some Power, some Intelligence which we do not understand."

In his turn Stacpoole looked distressed. "Poor child," he thought; "pray heaven it is only a touch of fever. In this land of shadows dreams thicken into realities. I have felt it myself. I will speak to her. Surely her mind cannot have gone hopelessly astray."

He was standing in a clearing in the wood where Stirling had left him. It was still early to return to the bungalow. He knew some of the better-marked tracks in the forest fairly well now, and he turned down one of these which led to the river.

He rested for some time hoping to see the grey motionless streak which marked the head of a waiting crocodile, but the black waters were empty of living things. It was growing dark when he came to the village again, with the plumes of the date palms hovering far above him in the gloom like ominous wings.

Near to the spot where he had seen Mongulamba hunched up in the dust he met the Kruboy, Kanga, breathless and scared. Stacpoole spoke to him sharply.

"It iss Missy Enid!" he panted—"Gone away—lost!"

Stacpoole turned in sudden fear. "What new devil's business was this?" he asked himself.

Kanga's vocabulary was of the sparsest, but he made himself clear. Enid had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, and Stirling was already away with a hastily mustered search party.

It was long after midnight when the two white men met at the bungalow, each having taken his own line of search after the missing girl. They recognised the folly of wearing their strength out in the blackness of the jungle, so they had come back for food and water. Now they lay down with their rifles at their side to await the tardy dawn.

When the first streak touched the little window they were ready, talking in hoarse whispers. Their hope rested largely on the sagacity of the Kruboy, Kanga. In many broken words he had already communicated to Stirling his summing up of the situation. It was the eve of the great sacrificial feast of the devil-worshipping crew to which Mongulamba belonged. And Mongulamba had gone too. Stirling's face took on a dull greyish hue in the early light. He fingered the trigger of his rifle a little nervously. If that and all

which lay behind it were true, he would gladly have compromised the matter by putting a bullet through the little one's heart with his own hand.

A bitter disappointment was in store for the searchers. The men whom they had relied upon as scouts and guides had all disappeared. In their cooler moments the terror of the M'wiri had reasserted itself, and their accustomed haunts knew them no more. Kanga alone stood firm. For the moment he had forgotten the god-beast in his honest solicitude for the little White Lady whom he loved. With his rifle slung on his shoulder he would go out to meet mortal foes, though he knew them to be in numbers which would render his life not worth a pin's fee, without one single backward glance.

Seeing that it was idle to attempt to get together a stronger gathering, Stacpoole and Stirling took a plentiful supply of cartridges and set their faces to their task. It was a heart-breaking thing to follow the Kruboy through the thorny tangle, the dark lithe form holding on its way unwaveringly, following some unseen track. There was consolation in this. Kanga, at least, knew where he was going. Many times the two lay down from sheer exhaustion, but the nameless terror in their hearts forced them to rise almost instantly. So, torn and bleeding, they went on for what appeared to be days, when suddenly Kanga dropped on his breast and lay still. Stacpoole seized his older companion and helped him forward, and together they lay by the side of the Kruboy, choking back their sobbing breath and watching the sweat drop from their faces upon the grass.

A sense of dreaminess oppressed Stacpoole. Peering through a vista in the dense growth he could only make out the scene before him little by little. In a darkened corner of the jungle where the strong sun left its traces only in the dimmest twilight, he saw figures sitting. They appeared to be grouped about a circle of rude stones heaped in strange devices. On every side the vegetation made a wall, and a dense canopy of interlaced branches stretched above their heads. The figures were so motionless that it was sometimes hard to detach them from the grey up-heaped stones.

In the centre of the circle there appeared to be a stake or bare tree-trunk from which a slim pale form depended.

Stacpoole wiped the moisture from his eyes. In the dimness and utter silence the feeling of unreality deepened. He heard Stirling fumbling uneasily with the lock of his rifle. The old man leaned heavily close to Stacpoole's ear—

"Can you see to shoot her?" he said, hoarsely. "We can't leave the child alive."

Stacpoole assented. It was plain the girl must not be left. At the first shot he knew there would be a straight rush for their hiding-place. The three, back to back, might hold their own for a little while, but the end could not be long delayed. Then the girl would be left alive, and that plainly must never be. He must wait a little for his trigger finger to grow steady; he was still breathless with the run. And when at length he knew the little one to be safe in death, then—oh, then to let hell loose for so long as the living hand could cram the cartridge into the breech!

As he waited the savage ranks swayed as though stirred by the wind. A new figure appeared and bent before the altar. At a glance Stacpoole saw him to be the mad priest Mongulamba whom he had last seen crouched in the village dust. He appeared to be muttering some incantation to which the surrounding group responded by a swaying motion of their heads. One hand was extended, and in the other Stacpoole caught the dim gleam of a knife.

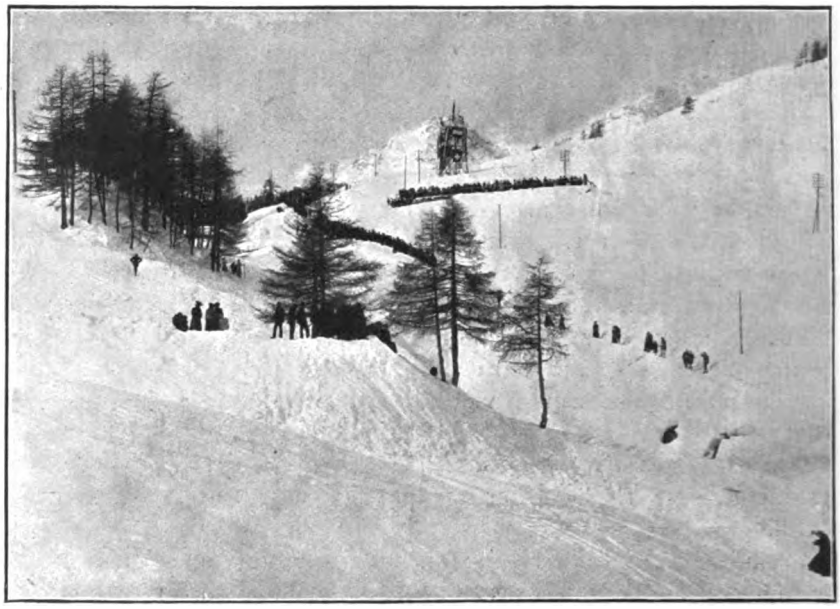
As the priest knelt murmuring his monotonous chant, something moved in the leaves above his head. One or two of the worshippers turned their listless gaze upwards. The restless stirring came again. Then unreality closed in upon Stacpoole, and he lost belief in his eyes. From the matted mass of lianas a great hairy foot slowly protruded—slowly and silently like some hideous piece of mechanism it descended, and gathering around the throat of the kneeling man drew him swiftly upwards. Stacpoole saw the livid face and heard the crushing bones, and in a moment more a shapeless mass fell on the stones below.

The whole scene was enacted with incredible celerity. For a while the savages never moved; then one stretched out his hand and took up a broken twig, examining it curiously. In a second more the spell suddenly dissolved, wild cries filled the air, and the brushwood was torn aside by a hundred flying feet.

* * * * *

Stacpoole and his wife rarely speak of the matter now. Sometimes the Professor half deludes himself that he was the victim of some fever-engendered hallucination, but he has still two dead men to account for.

Enid, on the other hand, stands to her guns. She thinks, rightly or wrongly, that the British Association have not yet succeeded in plucking out the whole heart of nature's mystery; that there are domains, especially in West Africa, for the feet of science yet to tread.



THE CRESTA ON A RACE DAY

TOBOGGANING IN THE ENGADINE

BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND

(With Illustrations from her Recent Photographs)

THE word "Toboggan" is thought to have originated amongst the Indians of North America, who used a machine thus called for dragging their baggage from camp to camp. We need not feel surprised if, even in summer, a wheelless vehicle was employed, as even now we often see hay being transported down steep slopes of grass in Switzerland on hand sleighs, while in certain places it is still the custom for visitors who have ascended on foot or on horseback to noted points of view to be dragged down again in very light sledges.

The Canadian type of machine is flat, without runners; and though in Switzerland a good deal of enjoyment may be got out of the use of these machines over suitable slopes of snow, yet the sport has never really "caught on" in Europe. Canadian toboggans can be obtained from Knecht of Berne, or in London at Gamage's of High Holborn.

A far more costly machine, and one as yet only to be found at very few places in Switzerland, is the modern steel-skeleton toboggan. This was evolved by an Englishman, Mr. W. H. Bulpett, from an American type, of which more anon. The Hon. H. Gibson, in the introduction to his admirable little book, "Tobogganing on Crooked Runs" (Longmans, Green & Co.), says, quoting the words of a well-known hotel keeper: "We Swiss looked upon tobogganing as a fitting amusement for children until you Englishmen came among us and made of it a sport for men; now you have gone still further—you have made that sport an art."

JUST BELOW THE START, CRESTA

So spoke Herr Peter Badrutt while addressing the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club in 1894, and his words sum up shortly the way a new sport has arisen in the Alps of Switzerland.

I do not propose to enter at any great length into the history of tobogganing in the Engadine and at Davos; but a brief account of the evolution of the machine, mode of riding, and making of suitable ice runs, will I think be of interest. Those desiring further details can find them in Mr. Gibson's book (referred to above), or in that by Mr. T. E. Cook, the popular and scholarly author and journalist, himself a tobogganer of experience.

In 1883 it occurred to the late Mr. John Addington Symonds that it would be interesting to institute an annual toboggan race on the high road between Davos and Klosters. Two other Englishmen, Messrs. Horan and Broadbent, entered heartily into the scheme, and guaranteed amongst them a sufficient sum for prizes. The initial race was run on February 12, 1883. There were twenty-one competitors, and first place was tied for by Mr. C. Robertson, an Australian, and P. Minsch, a Swiss postman, whose duties caused him often to thrust himself along the Klosters road with the pegs used for steering, thereby putting him in splendid training. German, Dutch, and English also ran in it, thus suggesting "The International" as a suitable title, and one that it has borne ever since. By the following year it became evident that the race would be a permanent annual event, so Mr. Symonds presented a silver challenge cup to be added to the first prize.

In 1885 another race was instituted, which is now looked upon as the sporting event of greatest importance in any of the Alpine winter resorts. This was the St. Moritz Grand National, and it was won on that occasion by an Englishman from Davos, Mr. C. Austin. It was held upon the now famous Cresta course, and, as in the International, all the competitors rode old-fashioned Swiss coasters, or "Schlittli," in a sitting position.

We now come to a change in the method of riding, though the machine was still the same. The *St. Moritz Post*, in its report of the Grand National of 1887, contains the following remark: "Mr. Cornish caused the chief excitement in the race by riding his toboggan head first. . . Hitherto Mr. Cornish had been particularly successful in negotiating the difficulties of the course, and had almost succeeded in obtaining converts to this way of tobogganing, which at any rate has the charm of novelty. Unfortunately he came to grief more than once during the race, though the extraordinary quickness of his recovery astonished the onlookers!"

The winter of 1887–88 marked a new era in the history of tobogganing. This was entirely due to the arrival at Davos of an American, Mr. L. P. Child, of New York, who having had experience of coasting at home, determined to try it at Davos on a machine of the type he was used to. After considerable difficulty he managed to get one built at Davos, and having christened it "America," he proceeded to demonstrate the advantage of it over all others. He rode it head-foremost, but lay sideways, American fashion, and not flat on his face. He won the International race that year, held on the Clavadel and not the Klosters road, and later on came over to St. Moritz to compete on the Cresta. But when he saw the course he decided not to attempt it. Experience

has shown that his judgment was sound, and nobody has yet succeeded in taking an "America" safely through the Church Leap under the conditions under which Mr. Child rode, lying on his side and steering with his mocassined foot.

It was evident that the head-first position demanded braking

THE FINISH OF THE CRESTA AND THE BOB-RUN—MR. MARTIN, WINNER GRAND NATIONAL 1905, RIDING

power, and this was supplied somewhat later by steel rakes screwed to the boots.

An interesting feature of this race was that two "Americas" were ridden in it, one by Mr. Cohen, who went down sitting and proved the winner; the other by Mr. Wilbraham, who adopted the lying posture, but fell. The *St. Moritz Post*, commenting on the

race, remarked that it was evident that toboggans of the "America" type were unsuited to the Cresta run!

In 1889 the International was again won by an American, Mr. Stephen Whitney, riding an "America" head-first. Three others out of the twenty-two competitors also rode "Americas," Mr. Bulpett adopting the sitting posture.

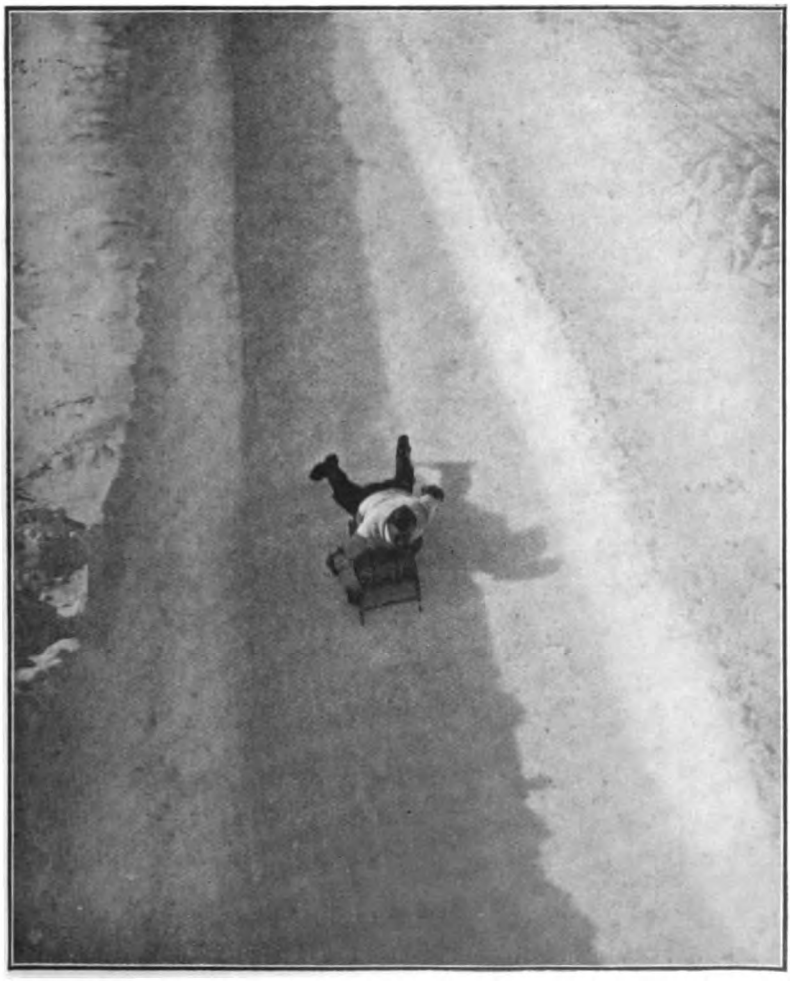
However, St. Moritz had by this time decided that the new machine was infinitely safer and faster over any course than the old type, "and in a race on the Cresta, run on January 26, all the seventeen competitors rode 'Americas.'" One only, Mr. H. W. Topham, dared to attempt the head-first position, but he was very

WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE TOP OF THE CRESTA

slow in one run, and fell in both the others. The Grand National of that year was won by Mr. Vansittart lying on a queer machine, a sort of short Canadian with spring runners, thus demonstrating the great advantage of the prone position on a low machine.

The year following, 1889–90, saw another development, due to the new and costlier machines which were now the fashion. That these had an immense advantage over the "hand-schlittli" was fully proved, and as Mr. John Addington Symonds' Cup race had been instituted to encourage the native element on their everyday sleds, it seemed unfair that this new element should deprive them of all

chance of success. So it was decided that the Symonds Cup should be competed for only on Swiss toboggans, and that another race, called the Symonds Shield, should be held as well, open to all types of single toboggans—if approved by the committee. As the sitting position was not compulsory—it became so later—in the Cup race, Mr. Whitney rode a "luge" head-foremost, and accom-



ON THE CRESTA, FROM THE RAILWAY BRIDGE

plished a feat never since repeated, that of winning both the Cup and the Shield races.

The Grand National of this season was noteworthy, for all the fourteen riders except one rode head-first.

1891–92 was marked by an extraordinary series of successes by a single rider, Mr. H. W. Topham, who won nearly everything that could be won, including the Davos International and the St. Moritz Grand National. His victories also marked the beginning of a new era, that of the steel-skeleton toboggan, which with the sliding seat introduced a few years ago is the machine in use at the present day. It was the invention of Mr. W. H. Bulpett, and was constructed throughout of the best English steel.

No other ice-run of at all the same importance as the Cresta has as yet been constructed anywhere. The next best is the Village

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FINISH OF THE CRESTA, AND ALSO OF THE BOB-RUN

run at St. Moritz. This is one also at Davos Platz and one at Grindelwald.

For a number of years visitors to the Engadine in winter were quite satisfied either to toboggan on the high roads, or else to ride over snowy meadows on tracks beaten down simply by the passage of the machines.

I have seen the whole evolution of modern tobogganing in Switzerland, and well remember the problems which had to be solved when great bumps and holes formed in these snowy runs, as they did more and more when the number of visitors using them increased. Finally it became clear that there was only one way to keep a much-used run in working order, and that was to

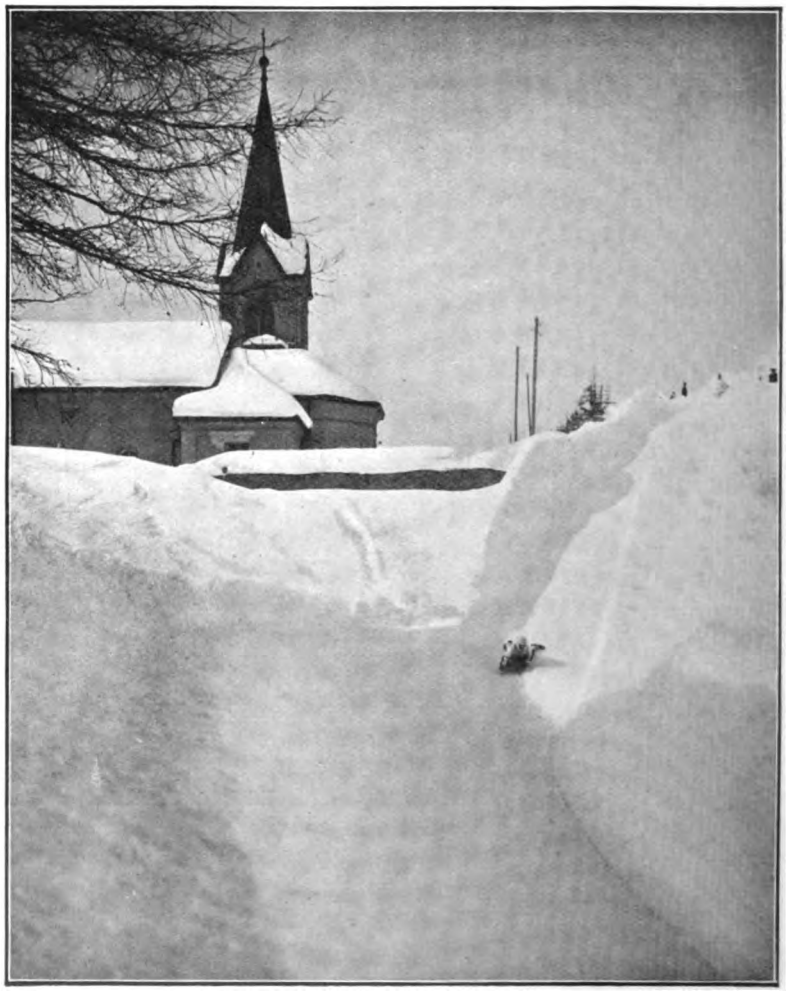
ice it. St. Moritzers had always a fancy for courses with sharp corners, lending variety to the sport, and calling for skill in the riders, so the evolution of a crooked ice-run out of a winding one of snow rapidly came about.

The engineering and the construction of the now famous Cresta run took some years to perfect, but in 1894 Mr. Bulpett had given tobogganers a course much as it is to-day. The length of the Cresta is three-quarters of a mile, with a fall of 600 ft., giving a gradient of about 1 in 8. In 1900 two riders, one a Swiss, the other an Englishman, covered 50 measured yards at the rate of 75 miles an hour, their times being recorded by an electric timing machine.

MR. W. H. BULPETT, THE ORIGINAL ARCHITECT OF THE RUN, WATCHING THE WORK ON IT, ON HIS RETURN TO ST. MORITZ IN 1905

Directly the first winter fall of snow takes place at St. Moritz the construction of the Cresta commences, though much of the course has been laid out in summer by raised banks of earth and the removal of any obstacles likely to injure a rider who falls over a corner. The course is made from the bottom upwards, allowing sections to be opened as soon as each is ready, and facilitating the study of the run on the part of beginners. There is a path near the run, so that riders may walk up and examine the various difficulties the Cresta presents, and consider how best to overcome them. The practised and skilful tobogganer will use his rakes as little as

possible for guiding, what is called "body steering" interfering far less with the pace. At the end of the run is a steep bit of uphill (after the winning post is past), and here it is always necessary to brake hard, as otherwise rider and machine fly up into the air on reaching the top. On one occasion, in 1900, for purposes of photo-



CHURCH LEAP

graphy, Mr. Spence allowed himself to shoot forward with the utmost velocity, making a clear jump of 66 ft.!

Not many ladies attempt the Cresta, but all who do adopt the lying flat position. The children often ride admirably, and on account of their light weights and fearlessness they frequently run

their elders very close indeed. Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, of New York, as a boy was one of the best riders at St. Moritz, as was Captain Dwyer when a child; and Lady Rachel Saunderson's little girls, the youngest of whom was only seven, did excellent times and rode with skill, intelligence, and pluck.

During the season of 1900 a lady for the first time on record won her colours, Miss Lorna Robertson, of Australia, making the fine time of 74⅗ sec., a record frequently beaten by her in practice. Miss Robertson's father, an old Oxford Blue, was the first to start the idea of the Cresta run, and he and Mr. Harold Freeman, son of the great historian, and himself also an old Oxford Blue, may be looked upon as the pioneers of the sport as it now obtains in Switzerland. Mr. Freeman still winters at Davos Dorf, where the Sports Hotel Fluela Post is thronged by the healthy portion of visitors to that resort. In January, 1906, Mr. Freeman was organising tobogganing with even more energy than twenty years earlier, and himself making excellent times on the famous Kloster course.

The length of an ordinary steel-skeleton (as the machine is now called) is 4 ft. 1 in. over all at the top, length of each runner on the ground 3 ft. 6 in., with spring of 10 millimètres, breadth from centre to centre of runners 12 in., height (without the cushion) 5 in. Round runners 16 millimètres thick. The runners are joined together above by three steel bars. A cushioned board is laid on the top, made so as to slide backwards or forwards at will. The top bars at the side of the front of the machine are bound with leather to give a good grip for the hands. A man lying flat on the board should have his chin just on a level with the front bar, and his knees resting on the projecting end of the cushioned platform. The rider wears very thick cloth gloves, and pads on knees and elbows. Steel rakes are screwed to his boots. They project round a steel toe-cap, and it is most important before beginning each run to see that this is firmly attached.

[This article has been read and approved by Mr. Bott, the well-known tobogganer, to whom I am indebted for perusing it.—E. Le B.]

THE GAMEKEEPER'S PROFESSION AS A CAREER

BY F. W. MILLARD

THE profession of gamekeeper is not exactly of the most lucrative description, but for many reasons it has always held out attractions to young men of all classes fond of the open air who find it difficult to secure congenial employment in other walks of life. For all this, keepers born, bred, and trained to the calling have never had to face serious competition from other than their own circle; and as head keepers necessarily train their under-men, it stands to reason that they occupy the unique position of being able to dictate who shall and who shall not be initiated into the mysteries of their calling. Into no other profession is it so difficult to obtain an insight; for a gamekeeper, to assure success, needs to be coached by a competent man in charge of an estate where game preservation is carried on. There are no other means of obtaining the necessary knowledge. A man intent on becoming a keeper may consider it sufficient to serve an apprenticeship on an up-to-date game farm, but there he can learn only the rearing of pheasants and their management in confinement, and leaves as ignorant as ever of the multitudinous duties which a trained keeper is expected to perform, the principal of which are the trapping of vermin, the care and

training of dogs, the organisation of shooting parties, and last, but not least, how to comport himself towards gentlemen in the field.

Some years ago the question of the employment of gentlemen gamekeepers became a topic of serious discussion in a leading sporting journal, and the strongest argument advanced in their favour seemed to be that a man of education ought naturally to bring to bear upon the performance of his duties an acumen generally lacking in the case of an uneducated man. The subject was dealt with from every point of view except that of the practical keeper, who, it is to be presumed, was content to stand aside and laugh at even the idea of "gentlemen" gamekeepers. In fact, in that word rests the crux of the whole question; for it is seldom a keeper who answers to that description can forget that he has been born and bred a gentleman, and is willing to turn to and do the hard and often disagreeable work which falls to the lot of every keeper, whatever the nature of his charge. To be a success he must sink the gentleman and never forget that he is a servant; in this he will find rests his greatest trouble.

There is not the slightest reason why an educated man should not become a keeper, granted that he likes the life, is healthy and strong, and able to content himself in so humble a sphere; if he is willing to sink all ambition he will find much to be thankful for, even as a keeper, and as a reward there is always the satisfaction which never fails to follow upon a duty well performed. In the keeper's profession there is plenty of room for brains and education, but not the slightest for what is vulgarly but expressively termed "side." If he cannot shake himself free of this the gentleman keeper will never be a success, and he must not lose sight of the fact that what would certainly not be described as "side" in a gentleman might be given a worse name in the case of a keeper. If a man of education is able to dismiss all social aspirations and is satisfied to allow his duties to absorb his whole attention, he will find life go very pleasantly as a keeper.

There is no disputing the fact that gentlemen keepers have so far not been a marked success, and it may be because they start in entirely the wrong way. For one thing, the men who turn attention to this mode of earning a living too often do so as a last resort; but failures at everything else are hardly likely to succeed even as gamekeepers, and it is scarcely the right thing to base an opinion of gentlemen keepers upon that measure of success which has so far attended their efforts.

It is of little use for a man to decide to be a keeper when he has already tried and failed at half a dozen other things, for the probability is he will already be considerably advanced in years and

have lost what may be styled adaptability. He must start young, or he will lack the enterprise and enthusiasm required to carry him through the lower grades of the calling and to enable him to brave their difficulties. Disgust is more likely to arise in the case of a man of thirty-five than in that of one of twenty. A man must first rid himself of an idea that an all-round knowledge of sport is sufficient to warrant his undertaking the responsibilities of a keeper. If he starts with this opinion he will quickly discover his mistake. He may be a proficient shot, and understand how to handle and use a gun; but this comes under the head of the *destruction* of game, and the aim of every keeper is its *production*. Also, he must not take up a keeper's work with the belief that he will get any amount of sport, for such is by no means the case if sport with him means unlimited shooting. Shooting he will get, of a sort and to a certain extent, but if he considers the gun the principal tool he will have to use he will not long hold a place. If he expects leniency in this regard because he is a gentleman, and possibly of social status equal to his employer, he will not obtain it; for a too free use of a gun is an offence no employer will condone in any keeper. The keeper's work is to provide sport, not take it, and it is because he does not properly grasp this point that the gentleman keeper fails. Of course, a keeper does get plenty of sport, but it is extracted from the trapping of vermin, snaring of rabbits, etc., and what he derives from the gun is really not worth consideration.

It is perfectly possible to be a servant and a gentleman, for there are many such, although they may lack education and accomplishments; but the chief stumbling-block of the gentleman keeper is that he cannot forget his social status. This leads him into all sorts of difficulties. First of all he is apt to feel aversion to his helpers, who are ordinary under-keepers, and, although trained and competent men (perhaps to a far greater extent than himself), inclined to take what he considers liberties. These men have been accustomed to work beneath the direction of an ordinary head keeper, whose relations with them have been characterised by chumminess, and they resent the superior airs adopted by their present chief. This difficulty he would overcome in time by treating his assistants firmly and kindly; but he too often gets rid of the lot, and engages in their stead men similar to himself. Now, if a trained head keeper is unable to dispense with the services of trained men, it is certain a chief lacking a life's experience cannot. The latter may replace the *bonâ-fide* keepers by engaging men with whom he is able to associate; but can he be sure that they will be as efficient at their work, and is it not likely that beneath their care the estate will quickly deteriorate as regards game?

Many sportsmen object to a gentleman keeper because they feel the impossibility of treating him as a servant, and have no desire to receive him as an equal. When a servant is required they prefer to engage one who will be a servant in every particular, and not presume on a past position. If a gentleman keeper attempts this he will soon be voted a nuisance. A servant he is, and must be, and no intermediate position is satisfactory to both parties. If a gentleman requiring such a post is fortunate enough to secure an engagement as keeper he is apt to become dispirited by the harshness with which he is treated by those above him. This occurs because they anticipate that he may presume, and measures are adopted to check the slightest advance in that direction. In such a case his relations with his employer may never reach the free and easy state which generally marks those of a gentleman and an ordinary keeper.

A gentleman keeper must also be extremely careful with regard to his relations with tenant farmers. These most of all resent the slightest inclination towards superiority on his part, and will manifest that resentment in an exceedingly unpleasant manner. Usually the tenantry upon an estate look upon the head keeper as their social inferior, and if the gentleman keeper is conscious of a similar tendency he had best grin and bear it for the sake of his game. If he is careful, relations will soon improve, and he will gain amongst the farmers many firm and valued friends.

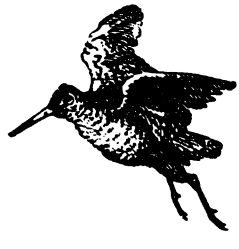
His duty to both his employer and assistants is not only to direct the latter, but actually to work with them. Get rid of the impression that a head keeper really enjoys an easy time directing the doings of others, for a lot of the hard and dirty work falls to his share, and for many reasons must receive his personal attention. If he shirks, things are sure to go wrong. As a too free use of the gun often lands a gentleman keeper in trouble with his employer, so does a mistaken idea of what his horse is provided for. A horse is to take the keeper *about* the estate more speedily, and not to take him *off it* on every occasion. It may seem hard lines to be compelled to hold a horse back when hounds leave a covert at full speed on the trail of a fox, but a keeper's duty does not lie with the pack; it is his to remain behind and see that his woods are clear of the roughs who are always glad to make a visit of hounds an excuse for entering.

If a man of good breeding and education is desirous of being a keeper, and a successful keeper at that, there is nothing for it but to begin on the lowest rung of the ladder, and while gradually working up accumulate the knowledge necessary to his purpose. This will necessitate his starting as an assistant on an estate, where he must make up his mind to serve faithfully and obey the head keeper; he cannot escape closely associating with the other under-men, and it is

hoped will soon recognise the folly of despising those from whom he must learn. Should any of them be low-minded it will be better for him to use his influence in reforming them rather than adopt the doubtful course of ignoring them. For a time he must be content with their company, and seek to drown all feelings of antipathy in continual attention to duty. With a firm purpose in this direction he will eventually earn their respect. A dandy he should never be; there is a vast difference between this and scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, and if he is required to wear livery, let him strive to wear it with a dignity such as it has never been worn with before. If he regards his livery as a soldier does his uniform—that is, as something never to be disgraced—he is not likely to be ashamed of wearing it.

Should a man of good breeding succeed as a keeper he will enjoy the satisfaction of being independent of others for support, will lead a healthy life, and feel that he is doing his duty, even if he does occupy but a minor position. Wealthy he is not likely to be, but a competence may be saved against old age. The best position he can secure is that of head keeper on a big, well-preserved estate, and this even only yields a moderate salary. It may be sufficient for his own needs, but he will be wise not to induce a lady of his previous circle to share it with him. Such a step will surely lead to untold misery both to her and him. He may not chafe at his position, but such a wife most assuredly will.

The writer of the foregoing has had much experience of keepers, well-bred, educated, and otherwise, and a perusal of what is here set forth may serve to prevent many a young man from attempting a calling for which he is not fitted, while it may encourage those of the right sort to go in and win.



WELL OVER!

HUNTING IN THE SHIRES ON NOTHING A YEAR

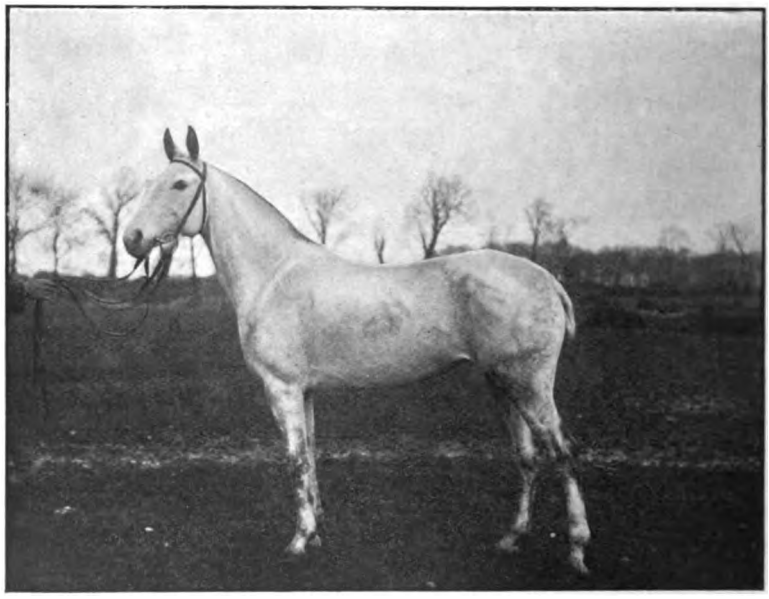
BY LILIAN E. BLAND

For some time one of my ambitions had been to ride for a good English dealer in the Shires, but amongst all my "horsey" friends I could find no one who knew such a dealer sufficiently for my purpose. The Fates, however, were kind to me. One summer in Worcestershire I met some hunting people; as it happened they knew Mr. Darby of Hillmorton very well, and gave me a letter of introduction. I wrote stating the plain facts, that horses and hunting were the only things I cared about, that I could not afford these luxuries unless someone mounted me, and that I had been schooling young horses for dealers in Ireland.

I sent this epistle off without the faintest hope of a favourable answer, so my delight and astonishment can be imagined when I heard by return that Mr. Darby would be pleased to mount me, but that his horses were all trained hunters. I regarded this letter with awe as a kind of "spook" that might vanish, or turn into words of polite refusal; the luck seemed to be too good to be true, especially

as my hunting friend, never having seen me ride, very naturally refused to say anything about my qualifications.

Still meditating on my good fortune, I went off to play Bridge with some friends staying at the hotel, and as we were talking in the gardens a fussy motor whizzed up, and half in fun I said that I would like to "hold it up" and go over to Rugby. A lady of the party asked me if I really would hold up a strange car, and I laughingly told her that I had done so more than once in Ireland, whereupon she vanished into the house, returning a few minutes afterwards calmly to announce that, liking unconventional people, she had asked the owner of the machine to take me to Rugby; he said he would be delighted, and they were waiting for me to start. In



MY FIRST HUNTER, TUGELA LASSIE, 1ST PRIZE CLONMEL SHOW

another five minutes I was whizzing along with three unknown companions towards the goal of my ambitions. The chauffeur was youthful and reckless, he had only just learnt to handle a motor, and wanted to show off her paces, which he did at the rate of forty miles an hour. It was a most exciting drive entirely; only a special providence kept the car right side up, and ourselves inside it. All went well, however, until we had passed Rugby, when the machine broke down hopelessly, and as I was not far from Hillmorton I walked on, interviewed Mr. Darby, and was shown some of the horses—beautiful types of well-bred, compact weight-carriers, up to 14 stone and over, standing on an average 16.1 h., although one

did not realise their height, they were such grand make and shape: a well-made polo pony turned into a 16 h. hunter best describes the type of the majority. They were a pleasure to look at, and, as I have since discovered, a pleasure to ride, which is not always the case with good-looking animals; but Mr. Darby will never buy a hunter unless it has perfect mouth and manners, and these qualities added to the type of horse that fills his stables have justly given him the reputation of turning out the best hunters in the Shires.

Four months later saw me ensconced in my rooms at Rugby, feeling, I must own, a trifle lonely and "Ireland sick," though my spirits were somewhat revived by the landlady giving me peat to burn, for the smell was joy to my nose. In the interval of three days

HOUNDS SWIMMING A RIVER

before my first hunt I made my sitting-room presentable; and having cleared out dozens of horrible ornaments, I found stowed away in an old cupboard some beautiful china—old blue, Sèvres, and Wedgwood; also a Chippendale table, and some old silver; so that my time was pleasantly occupied in cleaning them up.

My first hunt was with the Atherstone at Newbold Revel. I had meekly requested to be put "up" on something that would teach me the timber trade, and was mounted on a big brown mare up to any weight. As I ride 9 st. 6 lb. with the saddle, etc., thrown in, I am not quite sure she realised there was anyone in the saddle.

The first objects that struck my attention going to the meet

were numerous little red boards, which I learnt spelt "wire." At the meet the big crowd rather alarmed me; but thank heaven they do not ride like an Irish field, or there would be none of them left alive to tell the tale.

The small regiment of grooms carrying their respective owners' lunches, some of them top-hat, cockaded infants, looked really too ridiculous in the hunting field. Of course in Ireland we do not have second and third horsemen chivvying us round the country; we are more like Mr. Snaffle. "'How many sound 'osses have you?' 'None, sir,' replied Snaffle, confidently. 'How many three-legged 'uns have you that can go, then?' 'Oh, a good many; that's to say *two* and three legged 'uns, at least.' 'Ah, well,' said Watchorn,

A GOOD TYPE—BOUGHT FOR £400

'that'll do—two legs are too many for some of the rips they'll have to carry.'" One also missed the friendly chaff and banter, horse coping, and cheery greeting; even when men in the Shires shoot over their horses' heads they do it in a polite ceremonious fashion, without "language" apparently. How John Watson would make them sit up!

It is sometimes long odds against getting a good start, especially if the only way out of the field happens to be a narrow gateway. I was of course very keen to see the country and fences, having had extremely vague replies to my questions on the subject. One M.F.H. told me that "any fool could ride in the Shires." Cer-

tainly ignorance is bliss on a good horse, and one often sees people who know nothing about the game going well more by luck than anything else ; but as a rule a few falls soon sober their enthusiasm. I imagine, however, that the Master referred to the lines of gates, although gate-opening seems to be an art in itself; personally I cordially detest gates unless some kind person is holding them open, and one happens to be the first through, in which case you can think "Now we'll all start fair, you tinkers!" knowing that it will take at least five minutes for the crowd behind to extricate themselves from a bumping mass.

On the occasion of my first hunt we were all jammed into a narrow road, hounds opened in covert at once, and a feeble "toot"

LANDING OVER A BULLFINCH

announced the "gone away" (very different from the blood-curdling screams of the Tipps). A regular stampede followed, sounding like the thunder of an avalanche, and one got carried along, feeling as helpless as the pigs possessed of the devil, and by the time one got clear of the crowd hounds were racing three fields ahead with a scent they could eat.

Small thorn hedges, a few with a ditch, were the order of the day, and I made my first acquaintance with ridge and furrow, which is like plunging over a choppy sea; one also had to steer through innumerable ant-heaps and mole-hills; and although the country rode wonderfully light, it is harder work riding than it is in Ireland, chiefly, I suppose, because the fields are bigger and the fences are jumped bigger. One is galloping all the time; it is not a case of

pulling back to a trot or walk to "negotiate" them, and of course the hounds with a good scent are much faster. With one short check crossing the railway they ran to ground a seven-mile point in 45 min.

A good authority told me that only 10 per cent. of the crowd really ride to hounds; and, as some wise person remarked, there is always plenty of room in front. If one can escape the numerous railways and canals it is a glorious country to ride over on a good horse; a bad one I should think would be useless, as the fences take some jumping. Not a few of the thorn hedges are very blind and straggly, and one requires a clean, bold fencer who will not only jump big but jump on; clean timber in the shape of rails, and what I believe are called binders, seem to be the typical fences. In

YOUNG HORSE JUMPING TOO BIG FOR THE FENCE

a fast hunt with the Pytchley from Shawell Wood we had a most pernicious line of timber, and people were falling with crashes at every fence. One uninviting obstacle consisted of a wide ditch, a bank riddled with rabbit holes, with a binder hedge on the top, and I was delighted to see the horse in front sit down on the hedge, which took the starch out of it nicely. Two gallant "craners," if I may use the expression, galloping at the fence both swerved into the ditch on top of each other.

One sees many amusing incidents, and it is extraordinary how some people will follow anyone who is galloping, with no idea of where the hounds are. The other day I had just changed on to a fresh horse; hounds were away on a screaming scent soon afterwards,

All went well at first until I let my steed out over a big field, when I discovered there was a difference of opinion between us. The only jumpable place was blocked by four or five people waiting their turn to get over, and not wishing to be had up for their premature decease, I was obliged to pull off and charge downhill, with my back to hounds. Three or four men, evidently not hearing the language I was talking to my horse, turned and followed! Having finally pulled up on the top of a hill, I was rewarded with a bird's-eye view of the hunt. The hounds were hunting beautifully by themselves, and the proverbial sheet might really have covered them. The surrounding fields in all directions were dotted with scarlet and black coated sportsmen, and they must have spread out over several miles of country.

A BOLD JUMPER; THIS WAS A BLIND FENCE AT LEAST 6 FT. HIGH

The Hillmorton Brook also affords plenty of amusement. It is not wider than a Meath drain, but the sides are rather soft, and some time after the hounds and most of the field had crossed it a head and shoulders were visible above the bank. A horse had gone in, refused to jump out the right side and continue, and the effect was very quaint. At the same brook, which we crossed the other day with the North Warwick, a man had an extraordinary escape from a nasty accident. His horse jumped on to a pole that was sticking up in the ground on the landing side; the pole was five feet long, and it went between the animal's fore legs, through the martingale, and out through the girths. The

rider got a fearful shock, because he thought the rest of the pole had staked the horse through; fortunately both came off scatheless.

Rugby is a good hunting centre, four packs generally being within easy distance. The winter so far has been wonderfully mild; scent good on the whole, with very few bad days. I can only wish

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder.—*J. Moore.*

HORSE HAS JUST COME OVER A BANK

the same good luck to other impecunious sportsmen, and give them Lindsay Gordon's toast:—

Here's a health to every sportsman, be he stableman or lord;
If his heart be true I care not what his pocket may afford;
And may he ever pleasantly each gallant sport pursue,
If he takes his liquor fairly, and his fences fairly too.

MOTORING IN FRANCE

BY H. B. MONEY-COUTTS

HAVRE quay at seven o'clock on a fine summer morning.

There is always something infinitely refreshing in arriving anywhere when the day is still young. There are few things more delightful, for instance, than, after a hot and dusty night in the train, to step out upon the apology for a platform of some little station up in the mountains, to breathe cool, sweet air once more, and take a delicious drink of aromatic *café au lait;* and how pleasant is the consciousness that all cares and worries are left in England, and that all one's business is to enjoy the sunshine, and revel in the charm of novel sights and sounds!

We landed at once, leaving "Clementina" in charge of the faithful Frederick, as the tide would not allow of her being put ashore for another four hours. Frederick is a youth of the most supreme imperturbability and cheerfulness. We never can make out whether his attitude to Clementina is that of a lover for his mistress, or of a worshipper for his goddess; but, anyhow, the two are inseparable, and the result of his unremitting attentions is undeniably excellent.

At eleven o'clock we strolled down to the quay, and found the process of disembarkation in full swing. It was very carefully done, and there was none of that ostentatious hanging around for tips that has become such a nuisance at certain English ports.

Our *permis de conduire* and *permis de circulation* held good from last year, so there were no ceremonies to perform, and within twenty minutes of landing we were bowling through the paved

streets of Havre. What a difference there is between motoring in England and in France! In France even a tramp steps briskly to one side at the sound of the horn, the farm cart is almost always on its proper side, or, if not, makes all haste to get there; the very chickens stay not upon the order of their going, but go quickly, perhaps because all the laggards have long since been run over. One is free from the haunting fear of police traps, which gather into their net the reckless and the cautious alike; the signboards are frequent and legible; the danger marks are placed where they are wanted, and nowhere else.

The road to Rouen is very charming, especially where it runs along the winding Seine. Our day's run was without incident, save for a puncture, the work of a wicked black nail. As we pulled up on a flat tyre, a big car coming in the opposite direction did the same thing—punctured too. There was a great race as to who should get off again first, and they won by a few seconds; our tyres were a new set, and the rims uncommonly stiff.

The next day was Sunday, and we spent it in wandering about lovely Rouen. What a wealth of wonderful buildings one finds there! Saint-Maclou or Saint-Ouen alone would make the place famous, and the cathedral is a sheer superfluity of beauty.

Next morning we bade an affectionate farewell to the pleasant city, and pulled out of it up the long hill before you come to Pont de l'Arche. On through Louviers and Evreux, and then over that most marvellous straight road between Evreux and Nonancourt. Mile after mile it runs as though drawn with a ruler; the car seemed to go to sleep upon the satin surface, and snored like a gigantic humming top; the rich corn land on either side rushed by and vanished into a golden distance, no villages occurring to break the spell.

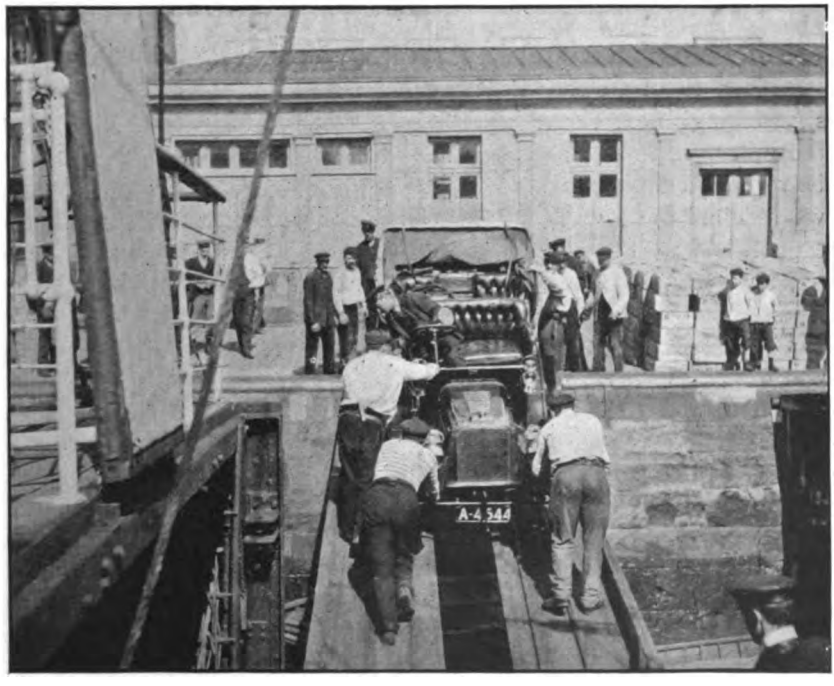
Where do they all dwell, the tillers of these wonderful plains? At rare intervals one sees a tiny village that appears lost in this fruitful wilderness, but great distances must be covered by the labourers in their journeyings to and from their work. One seemed to be in a magic land where a kindly power has caused the seed to sow itself, and the harvest to fall down in swathes uncut by the hand of man.

At Dreux, the Hôtel du Paradis proved worthy of the fork after its name in the Annuaire de Route, and provided a capital lunch. The midday meal at a small French inn is a very different affair from lunch at an English hostel. In England one solemnly eats cold beef and cheese amidst an arctic silence, and frequently there are no other guests. In France the meal is always hot, often elaborate, usually good, and the room is invariably full. Monsieur

le Curé is generally there, and there is sure to be at least one prodigiously stout Frenchwoman who makes one wonder if the innkeeper subsidises her as an advertisement of his fare. Most of the local celebrities come in for their déjeuner, and all is "smiles, good humour, and jollity." The French are a bonhomous nation.

After lunch there was a little trouble owing to one of the pins which hold the springs in position on the top of the coil breaking, but a brass nail was trimmed down into a perfectly efficient substitute.

We ran slowly through Chartres, thinking it looked too inter-



LANDING AT HAVRE

esting a place to pass by, but we had no time to make a stop there, and ran on into Orleans over the worst bit of road we encountered at all, though the wayside heaps of stones gave a promise of future improvement.

At Orleans we talked about Joan of Arc, and went to the big Place to see her statue, and the cleverly carved low reliefs of different episodes in her career. Little of old Orleans is left, and the cathedral is not very interesting. A fine morning brought us next day to the tiny inn at Bonny-sur-Loire by lunch time, a strange little place where they fed us on sardines and goat's meat, in a

beautifully clean kitchen with a tiled floor and oak furniture. In the afternoon our way lay through Cosne and La Charité to Pougues-les-eaux, just beyond which the spires of Nevers appear in the blue distance. Our hotel at Nevers was distinguished neither by a "fork" nor a "bed" in the Annuaire (I should explain that a fork means good cooking and a bed good rooms), but in spite of that both proved excellent.

Nevers is a quaint old town with high houses and narrow streets, the usual proportion of old churches, and a very beautiful cathedral with a double apse.

The radiator had sprung a leak during the day at the union of the pipe which carries the hot water to the carburettor jacket, and it was necessary to find a mechanician and a soldering iron. I was afraid at the time that he had not made a very good job of it, and sure enough next morning the leak became worse than ever about ten miles out from Moulins. Also a valve spring broke and had to be replaced, and we were all in a discontented frame of mind when we reached the town. A good lunch made matters assume a better aspect, and we found a first-rate repairing shop where a really good joint was made. It was a matter for brazing, though, and took time. The workmen about the place softly crooned quaint songs over their work, one of them singing second very harmoniously, while a whirring dynamo outlined the bass. The delay did not seem very long; it is difficult to feel bored where men are singing and machinery is working, but the afternoon was already old as we hauled out of Moulins on the Lyon road. At La Palisse we began to get into the hills, and the kilomètres no longer vanished into the Never Never with the same rapidity as heretofore. In this cramped country of ours a run of 150 miles is quite a long day's journey, but in the north of France it is an easy one. If a car will average twenty miles an hour in England on an ordinary high road, say the London and Portsmouth road, you may be certain she will average thirty with ease in the north and west of France.

We stopped for a few minutes at Roanne for petrol and a cup of coffee, and decided to push on for Lyon, though it was beginning to get dark. Roanne appeared to be a most unattractive spot, just an ugly manufacturing town. The road by St. Symphorien and L'Arbresle is a very hilly one indeed, with as many twists and turns as a Gordon Bennett course, but it soon became too dark to see all its beauty, whereat we cursed our Nevers mechanic. Finally we arrived in Lyon at about nine o'clock. Next morning it poured with rain, so we stayed where we were, but as it cleared up in the afternoon we routed out Clementina from her garage to take us about the town. After duly admiring the cathedral we dived into

some back streets in the direction of the junction of the Rhone and Saone, and promptly caught a puncture—another nail.

Now I dislike running on the rim if it can possibly be avoided, so Frederick proceeded to put in a new tube, although the street we were in was not a savoury one. There had been no one about when we stopped, but a most evil-looking crowd gathered in a minute or two to watch the operation. Just as the tube emerged from the cover a nice-looking young *piou-piou*—one of the few respectable members of the crowd, edged up to me and whispered a warning, with a significant look at the ring of unwashed faces round us. I possessed myself of an enormous file, as thick as a belaying-pin—a fancy tool which I always carry—and stood on guard while

ANNECY

Frederick put in another tube. Nothing happened, but I am not at all sure they would not have rushed us if I had been engaged in helping with the tyre.

We went on to the junction of the rivers; surely there is no more beautiful city in France than Lyon, with its rivers, its bridges, and its towering heights.

On next day to Annecy; first of all a straight flat road to Bourgoin, with the mountains gradually coming nearer to you; then by La Tour de Pin, where we lunched. Two big cars arrived while we were waiting for our omelette, one of them from Switzerland, where we gathered that the language of the peasants at the sight of

a passing car was "frequent and painful and free," but that the cases of actual molestation have been much exaggerated.

In the afternoon we were in the hills once more, and having plenty of time did a little fern-hunting in the rocky banks of the road close to Les Échelles. It is sad to have to add that the ferns never reached England. If some horticulturally-minded postman has planted them in his back garden, I hope they will turn into the rankest weeds. Just beyond the little town the road burrows through the mountain in a tunnel 200 yards long—an unpleasant place, dark and slippery and wet. Then through Chambéry to Aix-les-Bains, all along the lovely Lac du Bourget. In this part of the world we met many other cars, including the most outrageous party of road-hogs, who came along through the suburbs of Chambéry in what looked like a 70-horse Mercédès at a very great pace, with two horns going, and everyone in the car shouting at the top of his voice. But during the whole of our journeyings this was the only flagrant case of dangerous driving we saw.

Going down the steep hill into Annecy one of the expanding brake-bands broke with a crack. The other one held however, and with that and the foot-brake she was under perfectly good control, though of course in was inadvisable to use the side brake for fear of damaging the wheel and tyre which had to take all the strain of the remaining band. The broken ends were riveted together when we got to Geneva—quite a satisfactory job that lasted perfectly well until we returned to England.

We stayed the night at Annecy, and came to the conclusion that the inhabitants had determined in some past epoch of history to combine in their town what was most picturesque of all the picturesque towns in Europe. So they made a castle on a high rock, like Edinburgh, and brought waterways to their front doors, like the Venetians, and built their houses upon great arches, with the path under them, like Chester, and chose to have a very lovely lake near by, like Geneva, and mountains all round about, like Innsbrück. The only thing which seemed purely Annecian was the smell of the "Rows" (to borrow a word from Chester). We agreed that we had never smelt anything quite so amazing, even in the water slums of Venice.

Next day we started for Switzerland, and were caught in a deluge of rain up in the hills. It was so heavy that we were obliged to pull up and sit under our Cape-cart hood till the weather cleared a little. The question of how to protect a car against the weather is a very difficult one. In really wet times nothing of course is so nice as a regular brougham body, with a projecting top and a glass window covering the front seats. But the weight of

such a body is very considerable, and undoubtedly slows a car of medium horse-power by a good many miles an hour, not to mention the increased wear on the tyres. A Cape hood is of little use when the car is moving, unless it has a celluloid flap to let down in front, and such a window never lasts for long, as the stuff will not stand much hard usage. One undoubtedly sees far more cars with landau or landaulette bodies now than one did a couple of years ago; it appears that ladies are beginning to strike against being buffeted in an open car by rain and wind. But for all that I am inclined to think that the best plan is to have just an ordinary open car,

CHATEAU AT ANNECY

whether tonneau or side entrance, and to cover oneself in cunningly-made sack mackintoshes, unless one is prepared for heavy petrol and tyre bills. An ordinary Cape hood, however, is very useful in case of a heavy deluge which obviously will not last long, and it is cosy to sit comfortably in the dry, with the engine just ticking away to itself, until the rain is over.

We had quite a difficulty with the old fogey who presides over the French douane at La Caille; he did not appear to have seen an Automobile Club customs guarantee before, and could not grasp that we wanted his signature in order to prove that we had left

France, and so were entitled to a return of the money deposited with the club. He looked at the paper right way up, wrong way up, and finally smelt it! He was a perfectly civil old person, but should have been pensioned off years ago. However, we finally persuaded him to sign, and trundled on over the lofty suspension bridge that spans the gorge of the Grandes Usses, into the neutral zone between France and Switzerland.

The officials were very civil at the Swiss frontier, opening nothing, and half an hour later we were in Geneva. Here we stayed a few days, making various expeditions round about. The Swiss roads are not up to much, but what does that matter in a land where in spite of Cookites and Lunnites almost every prospect still pleases? Man is becoming very vile, though, if the stories one hears of railways up Mont Blanc and searchlights on the top are true.

We started on our homeward journey in a gentle drizzle, running along by the lake as far as Nyon; thence sharp round to the left and up into the hills. If anyone wishes to test a car for its hill-climbing capacities let him take it over the road between Nyon and La Cure. The gradient is steep enough to bring a 20 h.p. car to its second speed, and there is no break in the ascent for miles and miles, while the corners for the most part form acute angles. We had been advised to follow the alternative but longer road through Gex, but hill-climbing is a strong point of Clementina's, and she never overheats. My trust in her was not disappointed, and we arrived at the douane at La Cure a little in front of a much more powerful car which had left Geneva before us by the more usual road.

The Swiss official in charge signed my leaving *souche* for me without demur, but we expected a little bother at the French frontier, as we had omitted to arm ourselves with any documents of re-entry. However "Souche III." signed by our old friend at La Caille proved that we had not recovered our deposited money as yet, and after a little conversation we were allowed to proceed. For the advice of those about to travel I may here remark that French roadside customs houses are always shut up between 12 and 2, while the douanier has his déjeuner, and nothing is more annoying than to have to wait for hours in a grubby little village while Monsieur le douanier is taking his nap.

The road now ran downhill for some miles into Morez. We were stopped by a man just outside the town, whom I took to be an octroi official; he asked to see my "passavant"; I did not quite catch what he said, and thinking it was the usual question at the octroi—"Vous avez quelque chose à déclarer?" and that he was running through the list of dutiable articles, I made answer, "Non,

nous n'avons pas de savon," thinking what a dirty town Morez must be to discourage the importation of soap, and resolving that our modest cakes of that article should not be taxed if I could help it. My answer appeared to infuriate the poor man, and he forthwith haled me before his superior officer, a kindly person who after a few minutes' talk told his subordinate to go away and not make any more *bêtises*. It appeared that this was another douane, and not an octroi.

Two roads meet just at this point, one from La Cure and one from Saint-Claude; and if you come by the latter road this is the

ANOTHER VIEW IN ANNECY

first douane you find. The man on watch had orders not to stop cars coming from La Cure—I suppose he had been asleep. My friend was highly entertained at the "pas savon" mistake, and explained that a "passavant" was a document which could be used instead of the club papers for franking you through the customs and generally making your path easy.

It was pouring with rain by the time we reached St. Laurent, and we were caught in a very heavy thunderstorm, on some bare open land near Champagnole. So violent was the lightning that it seemed discreet to leave the car for a few minutes and take refuge under a friendly bank. Clementina was the most prominent object

in the landscape, and we preferred her room to her company till the worst was over. I have never heard of a car being struck, and am told that the rubber tyres are a sufficient protection, which I beg leave to doubt, inasmuch as wet rubber cannot form a perfect insulation.

This road must be very beautiful on a fine day; at one place in particular, I think between Poligny and Dôle, you look out from a window in the hills upon all the plains of France. We reached Dijon before dark, glad to be in out of the wet, but sorry that our hill-climbing was over.

Clementina was in a terrible mess that night when we got in. Wind, rain, and mud defeat almost any mudguards. However, Frederick brought her out like a new pin in the morning, and we started for Troyes looking very spick and span, in marked contrast to certain other cars which had arrived from Paris the night before, and which had obviously not been touched by their mechanicians. I fear some proud professionals think it is beneath their dignity to wash their car. Yet a dirty car invariably means trouble eventually.

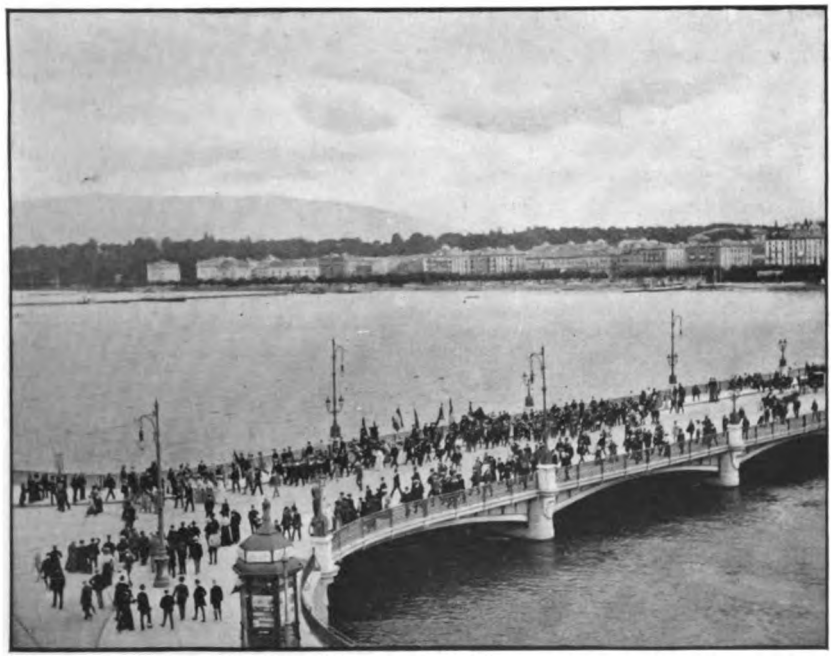
That day we had a wayside lunch and watched the eclipse; all the peasants and villagers seemed to be keeping holiday in honour thereof, and to be taking an immense amount of interest in the phenomenon.

At Bar-sur-Seine we overtook a long column of blue-coated infantry, and Troyes was full of troops concentrating for the manœuvres. A general of division and his staff were putting up at our hotel, and made an extremely gay party at dinner. We did not think that the general obtained the same amount of outward deference as would his English opposite number, and next morning his staff seemed to leave him unattended and alone. *Autre pays, autres mœurs*—a little starch more or less is not of much importance. From our window we watched the regiments swinging along the narrow quaint old street. No one, I suppose, looks upon conscription as aught but a necessary evil; yet the manhood of a nation in arms is a soul-stirring sight. Soldierly-looking men they were, of good physique and bearing.

We ran to Coulommiers that morning, leaving the Paris road at Provins. The cross-country roads are only tolerable as a rule, and are certainly no better than our own as far as surface goes. Our way in the afternoon lay through beautiful forests, and we found in Pierrefonds the enchanted castle of our dreams. Its walls and towers and pinnacles must surely have inspired Mr. Albert Goodwin in some of his finest imaginings. One would be almost frightened to take a child into Compiègne Forest. Its lofty trees, its gloom, its weird tidiness—there is no undergrowth—its immen-

sity, produce a strange feeling of uneasiness and unreality. Weir-wolves and hob-goblins no longer appear impossibilities, and in fancy one can see apes and bears, with horrid pink eyes and ugly snouts, glowering at one from behind the dark tree-trunks! I think Mr. Lewis Carroll must have made the acquaintance of the Jabberwock in Compiègne Forest.

We found a most comfortable inn at Compiègne, and made a short run of it next morning into Amiens. Thence, next day, in a tempest of wind and rain, through Abbeville and Montreuil to Boulogne, where we took ship for England.



GENEVA ON SUNDAY MORNING

Clementina was on her very best behaviour coming home. We came right through from Geneva without a single involuntary stop, without even a puncture.

It is always surprising to me to find so many people in this country who own cars, who love motoring, and who have plenty of time of their own, but who have never taken their car abroad. Many of them go to Scotland in their cars in August, and speak of the performance with bated breath for the next twelve months; and indeed it is quite arguable that a hundred miles in England contain more danger than five hundred in France. To begin with, one is

always liable to be held up by those licensed footpads the police; our ancestors must have felt much the same with regard to highwaymen as the modern traveller by road feels about the guardians—save the mark—of the law. Doubtless they hoped, as we hope, with ordinary luck to avoid molestation, and uttered much the same complaints when caught. But they had the advantage in that in their case it was all over very soon, and they were not liable to be placed in a felon's dock for the edification of a bigoted bench of thick-headed local nobodies; moreover highwaymen were occasionally caught and hanged. But it matters little after all. The great roads across the Channel beckon to one. Smooth, straight, enduring, they run through a kindly land where strangers are sure of a welcome, where your car rejoices in her new freedom, where inns are good and towns are beautiful. It may be that England is too small, too overcrowded, that the police-trap is necessary, and the anti-motor magisterial bench the embodiment of all wisdom. The remedy is obvious and simple—how simple and easy people who have not tried it do not realise: take your car and go to France for a month.

THE NEW LAIRD'S BAPTISM

BY CHARLES EDWARDES

"Now, mind you, Ferguson, I don't speak twice about a thing. It's not my way. I shouldn't have three country houses, a Piccadilly mansion, and, well, let's call it two millions of money—I shouldn't, I say, be the man I am if I'd wasted my time like that. Pass my instructions on to the other fellows—your brother keepers, that is. I'll have no tourists or other folks in the neighbourhood fishing a blamed one of my rivers. No, nor the small streams either—burns, you call 'em, eh? Do you grasp it?"

Mr. Ferguson, the head keeper, was a gaunt, brown, six-foot man, with a grey outstanding frill to his chin. An hour ago he might have told you that there wasn't much in natural history to surprise him; at least, as regards the one-legged, two-legged, four-legged, and cold-blooded no-legged creatures more or less freely to be discovered in his glen and glens like his in the North. But that was before he had been summoned to the presence of Mr. Curdling, the new owner of Glen Sloch Lodge, with all its many appurtenant miles, square and linear, of sporting rights.

He had been brought up with The Maginton and worshipped the Maginton tartan. When The Maginton came to grief and Mr. Ferguson heard of it, he made a special journey to London to talk it over with his beloved laird. And it says much for Ferguson that, by his earnest pleading, he persuaded this madcap last of a magnificent old Highland line of chiefs to think it possible he could let everything go to his creditors without a regret, save only Glen Sloch.

"Come and live in yer own land for the rest of yer time, sir," Ferguson entreated his late and, up to then, his only laird. "Awa' from the blastin' temptations of toons, ye'll do fine, sir. There's the stags on the hills and the fesh in the streams, and I'll tak' my oath o' one thing—there's no man of the glen that wudna

rather have his wages halved so he wass still under a Maginton. Come here, laird, to the glen where ye wass born, and let troubles just richt themselves by the blessin' o' God, whatever."

But The Maginton couldn't do it. His creditors would have been much amused by Ferguson's innocence. Mr. Curdling was much amused when The Maginton, in recommending his head keeper to the new lord of the glen, recounted this touching proof of his fidelity. Mr. Curdling wouldn't, he said, have thought there were such servants living in the twentieth century—he'd be hanged if he would. He did a remarkable thing, however, in writing to Ferguson and raising his wages fifty per cent. on the understanding that Ferguson was to be as good a servant to him as he had, presumably, been to The Maginton in the past.

"Are you listening to what I say, Ferguson?" demanded Mr. Curdling, impatiently. He had no sort of sympathy with employees of his who gazed grey-eyed into space while he laid down the law to them.

"Ay," said Ferguson, "I comprehend." He contemplated Mr. Curdling now as if he were a hopeless retriever. "But, sir, ye'll no be wishin' to close the Gisach Burn from Loch Beallach. There's a bit story about it, and The Maginton did always say, and his fathers before him, that the Gisach wass the Almighty's own burn. It wass because of a great drought, sir, so it is related in a book that I have read, and only the Gisach didna run dry. It saved the cattle of the glen, sir. Master Colin—I'm meanin' my late master, sir—he said he would be condemned eternally after death (ye'll ken my meanin') if he'd ever stop a'body fishin' the Gisach; and it wass his father before him that blew up the rocks with powder to let the salmons get into it for all the world to fesh them. I wudna close the Gisach if I wass yerself, Mr. Curdling."

"The Gisach! Which the devil is the Gisach?" exclaimed Mr. Curdling, testily. "There are dozens of 'em on the estate, and I don't know this from t'other. But never mind which it is. I don't speak twice about a thing, as I just said. The Magintons were no doubt a very respectable family, clan, or what you please to call it; but they're wiped out now, boot and cap. And with them goes all such superstitious rot as that about one stream running on for ever while all the rest dry up. I should think, for my part, Ferguson" (and Mr. Curdling playfully grasped the lowest but one button of Ferguson's waistcoat—it was level with his own chin), "that this is the wettest patch on earth. The Flood may have started here, but as for a drought—stuff! No free fishing at all, remember. A warning first, and then just pitch the beggars into the water. Refer 'em to me afterwards if it vexes them. I paid

one hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds for this glen, and I'm doing what I please with it. And now I want to talk about the stags and bucks and things. I've never shot anything bigger than a hare in the South. You'll have to teach me a lot, you'll find."

Ferguson drew a long, deep breath, and seemed to shiver. Yet it wasn't cold; and he was in the lodge smoking-room, with a large wood fire in the grate.

"Why the devil don't you speak, man?" demanded Mr. Curdling. "You're not deaf, are you? I tell you I've got to be coached about stalking and all that. Maginton says you're a jewel. Show a little sparkle of some kind, if it's only to prove your late master isn't a liar. I suppose you got very fond of him, eh?"

Mr. Curdling put that question coaxingly.

"Fond, sir! Ay—just that," said Ferguson, after a pause. He again contemplated Mr. Curdling during the pause. "And—I'll ask ye to put another man in my place. I've done with the glen after all."

"What's that?"

"My resignation, sir. No, I canna do it, Mr. Curdling. I willna stop. I—I've a daughter in Glasgow that I'll be gangin' awa' to. I'm no that young myself, and maybe it's time I changed my manner of life like Master Colin. The ways of the Lord are past kennin', and what maun be maun be."

And then Mr. Curdling stepped down from his stilts. They were so habitually an accessory to him that it was not easy, but he did it. He had an instinctive appreciation of Ferguson as a local man, and he needed a man to initiate him into the tricks of the trade (so he termed it) as lord of a deer forest. He shouldn't think of it. Of course he would respect all Ferguson's little fads and prepossessions. If Ferguson feared about the tips and so on, which no doubt had come upon him as thick as Glen Sloch midges in the old time, that should be made all right. Even an extra hundred pounds on to the head keeper's income for a year couldn't hurt Mr. Curdling; and Ferguson should have that. There wouldn't be any shooting parties that season; Mr. Curdling didn't want to seem quite a fool to his own guests. But next year, when he had got his hand in, and could not only tell a stag from a hind, but maybe pot one first shot—then things should hum profitably for Ferguson in Glen Sloch.

"Come, my man, let's take it as settled that that nonsense about your quitting is—shelved. At any rate for this season. I ask it as a personal favour, Ferguson."

Ferguson gave way then. He could do no less, it seemed to him.

"It's no the money, sir, ye ken," he said.

"Of course not," said Mr. Curdling, with a worldly smile which was not lost upon Ferguson.

"It's no the money, sir," repeated the head keeper, "but it would wring my heart that a laird of Glen Sloch should have to be taught the very rudiments of the craft by a'body but myself. It wudna be decent for ye to be on the hills with a'body but myself, sir, for awhile. I can see that. If I'm no respectful, I'll ask ye to excuse me. And I'll be leaving ye the noo, sir."

Mr. Curdling swallowed this with difficulty, but he swallowed it. Yes, and he let Ferguson go from his presence without a reproof. He felt some fear of the great gaunt fellow, who looked as if he had been weathered by prehistoric storms and sunshine, and stood so unflatteringly erect and calm before him and his two millions of money. He didn't inform Ferguson that there were other matters to discuss. They might wait.

"But, hold hard a moment," he said, when Ferguson was at the door, already bonneted—an insulting liberty that, whether due to thoughtlessness or habit! "About your holy burn! I don't change my mind when I've said a thing. It's closed to the public; and my orders are—drown all poachers. Well, say half-drown 'em, and take their names afterwards. Good morning."

He gave Ferguson his back, and felt better.

And with a muttered "Lord save us!" Ferguson went from the lodge which had in its day seen so much Maginton grandeur of manliness—so the honest keeper rated it—mounted his pony, and paced solemnly away.

It was a bitter task, but he did his duty to the letter that morning. He rode slowly up the glen and gave all his subs their instructions. They returned him nods for nods, and grim or less grim smiles for his smiles, which were all of the far-away reflective kind. They asked him what like the new laird was, being naturally anxious, especially after such intelligence. But Ferguson preferred to say little enough on that topic. They would soon be seeing him for themselves. He wasna a Maginton. That was the most Ferguson would say about Mr. Curdling.

Last of all, when he was again nearing his own quarters in the lodge's precincts, he turned his sheltie's head up the glen of the Gisach Burn. This attractive stream came down from a lonely loch in the mountains, with red sand to its shores which the deer foot-marked abundantly. It had pretty falls for a mile, and then ran merrily into alternating dark pools and laughing lengths between purpled banks until it lost itself in the greater Sloch River. Midway in its course, some four miles from the lodge, was the house of

Peter Macdonald, another keeper. Peter was a comparatively new importation. He was a rough and remote cousin of Ferguson's from North Skye; a silent, determined piece of natural man after Ferguson's own heart. His one defect didn't matter greatly in Glen Gisach. The fact that he had very little English had hitherto not in the least detracted from his usefulness in a spot where there was no one who hadn't the Gaelic.

Ferguson had no more to say to Macdonald about the new laird than to the other men; but he was fiercely and ironically plain about his remote cousin's particular responsibility.

"Look you, man," he said (but in Gaelic), "there is to be no more free fishing in the Gisach. You are not even to behave yourself like a Christian if you do find anyone throwing a fly in the stream that has been open to all the world from the days of your own great-great-grandmother; and that's the same as from the beginning of time itself. Say to him 'Go away' first, and you may tell him that an Englishman is now the master here. But perhaps he will not go away. His father may have taken salmon in the Gisach, ay and his father's father, and he shall tell you he is only catching wee trouts no bigger than his thumb. It is all the same, Peter Macdonald. You are not to stand arguing with him. It is your duty now to be a different man to what you was when you did come to the glen last October. Take him by the neck and an arm, and throw him into the water. Drown him. Those are your orders, man. Yes, you may stare. I do not wonder. It is not the Scotland your father and I was born in."

"Drown!" stammered Peter Macdonald. "You do not mean that, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Those are your orders, I tell you," shouted Ferguson. But he amended them just in time. "No," he added, almost in a whisper. "You must not drown the poor disappointed body quite; but toss him in and pull him out when you do see that he cannot swim, if there is much water in the stream. And you may ask him afterwards for his card and his opinion of Mr. Curdling, the new English laird, for making you do such a thing. Ask him that, Peter Macdonald, God bless you!"

And then Ferguson went home to his dinner, relieved.

* * * * *

But at seven o'clock that evening, when Ferguson was sitting in thought with his old wife and his granddaughter, Peter Macdonald came flying to the door with remarkable news.

He had, he said, run all the way from his own cottage, and now stood gasping and looking like a wild thing.

"I have drowned one of them already," he declared presently,

"and I cannot get his breath back into him. Maybe you will lend me a little whisky. It is a wicked sinner I am this day if I am to have the death of a fellow creature on my mind."

Ferguson was distressed and shocked when he understood.

"The Lord be guid to us!" he whispered, as he stepped to a cupboard. He took from it a small bottle and hurried outside.

Macdonald accompanied him, but the old head keeper's strides soon left him behind. The Glen Gisach man seemed dazed by his feat of manslaughter, as he continued to believe it. He was coherent only as to the fact. He had espied a gentleman fishing one of the best pools on the stream, not half a mile from his cottage; ay, and he was into a salmon. And he had gone to him and found him still at that salmon. He had not touched the gentleman at first—no, indeed; but he had made it plain to him that he was not now permitted to fish, no matter who he was. And then his temper had got the better of him. The gentleman swore at him—Macdonald had heard English swearing before, and he recognised the music of the words; and, moreover, the gentleman did more, he kicked out at him. And Macdonald was not likely to put up with that, in the performance of his duty. Therefore, he had first snatched the rod from the gentleman, and then, though not before the gentleman had kicked him again and used awful language at him, he had taken him by the leg and an arm and thrown him into the pool with the hooked salmon. Having thrown him in, he had grassed the fish, which was very tired, and foul-hooked besides. And then he had turned his attention to the gentleman again. The gentleman had splashed a great deal, and screamed, and bobbed about; but he had not thought there was danger for his life in a pool only six feet deep at the most. But it was so, indeed; and when Macdonald had gone in to his middle and landed him also, he was quite still, with the face of a corpse. And that was all indeed, barring the pains Macdonald had expended upon the poor gentleman, first to shake the water out of his stomach, and then (in his cottage) to warm the life back into him. And he had left him in his own bed, with hot bottles at his feet and all his blankets and wardrobe piled on the bed.

Ferguson moderated his strides a little to let his Skye cousin tell this tale.

"There never was such bloody doings in The Maginton's time," he said briefly in comment. "What kind of a gentleman is he, Peter, my poor man? Did you ever see him before?"

But he was a stranger to Macdonald. Macdonald hadn't watched him very closely. He was not much to look at whatever. A small body, with a proud, rude manner. And it was all the same

what he was, he was sorry he had thrown the poor creature into the water. It was the first time he had done such a thing, and he would never do it again—no, not for ten new lairds.

Then, in silence, Ferguson quickened his pace, distanced Macdonald, and reached the cottage in Glen Gisach fully a quarter of a mile ahead of his subordinate.

Twilight was over the glen, and the cottage was only faintly illumined by the peat glow on the hearth. But there was glow enough and to spare to bring the confounding climax of that great day quite home to the head keeper in a moment.

There, by the wall, on the broken-bottomed and worm-eaten sofa which served Macdonald for a bed, lay the new laird of Glen Sloch.

Ferguson uttered a suitable exclamation of dismay: and immediately afterwards he cried something else, also befitting the occasion, for Mr. Curdling had moved and his eyes were upon Ferguson, with a beseeching look in them. Yes, even in that dim room, the head keeper could see the terror in his master's eyes, or he thought so. And then, thankful to the heart, he kneeled by the couch and began his ministrations.

Better still, they were promptly efficacious. Mr. Curdling absorbed the whisky with evident appetite. And while he did so Ferguson poured out regrets and explanations and upbraidings of the idiocy of Macdonald, as well as whisky.

"But then, ye ken, sir," he added to the upbraidings, "the fool didna ken ye from a'body else, and wass only doing what with my ain tongue I did tell him to do."

To all which Mr. Curdling said nothing. He gulped down whisky, and coughed, and shut his eyes, and opened them again, and gasped and coughed anew.

And then Macdonald crept in with the face of a haunted man. The joy that came to him with the sight of the reviving gentleman on his bed was checked a little by the torrent of abuse which his remote cousin flung at him. He stood limp in the doorway, with shaking hands, until bidden to light a lamp.

The new laird then spoke.

"Never mind," he whispered. And, as Ferguson was a living and anxious man, the new laird seemed to laugh a short laugh after the words! "It's all right, Ferguson. I see how it happened. He didn't know me."

"He has nae English worth a damn, sir!" cried the still-appalled head keeper. "Licht the lamp, I'm telling you, man. And, look ye, Mr. Curdling, I'm ashamed that he is related to me at all, though a very far cousin, and only on the mither's side at that.

Yes, indeed. And he shall gang awa' back to Skye, whaur they are savages in the place he comes frae. You will remember that, Macdonald, in the morning. You will go out of the glen and be off with you before sunrise, and never show your face in Glen Sloch again. And another thing: One word to any living and intelligent body about what you have done this day in Glen Sloch, and I shall have the law at you for assaulting a stranger. Yes, you may well hold your tongue. And be off with you now to your byre. You are no better than your own cow; not so good, indeed. I've tellt him, sir," he explained, gently, "that he is to leave the morn. He wass never o' muckle use at ony time, and he'll no daur tell on 't. Naebody in the glen shall dae that, I promise ye, sir, as if ye wass The Maginton himself."

Once more Ferguson was amazed by the sound of laughter from his cousin's nasty bed. Mr. Curdling was moving, and had made another discovery.

"Hang me if I'm not—naked!" he murmured.

This time he laughed almost vigorously, as he sat up and the blankets fell from his shoulders.

"I'll have to borrow a kilt, eh, Ferguson?" he said, feebly, yet as if it were a joke.

Laughing again, he lay down. And now he completed the great conquest of Ferguson's generous heart.

"There's no harm done," he said. "Now I come to think of it, I deserved it. He's an honest chap, whoever he is; and as for sacking him—rubbish! And you may spread the story all over Scotland for what I care. The only thing I do care about is some dinner. Find me some dry things, Ferguson, old man, and let's get out of this. I'm feeling better now."

By the modest light of his cousin's lamp Ferguson gazed with set eyebrows and a firm mouth at his new master during those words; and then he set the seal on his continued and loyal alliance with Mr. Curdling of Glen Sloch.

"I'm askin' yer pardon, sir," he said, "for thinkin' what I thought about ye. Ye're as fine a man as The Maginton himself, and—I canna say more. Ye're a good Christian moreover, Mr. Curdling. Maybe Macdonald's own Sabbath clothes——"

* * * * *

In Peter Macdonald's Sabbath clothes, somewhat adjusted, Mr. Curdling was anon escorted proudly by Ferguson to the splendours of the lodge, and their manly union was cemented ere the gates were reached.

THE UNSEEN FOREST RANGERS

A TALE OF BURMA

BY A. EGGAR

THE Burman villager's idea of time is quite in keeping with his casual nature. He measures time by "a betel-nut chew," or, if pressed for greater accuracy, by "the boiling of a pot of rice."

The sun is his time-piece. Three in the afternoon is indicated by pointing to the sky half-way down towards the west, and six in the evening is "the sun-going-in time," (for in this country the sun sets at almost the same hour throughout the year), and the cocks crow the watches of the night at regular intervals—at ten, one, and four. At the appointed hour one eager voice will be raised and the cry will be passed from house to house, when all will crow together until the discordant sounds die away with the last shrill clarion of the jungle-fowl in the bamboo thicket hard by.

Night treads close on the heels of day. Just as two blacksmiths, wielding hammers in concert, trust in each other's regular motion, and each starts his hammer on its downward stroke before the other has left the anvil: so, even before the sun has ended its course, night swings overhead and falls down the sky, flattening out the glowing bars of cloud on the anvil of the western horizon. There is no long wait between day and night. The sun drops and chill darkness shuts down at once.

We were seated one evening in the house of Ko Po, the head-man. The village of Choon-thit is very small, and the head-man's house was of no great pretensions. Four legs of rough-hewn tree-

trunks raised the floor above the fever-laden mists. Three sides were walled with bamboo-matting and the roof was thatched with grass. Access to the open front by means of a tree-trunk notched into steps presented no difficulty to an agile man.

Within, at one corner, a canopy of dingy cloth hung over the pallet-bed—a stuffy but peaceful retreat from the attacks of the persistent mosquito; at the other corner stood a loom, roughly made and worn by use, the threads of home-spun cotton stretched along it; near this was an ingenious wooden mangle at which the head-man's wife was occupied in squeezing the black seeds from fluffy balls of freshly picked cotton; a smoky rush-light guttered on the floor beside her, and, on mats in the centre of the room, we were seated round the betel-box with blankets pulled about us, for the night air was wet and that truceless demon "ching" (the mosquito) shrieked with triumph over every naked spot.

A short while before, in the slanting sun the cattle had been charging in dusty herds all among the houses—for all must be inside the stockade before the sharp-spiked bamboo gates are wheeled across and fastened for the night—and now, before we had finished our simple meal, every space was filled with darkness.

Looking from the open front of the house we could discern only the outline of the carved wood-work on the priest's house opposite, and the gaunt straight trunks of the toddy-palms standing like sentinels round the dark mass of the pagoda silhouetted against the dying sky. The sounds of the village came in with the damp night air. Across the way Ma Gyee still pounded rice with a regular thug-thug-thug; and from further off came the quavering notes of a bamboo flute (the bamboo flute sounds quite melodious at a distance). Then, when men were silent, we could hear, through the matting of the wall, the buffaloes munching in the straw, and through the gaps in the floor the dogs arguing underneath the house.

On the top of the pagoda a bell tinkled lazily, and something unseen fluttered among the palm-tree leaves—a bat, perhaps; or was it one of the restless "Nats," those spirits that infest the night? Simple beliefs of an untaught people! Who could not sympathise with them here amid the surroundings that gave them origin?

In towns of human handiwork man may grow exultant by reason of his numbers. But in the forest, surrounded by the signs of nature's boundless energy, his spirit is subdued by the presence of a superior power. How slight he seems beside those giant trees at whose feet he wanders; and that monstrous creeper, thicker than a man's body, that like some huge snake gliding from the undergrowth has sprung upon its prey—the tree—and twisted up to its very throat, where, with knots of tight-drawn muscle, it chokes the

life out of even that great tower of strength! But trees and creepers must all give place to the untamed mountain torrent that tears and slashes its impatient way down to the open plains.

Man's fancy enthrones, amid these signs of strength, beings more powerful than himself. He feels their presence everywhere, and by modest offerings of tribute he seeks to avert their wrath and enlist their sympathies.

From the stag he kills, the simple hunter cuts the tips of the ears and lips, and puts those pieces in a conspicuous place—on a leaf, or in a cleft cut in the bark of a tree—as an offering of atonement. A persistent vengeance will dog the steps of the presumptuous man who neglects these ceremonies—how truly does conscience make cowards of us all.

AN OFFERING

He will be hunted!

The rotten bough, the crumbling cliff, the chasm overgrown and hidden by the brushwood—what are these but traps laid for him, even as he lays them for the beasts of lower order?

The tiger will be put upon his trail, and the hidden serpent lie in wait with poisoned arrow!

He may avoid these dangers in the day,—but in the night he cannot see what causes that rustling in the bushes, those groans and whispers in the tree-tops, and that cold wind which suddenly breathes upon his back; and can it be mere tree-roots that trip his feet, and nothing more than creeping plants that twine about his arms and throat while the hostile darkness closes round him, waiting for its opportunity?

* * * * *

"It is truth," assented Ko Po; "evil will befall the man who slights the Nats. When Brown Thakin,[1] the young policeman, first came here he laughed at the 'guardians of the forest.' He had not tasted of it then, nor known what the lonely hunter feels of that breathing close behind him, and that footfall in the leaves, nor what the worker in the clearing knows of the eyes that watch him from the face of the forest, and the unseen hands that plant the weeds as soon as his back is turned. But he was soon to learn, and I helped to teach him."

[1] Thakin = "Mr." or "the Englishman."

Ko Po stopped, and pulling off the lid of the betel-box, chose out a fine green leaf from the lower tray, smeared it with just the right amount of lime, snipped off a piece of betel-nut, added a peppercorn and a pinch of tobacco, and rolled all up together, slowly and deliberately folding the leaf—for everyone knows how a well-mixed chew opens up wide thoughts and memories.

"One day," resumed Ko Po, "Brown Thakin was here. It was the month of the ripening crops, when the rains had ended, but the forest was thick. In the morning, Moung Pu, the woodcutter, brought news of bison tracks fresh that very day. The Thakin called me to him, and quickly filling a bag with dried fruit, bread, and meat, and spirit-water in a flask, took two guns and ordered me to follow.

"One gun was large and heavy, with two barrels wide enough for the thumb to slip easily in. A man might feel safe behind such a gun as that. But the other was slight, and the powder-cases no thicker than a rice stem. The Thakin laughed at my fears, and said that he would take the smaller gun himself. Ah, he had still to learn, for he had not yet seen a bison, nor felt it rushing on him like a falling teak tree. Moung Pu came with us, and when we reached the forest front I stopped to make offering to the Nats, as is the custom; but the Thakin would hurry on.

"Now it is always best to sit awhile, when the village is left behind, till the ears are opened by the silence of the forest, and all rash haste has left the body. Moreover, by signs that even a child could read, I knew that the Nats were against us. The bamboo twigs kept slashing in my eyes as the Thakin brushed past them, and the thorny creepers pulled him back by his coat, while the stones dislodged by his careless feet went leaping down among the bushes with more than needful noise; the squirrels, too, in the trees scampered chuckling on ahead to warn the game.

"It was in a path through the kine grass that we first picked up the footprints, deep and fresh, for the ground was soft—a heavy beast, tall as the hand could reach, I knew, and the breadth of three men.[1] It had been walking slowly, eating as it went. The Thakin pressed on ahead, for the tracks were easy; but soon he stopped where the ground was hard and stony, for he had lost the signs. I could see them, where the red stone was scraped. The beast had turned to the right and climbed the hillside, but I made pretence to cast around, for it was good that the Thakin should rest.

"When he was quieter he agreed that I should lead the way; but that bison, in obedience to the Nats, had purposely confused

[1] The Burma bison stands twenty-one hands.

his tracks, for his marks led up hills and down again over the slippery bamboo leaves in nearly the same path, and round and round where the ground was hard and stony and signs were few, and through marshy places where the going was heavy and the feet must be withdrawn slowly for fear of noise. And so the whole day through, until at last I could see no more, and cast around in vain. It was the first time that I had lost a trail.

"But the night was on us, and, as quietly as possible, we had to make a thatch of grass and bring water from the stream and sit and sup. It was a black night, and I was uneasy, for the dew fell heavily and the wailing ching stabbed even through the clothes. Moung Pu kept scratching his leg with a noise like the sharpening of

A BURMESE VILLAGE AT SUNSET

a saw, until the Thakin woke up and declared that if he did not stop there would be no game within a day's march.

"I could not sleep, but sat listening to the song of the frogs and the cry of a waterfowl in the valley. My thoughts were of the cunning ways of bison—of how he will lead the hunter through the tall, thick grass, where the track ends a step in front and is cut off a step behind; a wall of green on either side. There the hunter must be wary, for the bison will make a circle back and stand hid beside the path, waiting, to hunt the hunter. Twice in the night I heard the voice of a tiger calling like a she-cat for its young, once far away, then nearer. The Thakin was asleep, but Moung Pu heard—I felt him.

"'Let us appease the Nat,' he whispered; and taking what food there was left, he laid it under a bush ten paces off and then crept back.

"Thus we sat and almost fell asleep. But the ear was still listening and suddenly jerked the body into wakefulness. What was that?—the crack of a twig! 'Pat, pat'—a footfall in the leaves. 'Pit, pat, pat'—coming straight toward us! Moung Pu groaned softly, 'Amai,[1] it is a devil sent to take us!'

"I gripped his arm to force him into silence, the fool. The thing had not yet got our scent and was coming nearer. It stopped. Ah, it must have found the offering, for the fireflies glimmering round the spot rose and hovered in wider circles. There was a sound of gobbling jaws. A snort. Then 'crash, crash, crash,' it bounded straight away.

* * * * *

"'Was it a boar?' you ask. I cannot say what shapes the Nats assume, but the offering had been accepted, and from that time I knew that the luck would turn, and fell asleep.

* * * * *

"'Haarh! haarh!—haarh!' We were all awake at once. It was a barking deer close by in the valley disturbed by something. Then, from the same direction, 'Pwook'—the sound of a heavy hoof withdrawn from the mud. It would soon be light, for the white finger of the dawn was already pointing skywards and the cocks were crowing in the bamboos. We heard the beast below climbing the steep hillside opposite, in no hurry, but with a clatter of stones and tearing of branches as he pushed his way through the scrub. He must have reached the top and passed over to the other side, for the sounds ceased.

"As soon as it was light we sought for the tracks. They were the same. Deep marked on the hindmost where it had leapt the stream, the water trickling into them, and a crushed blade of grass still straightening itself. But we were near, and the fewer of us the better. So Moung Pu stayed behind and we two went on—slowly, and inch by inch, carefully choosing footholds between the sticks and leaves, the one foot supporting the full weight before the other dared to move. We people know how to do it, but Thakins soon grow tired, and their clothes brush against the bushes; it is a wonder they ever get near the game.

"We must have got very close, for the smell of bison was on the leaves, and in a pool where it had drunk there floated bursting bubbles of green spittle. We stopped to take the wind. Ah, good luck! it was floating down towards us. The tracks led through the tall, wet grass. Thakin went first, still holding his little gun, and I behind.

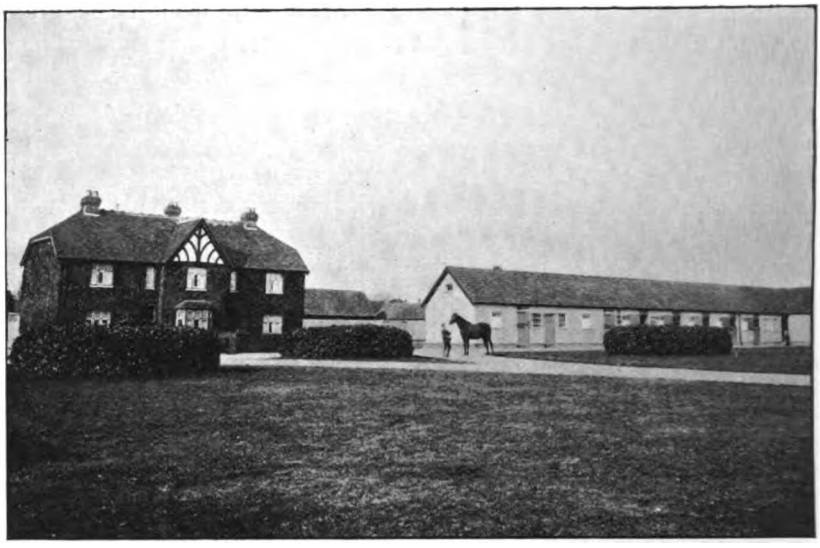
[1] Amai = "Mother," an exclamation.

"Suddenly—'Huh, huh!' and a crashing through the grass. Only a boar, as startled as we. But listen. Had that noise started the bison? No sound. Silently we proceeded; I close behind, so that the one parting of the grass should suffice for two; so close that my face came against his back.

"He had stopped; for there, five paces off in an open space, stood the king of bisons, facing us with red anger in his eyes, and breath that came in snorts! Slowly the Thakin raised his gun. Oh, surely he need not take so long! What would he say if I fired first? The bison did not wait, but stamped with his forefoot and charged straight upon us. The gun spoke once, but in no way stopped that awful rush. I leapt to one side, the Thakin fell flat, and the beast in charging leapt right over him and was carried by his own weight onwards through the grass. But in twenty paces he stopped, planting his forefeet deep, and turned to come again head down.

"'Thakin, take this gun,' I cried.

"He pushed it aside, and kneeling, fired twice. I fired once at the bended neck. His forelegs doubled up, and with a thundering shock his body was carried right up to our feet. He struggled to rise, tearing the ground with his hoofs. 'The head!—shoot the head!' The beast rolled over, eyes staring, dead. Its body sweltered in its steam."



EGERTON HOUSE STUD FARM.

THE EGERTON HOUSE STUD, 1905

BY GILBERT H. PARSONS

(With Photographs taken by the Author.)

THE training establishment controlled by Richard Marsh at Newmarket is of the highest standing, as need scarcely be said: but it is perhaps not so generally known that the King's trainer also manages one of the most important breeding studs, namely the Egerton House Farm, which is situated just behind his stables, on the Racecourse side of Newmarket, not very far from the historic Ditch.

The farm buildings occupy a considerable area, and are charmingly placed in the midst of secluded paddocks which plantations and strips of woodland render picturesque; the boxes stand round three sides of a well-tended lawn, broken here and there by clumps of shrubs, the stud groom's house on the north side overlooking the whole. Immediately to the right of his domain are the stallion boxes with their spacious yards. The time of our visit was April, when the season was just at its height; and one often wonders if even those intimately connected with the Turf ever fully realise the vast responsibility that falls on the shoulders of the stud groom of one of these establishments, especially at this time. In Alfred Smallwood "Dick" Marsh possesses a most able lieutenant, for he

is a man who has his business at his finger-tips, the perfect order with which everything is carried out and the condition of his charges speaking volumes for the efficiency with which he fills his most important position.

At the time of writing Smallwood had five very notable sires under his care—Cyllene, Ayrshire, Common, St. Serf, and Ugly—and the collection of matrons visiting these horses was a large and distinguished one—almost, indeed, of priceless value.

The first of the sires led out for inspection is an old favourite, a sterling racer in his day, Ayrshire by Hampton—Atalanta by Galopin, and though in his twenty-first year the old horse is looking the picture of health; nor does he seem to have lost any of the fire and spirit of his youth. He is a very compactly built horse

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S AYRSHIRE BY HAMPTON—ATALANTA, WINNER OF THE DERBY

standing sixteen hands, girthing 6 ft. 4 in., beautifully let down behind the saddle, with rare powerful quarters, and sound, clean limbs. This bay son of Hampton was the first to carry the Duke of Portland's black and white to the fore at Epsom, but he won other good races, and a brief sketch of his Turf career may not be without interest. As a two-year-old he started well by taking the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, the Prince of Wales Stakes at Goodwood, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, keeping up his reputation by winning during the following season the Two Thousand, Derby, and Foal Stakes at Newmarket. Seabreeze beat him in the St. Leger and at Manchester, but he took his revenge as a four-year-old by securing the Royal Stakes at Kempton, and the

Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, the mare being behind him on both occasions.

Ayrshire has proved an undisputed success at the stud, his record as a sire being most consistent. From 1901 to 1905 his stock have won not far short of £60,000 in stakes, and a very remarkable feature is the number of winners of his parentage. The most notable of his progeny are Airs and Graces and Our Lassie, both Oaks winners; Robert le Diable and Airship, winners of good handicaps; Ballantrae, a Cambridgeshire winner; Gas, dam of Cicero; Cossack, Doctrine, Airlie, Heir Male, and a host of others.

When the next box is unlocked a treat is in store, for one of the handsomest horses in England comes bounding out with a

CYLLENE

snort, and draws himself up at attention. This is Cyllene, a beautiful chestnut, son of Bonavista and Arcadia by Isonomy. He is a magnificent picture of what a high-class blood sire should be, speed, strength, and symmetry being exquisitely blended into one perfect whole, for from his intelligent head right down to his hoofs it is hard to find a single fault. He bears a striking resemblance to his distinguished grandsire Bend Or, the beautiful dapples on his back

[1] The way in which Friar's Balsam beat him at Ascot shows, however, how different Ayrshire's record would have been had the son of Hermit escaped misfortune.—ED.

and quarters showing up prominently, while he is as good-tempered and docile as could possibly be wished.

Cyllene was not found wanting on the racecourse, in fact he was about the best of his year, and had his breeder, Mr. C. D. Rose, entered him in the Derby he would undoubtedly have figured in the list of winners of the great Epsom race. Out of five attempts in his first season he caught the judge's eye on four occasions, these being in the Sefton Park Plate at Liverpool, the Worth Stakes at Gatwick, Forty-fifth Triennial Stakes at Ascot, and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Kempton Park; and when he met with reverse in

COMMON

the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton he was by no means disgraced, for he ran a good second to the smart Dieudonné, to whom he was giving 10 lb. As a three-year-old he won the Newmarket Stakes with the greatest ease, and also added the Sandown Foal Stakes and Jockey Club Stakes to his triumphs. The next year he set the seal on his fame by winning the Ascot Gold Cup, this being his last appearance on the Turf.

At the stud Cyllene was perhaps a little neglected at first, but since then he has come to the front by leaps and bounds, his success being quite phenomenal, and having done much to revive the glories of the Stockwell line. Cicero, last year's Derby winner, is one of his

best sons; Polymelus, whom Lord Crewe has just sold for £10,000, is another fine colt, who should win good races for his new owner. Then we have the speedy filly, Sweet Mary, not very far from the top of last season's two-year-old handicap, of whom great things are expected, to say nothing of Cyanean and other good horses.

When Cyllene passed into Mr. W. Bass's possession for the large sum of 30,000 guineas many doubted the soundness of the investment; but when one takes into consideration how the horse's services are sought after for the choicest mares, and the promise shown by his young stock, it is no great error to state that there are few if any sires for whom the future holds out a more brilliant prospect.

ST. SERF

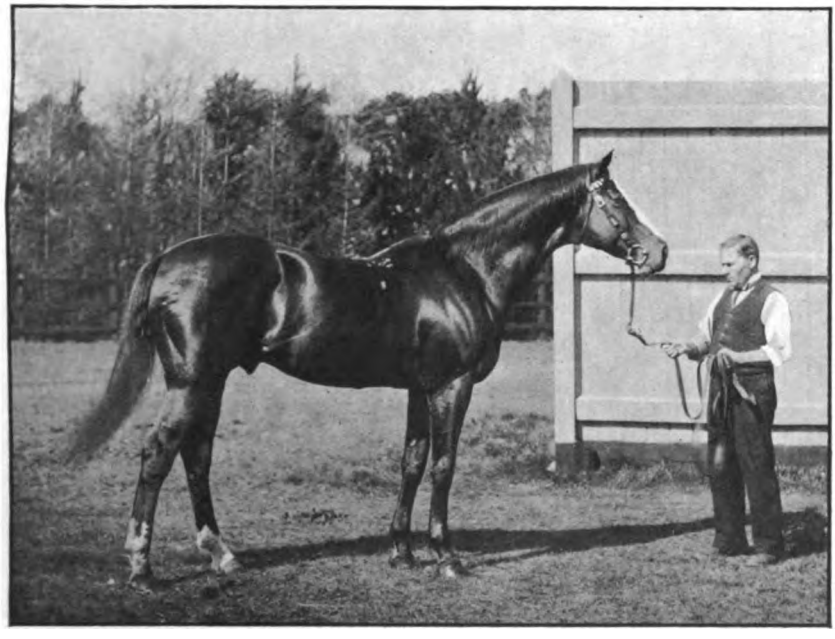
Common next claims our attention, and he strongly objected to standing for his portrait; when he did settle, however, a very characteristic likeness of him was secured, a fitting reward for over an hour's trouble. Bred by Sir Frederick Johnstone in 1888, Common is a son of the great Isonomy and Thistle, the dam of Throstle. He is a very dark brown horse of sixteen hands, and though not perhaps a particularly handsome one, he has done decidedly well.

Big and backward as a two-year-old, the colt's breeder and his partner, the late Lord Alington, decided not to risk his reputation till the following year, a policy by which they benefited to a marked degree, for Common not only won the Derby, but joined the select band of wearers of the "Triple Crown" by winning the Two Thousand and

Leger, afterwards finding a purchaser in the late Sir J. Blundell Maple at £15,000.

Common began stud life at Childwick, but he has been somewhat of a disappointment, the great winner to uphold his name having not yet arrived; however, he is represented by Nun Nicer, winner of the One Thousand, Bowery, Newsboy, Commune, The Bishop, Cottager, Simony, and some other useful horses.

The Duke of Portland has another sire at Egerton House; this is St. Serf by St. Simon—Feronia by Thormanby, a very powerfully built brown standing 16 h. 3 in., well let down, with specially good quarters and loins. St. Serf was a successful racehorse in his day,



UGLY

winning the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot in 1890 as a three-year-old. He has earned considerable distinction at the stud, his stock from 1901 to 1905 having won £37,347 in stake money, and amongst the animals that own him as a sire are Thais, winner of the One Thousand in 1896, Calverley, Rice, St. Lundi, Skopos, Shaddock, St. Ia, Ian, Bitters, and others. The sensational victory of Challacombe, one of his sons, in this year's St. Leger, has also added fresh lustre to his fame.

Lord Wolverton's Ugly, by Minting—Wee Agnes by Strathconan, is the last of the stallions. His name was doubtless derived from

his ugly lop ears, for otherwise he is a horse of pleasing conformation, having a strong back and loins and immense bone. He stood the ordeal of training for seven years, and won no fewer than twenty-two races. His speed was exceptional, and he ranked as quite a top sawyer as far as sprint handicaps were concerned. At the low fee of ten guineas he has been well patronised, and his stock already show that they inherit the gift of going, some of his two-year-olds during last season having been very useful.

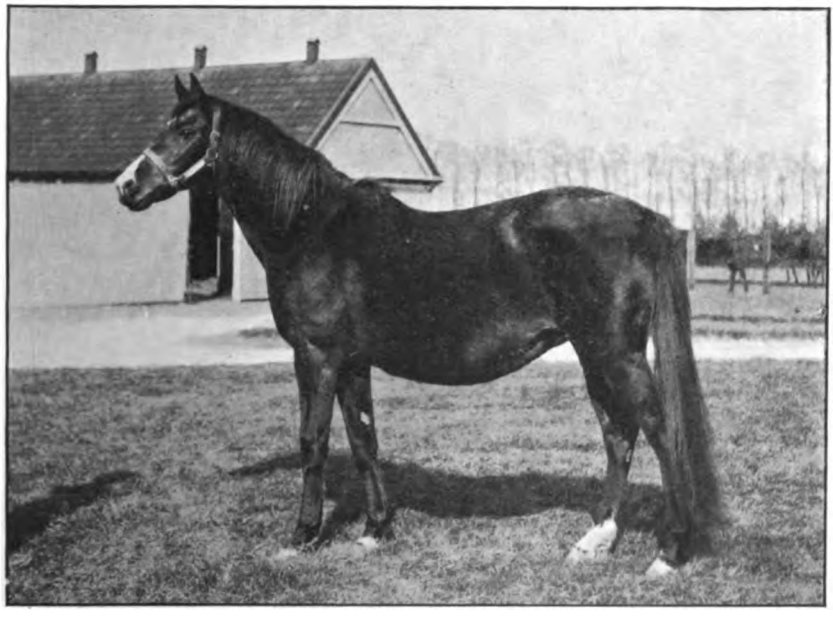
We now start a tour of inspection of the mares, many of them with young foals at foot. Not far down the drive we come to a sheltered little paddock with only two occupants, but one a host in

SCEPTRE

herself, for it is none other than the great Sceptre. Her companion is Skyscraper, a nice little chestnut mare of Mr. Raphael's. As Sceptre stands with head aloft and ears pricked one wonders if she recollects those stirring scenes 'mid the din and bustle of the race-course of which she was the central figure! Nothing breaks the calm of her life now; the firm strong muscles of the trained racer are relaxed, the brilliant polish of her skin is now replaced by a long and shaggy coat splashed with mud; but there still remain the grandness of her form, the grace of movement, and magnificence of her proportions, which in a few years' time when she has filled out a bit more will stamp her as a brood mare of the highest caste.

Though it is not so long since Sceptre ran, one may be pardoned for dwelling a brief space at the dazzling page of Turf history that she left to be handed down to posterity.

With a pang of regret we recall the fact that she did not carry the time-honoured yellow jacket of her breeder, the late Duke of Westminster. Persimmon's daughter made the record price for a yearling, of 10,000 guineas, when she fell to Mr. Robert Sievier's bid at the late Duke's sale in 1900. Her two-year-old career opened with victory in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom; this she followed up by taking the July Stakes at Newmarket without an effort; but she went down, when amiss, in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster

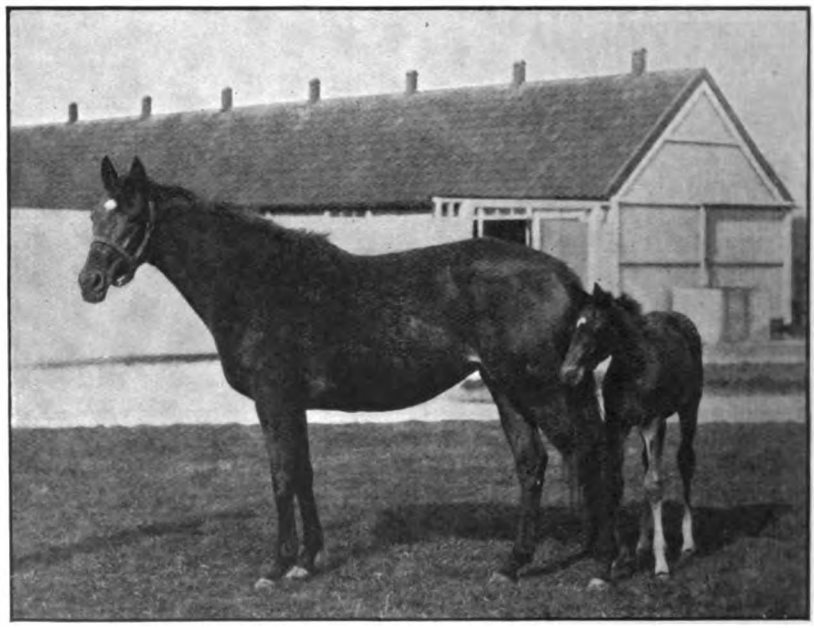


GAS, DAM OF CICERO

later in the year. In the Coronation year, 1902, considerable surprise was expressed by some at the fact of her going to the post for the Lincoln Handicap so early in the season, but she was only beaten by a head, which might have been in her favour had not her jockey been over-anxious. Then followed sweeping victories in both the "Guineas," and in record time as well; but she failed hopelessly in the Derby, her form being too bad to be true. An unsuccessful attempt to bring the Grand Prix across the Channel followed her triumph in the Oaks. She was returned a winner at both Ascot and Goodwood, and also tasted defeat at these meetings. On the Town Moor she carried off the St. Leger in smashing style: and then a

futile effort to overhaul Elba in the Park Hill Stakes was her last attempt as a three-year-old.

Mr. Sievier then sold his great mare to Mr. W. Bass for £25,000, and she first carried his colours in the Eclipse Stakes as a four-year-old, when Ard Patrick beat her by a neck after a terrific struggle. She next gave Rock Sand 15 lb. and cantered in four lengths in front of him for the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, and ran a great race in the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton, where, carrying top weight, and after being badly interfered with during the race, she snatched the verdict from Happy Slave by the shortest of heads, amidst intense excitement.



QUINTESSENCE AND FOAL

Sceptre continued her triumphal progress to the end of her four-year-old career, but she did not retain her form the following season, and was then put to the stud, her first mate having been Cyllene; and the result of the union is awaited with keen interest by all her admirers. As the dam of Cicero, Lord Rosebery's third Derby winner, Gas is not without interest. She is a small, nicely moulded brown daughter of Ayrshire and Illuminata, and was heavily in foal to Sir Visto when photographed.

Quintessence was very proud of her first foal by Orion, a remarkably well-bred sire. In her racing days she carried Lord

Falmouth's jacket with great success, winning the One Thousand as well as other races, and never being beaten. Her pedigree is by St. Frusquin—Margarine. Memoir, by St. Simon—Quiver, own sister to La Flèche, was one of those flying fillies who brought the great Welbeck sire to the fore. She won the Newmarket Stakes, Oaks and St. Leger, and other good races; but since she left the post for the paddock her value as a brood mare has depended almost entirely on John o' Gaunt. La Roche, by St. Simon—Miss Mildred, is another Welbeck mare, and like Memoir on a visit to Cyllene. The Oaks and Manchester Cup fell to her share in 1900.

MEMOIR

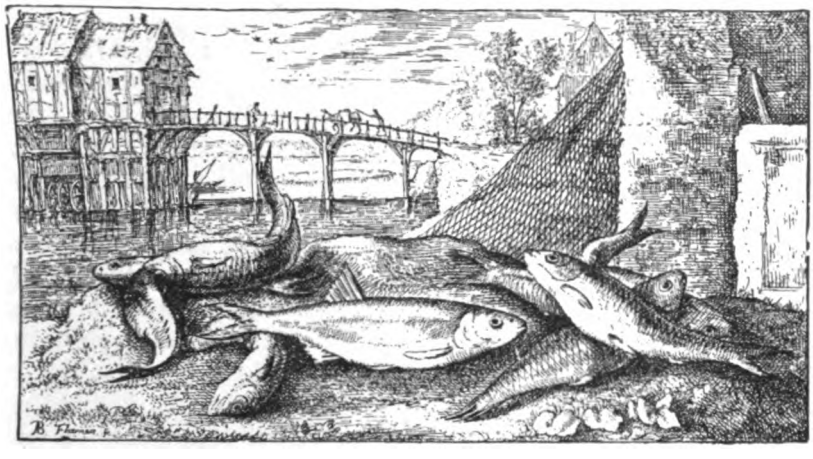
The King sends two mares to the sire of Cicero: Vane, an own sister to Flying Fox, and Laodamia, a well-known performer who is heavy in foal to St. Simon.

Space forbids reference to all the mares at this extensive establishment, so we must pass on with only a brief note here and there about the most prominent, and in many cases names only must suffice. The Duke of Portland's Tact is in foal to St. Serf and visits him again; then come Nenemoosha, dam of Cyanean, who goes to Cyllene; and another mare booked to the same sire is Lady Orme, with a bay colt by St. Simon. Idle Band, with a chestnut filly by Winkfield, is on a visit to Common, as also are Microscope

and Chrysomel with foals by Amphion and Ocean Wave respectively. On Ayrshire's list is Sophie, interesting as she has the only Ard Patrick foal in England; Barndoor; Yours, dam of Our Lassie; Autumn Rose, with a filly by Chaleureux; and others. Some nice mares nominated to St. Serf are Butterine, Loodiana, Golden Dream, and Kentish Cherry. The owners of Chasse Café, Tertia, and Granny are patronising Ugly. Many other mares were due to arrive, some of them of considerable note.

I must close with a hope that these few brief notes will convey an idea of the magnitude and importance of the Egerton Stud, and of its influence on the breeding of bloodstock generally.

LA ROCHE BY ST. SIMON, WINNER OF THE OAKS AND MANCHESTER CUP, 1900



AUTUMN FISHING ON OUR LAKE

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE

OUR lake is big, beautiful, exasperating, and enchanting. I never fish it without expecting to catch a monster, for I know that its waters contain superb specimens of several kinds of fish, and the quantity of its inhabitants is enormous. Bream swim about restlessly in vast shoals; timid tench play sometimes near the shore and amaze spectators by their number and size; suspicious carp imported from a neighbouring stewpond are sometimes seen, and very rarely caught. Of course these three become quite unassailable, honourably, in winter. Perch seem as plentiful as at Slapton Ley. A quiet peep over the side of the boat in shallow places shows that there are countless rudd and roach, and the ungregarious pike will run at a bait in almost every one of the hundred acres of reed-surrounded water that is set in a frame of beautiful trees. The sanctum of its owner displays superb specimens of the fish, the noblest of them all a pike of 33 lb., a straight-backed creature, well "set up" in more senses than one; one might say, almost as a matter of course, that it is a female fish, since the ladies of the Esox family seem the predominant partners.

I chanced to begin my operations at an ill-chosen season, rather late for bottom fishing, and early for pike. The result of ground-baiting different swims with bushels of bran, bread, barley-meal, and potatoes, and many hundreds of the humble creatures that Walton did not tell us to use as though we loved them, was rather disappointing. The lake merely offered samples of its wares and refused to deliver serious quantities. A few bream,

the biggest of them a three-pounder, were landed; indeed, I did a little better with the tench, for now and again, when hope and the light had almost faded, my float played mysterious antics, and then, after some rather leisurely rushes over a narrow area, a tench came into the boat—not the tench of my dreams, for I had dreamt of six-pounders, and none of them quite reached three, nor the tench of my old experience, for these were pale bronze in colour, instead of mysterious green, and their eyes lacked the strange pigeon's-blood tinge. Moreover, like all the other fish of the lake, they were slimeless; indeed, to touch them was a pleasure, owing to their curious smooth velvety surface. I never caught more than two at a sitting. The perch behaved a little more kindly. One could not try anywhere without catching little ones, and sometimes a good fish presented itself. For instance, one evening we angled for them, using small rudd as live bait; these we had caught with great difficulty among the weeds, since no fish of any kind ever entered my minnow trap, though we set it in the small outlet stream, and baited with all kinds of luxuries. All our little baits attracted attention. Small pike appropriated half a dozen, and three of the rascals were landed, whilst the others bit through the gut and got away. The best of the perch on that occasion was a pretty fish of 1¾ lb.

Some weeks later, during a cold north-wester I fished a swim which I had baited up with worms for two nights running, and had one bite, one only; but the fish weighed 2 lb. 13 oz. by my spring balance, 2 lb. 10 oz. by a less flattering instrument, and if we had not already upon our walls two perch, one of 3¼ lb., the other a little heavier, it would have enjoyed the honour of being set up. People who despise "coarse" fish should eat a perch from our lake; he is almost as good as red mullet, and better than most trout. There was quite an incident during our perch-fishing, for one day when I struck after a bite I found there was something on my hook heavier than perch or bream or tench, and after a few minutes dragged almost within range of George, my gillie, a pike which caused him to give a shout, and appeared to me to be well in its teens. We loosed the punt from the poles and went after it with very low hopes. Twice the fish ran into weed clumps and I got him out, each time bringing him almost near enough for the net; but on the third occasion, when I was pulling gingerly for fear of breaking the gut, the villain simplified my task by biting it into two. One has curious luck in such matters. The next day I landed a little pike which had taken bread-crust on a No. 14 hook whipped to 5-x gut. Once we caught five jack on fine undrawn gut, and another time lost four hooks in about ten minutes. Why is it that nature has given pike its seven

hundred or so of sharp teeth to assist it in feeding on food that it never chews or even bites into pieces, but swallows whole however big; whilst the perch, which in the main has exactly the same diet, has no need for the dentist, since it possesses hardly a discernible tooth in its big tender mouth? The teeth can hardly have been given merely for the purpose of compelling the angler to apply to the theatrical costumier for gimp, the main part of his tackle, and of enabling him to acquire a golf vocabulary in consequence of the horrible treachery of the exasperating material.

The pike caught during my thirty days or so amounted to about three hundred, of which all but thirty were taken by spinning and as the result of a vast amount of hard labour: if I were to work

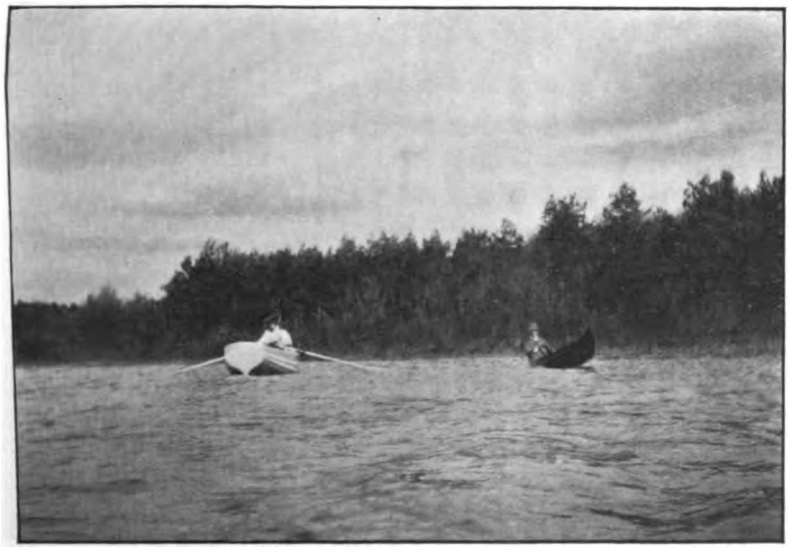
as hard and earnestly as I play, I should become rich. Live bait swam about for hours at a time without attracting attention, and the best two fish caught on float or paternoster were an eight and a six pounder. The fact is strange, since in the hope of catching a big specimen I had three live baits out for about three hours every day. Of course I do not complain, since I take far greater pleasure in one pike caught by spinning than a dozen captured in the duffer's method. An average of nine pike a day to one boat in September, of course, is very good; but then they ran small as a rule. Nearly all of them were male fish; in fact the Jills were far more cautious or sluggish than the Jacks, which I fancy is not often the case.

Amongst all of them I only know of three that reached two figures, though some that were hooked and escaped without being seen may have been very large. One was the fellow which bit through my worm tackle; the second gave us an anxious quarter of an hour during a north-west gale, and though I kept it out of the reeds, and even lifted it twice over the rope attached to the big stone that helped us when drifting, and got it out of one clump of thick weeds, the honours of the day were with the fish. Once I seemed to have it at my mercy; a good male fish, somewhere about fifteen pounds: it was easily within range of the gaff, but that instrument had got tangled up in the cocoa-nut matting at the bottom of the punt, and by the time I had freed it the wicked teeth had done their work, stout gimp had been bitten through, and we were left lamenting. The third gave a grand fight, and had the pike rushed for the reeds at the beginning instead of dashing about in the open water it might have been the conqueror, for I was trying an eight-ounce one-handed spinning rod of two joints spliced and not ferruled, and when it did make a rush it gave a permanent curvature of the spine to the weapon, and nearly broke it; but part of the fish's strength had gone, and as we rowed parallel with the reeds, and I pulled at the captive's head sideways, it came round in a circle when less than a yard from safety, and a few minutes later, after being dislodged from two clumps of weed, it lay still, holding on to the third clump, thinking itself secure, and I lifted it in with the gaff, its mouth full of the green stuff. The pike weighed fourteen pounds, was thirty-eight inches long, and no doubt would have been two or three pounds heavier by Christmas, for it was decidedly thin.

Of the rudd and roach fishing I have little to say. Perhaps I fished badly for them; anyhow I caught none of any size, though the other boat took several big rudd, taken right on the bottom after heavy ground-baiting. Certainly the "red eyes" puzzled me, for sometimes when bait-fishing with two hooks in seven feet of water I caught rudd and roach at one haul, but the roach generally took the upper hook, and their cousins the lower, and upon examining a number of them it seemed to me that the mouths of the one had less of an upward turn and the other less of a downward droop than elsewhere. Moreover, the shape of the roach was more like that of dace; indeed, a great many were quite as slim as the fish which so closely resembles the chub that ignorant fishermen have often had great disappointments through thinking that a "loggerhead" was a monster "dace." There were quite a number of small hybrids between rudd and bream; and on the northern shore of the lake, where a good many of the perch lacked their transverse bars, a considerable portion of the rudd had pale eyes

almost colourless fins, and greenish bodies, yet seemed in perfect health and good condition.

Fortunately the contemplative angler often has some compensation when the fish are unkindly. Our lake, which with extravagant modesty calls itself a pond, is remarkably rich in birds. Swans constitute the most notable feature: I have seen as many as forty-two huddled together in the lee caused by a bank of reeds when a gale was blowing that had driven up the shore swans for shelter. Only three seemed to live on the ponds, two cock birds and a hen, and I think that they were unwillingly tied there by love and the inability of three cygnets to fly. For one of the gentlemen was constantly making advances to the lady, which her husband



resented, and a ludicrous little drama was acted frequently. The husband from time to time would swell himself out and double himself up till he looked like some absurd heraldic bird, and pursue the intruder, forcing himself along the water with clumsy rushes, much impeded by the resistance which his quaint shape offered; and the other paddled calmly away, easily keeping ahead. After a while the furious spouse used to make cumbersome preparations for flying after the enemy, and give due notice of his intention; so with much labour and great noise the two managed to get off the water and fly a couple of hundred yards, and then they settled down as if nothing were the matter. A little later this comedy or farce would be repeated *da capo*, and so on twenty times a day.

Professional instinct induced me to criticise the performance: I have an uncharitable suspicion that the husband never meant to overtake the other bird, and even the idea that the whole affair was callously arranged between the gentlemen in order that the husband might win the admiration of his lady for his valour, and that the vain lover received some bribe in the shape of tit-bits of weed or animalcules from them. Most of the swans lived on the sea-shore, though some came from a lake inland; and a fine sight it was to see them swimming calmly in the little lagoons among the green mudbanks, finer still when they came flying to the lake. For a long time before they arrived you could hear the singing of their wings; then a body of twenty or so would appear over the top of the trees with outstretched necks and tucked-up feet, flying swiftly till they came over the water; then, after making a great curve, dropping to the surface, and as they descended bringing their legs forward to break the fall, and coming down with a crash and a splash which sounded like the rattle of rifles at a distance. What silly noises they make when gossiping about the weather and other subjects that interest them! The idea of the music of the swan song was a very daring invention.

Ducks we have in thousands; so far as they are concerned the west end is fashionable, perhaps because it is shallow, or rather shallower than the rest, for the lake is deep throughout. At the east, however, I always startled three at one place when spinning—two drakes and a duck—and have a horrid thought that there was some kind of *ménage à trois*. The widgeon never seemed to light on the water, but used to come in great clouds from the sea and fly over inland. The coots, of course, played the part of low comedians of the lake, and whenever any particularly ridiculous noise was heard George would say, "That's a coot." They kept well amongst the reeds; we saw few, but, alas! heard many, and the moorhens running about on the shore were more numerous. Once a squirrel and a moorhen almost came into collision on the bank; I do not know which was the more frightened or disappeared the faster. A woodpecker used to tell us the time pretty accurately by its flight across the pond, uttering ugly squaks which suggested a motor-car horn suffering from a bad cold. Once the squaks became squeals and screams, for at the corner of the wood a hawk swooped down and struck, and George, who has the blue eyes and keen vision of the Queen's Cup winner, saw feathers fly. Back came the woodpecker, pursued in a leisurely fashion by the hawk, which apparently expected to see it fall dead, and both disappeared. A minute later the hawk returned, chivvied and harassed by little birds —finches they were, so George said—and water-wagtails, and as

they came closer I was able to see the long tails that the pretty birds waggle so pertly on the shore. He told me that they were called "Morley dish-washers" by the villagers, but who, what, or where Morley was he did not know.

Perhaps the greatest joy was in the kingfisher. The colouring may be a trifle crude, mid-Victorian, and the song shrill, but the flash of flying jewellery made a pretty sight. Once we saw one hovering; it remained still in the air for half a minute, then dropped with undescribable suddenness and a big splash, reappearing a little later with a small fish in its beak, and flew into the woods. The herons were not my competitors on the pond, probably because it was too deep for their style of fishing, except at the edges, and these were covered with weed; but they used to fly about lazily, high up, and then settle on the very top of the highest trees, where they looked very funny, reminding me a little of the last scene in "Peter Pan," and of some old German child's picture-book of grotesque storks on conventional tree-tops. Very few gulls visited us, probably because the wind was rarely from the sea; but once when it came up for an hour from the south a number flew up and settled amongst the swans, which seemed rather to resent their society, and huddled together.

Swallows and martins were not numerous, nor did the starlings favour us much. Although the fields round about were rich in hen pheasants, I only saw one come over the lake, but their gaudy males used to fly over at their bedtime and disappear amongst the trees, uttering, before they roosted, their clattering curfew note, for which the poachers thank them. We rarely saw any rabbits, except when Master Bluey, a small long-haired dog belonging to the house, was having a little sport on his own account, and drove them in vain pursuit out of the bushes near the trees. Perhaps he would have caught some if he had not been assisted by my own little cockney mongrel (called Mopsemann, on account of his unacquaintance with Ibsen), whose London methods of rabbit-coursing were peculiarly ineffective. Of music from the birds of course we had very little. Occasionally the blackbirds sang for a minute, and the thrushes in the distance uttered a few notes; but in the main we had to rely upon the robin redbreasts, which are very numerous, and gave pretty performances; even the crows cawed rarely, and the rooks were almost silent. Still, we heard the lowing of the cattle and sometimes the hoot of the owl as we used to walk home with lighter burdens than we had hoped for, and scare the timid bats that were fluttering in the hedges. So after all, though the fishing was far below the standard of the lake and the wind often was very cold and the rain sometimes exceedingly busy, the

angler—poor butt of innumerable jokes, or rather of two or three jests repeated with appalling frequency—has had his pleasures, and is thankful for being a pure cockney, of the imported species, so that the common sights and sounds of the country were deeply interesting to him. The sentiment, I fear, is but a paraphrase of a passage from the famous "Of ffyshing with an Angle," attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, a passage used without acknowledgment by Burton in the only book that ever caused Dr. Johnson to get out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise:—"And yet atte the leaste he hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease. A swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede flures: that makyth hym hungry. He heareth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes: heerons: duckes: cotes and many other fowles nyght theyr brodes: whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys: the blastes of hornys and the scrye of foulis that hunters: fawkeners and fowlers can make. And yf the angler take fysshe surely thenne is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte."

BRIDGE

BY "PORTLAND"

BRIDGE is a game in which a strict observance of etiquette is absolutely essential, if it is to be played at all fairly. Its unwritten laws are, in fact, of even more importance than the actual rules, because unless they are rigidly conformed to it is the easiest thing in the world for one side to take all sorts of improper advantages of the other. It is of the essence of the game, for instance, that the dealer and his partner should be entirely in the dark as to the contents of each other's hands when declaring trumps. Now, if the former hesitates a long time before passing the call, or the latter shows any eagerness to have it left to him—as by suddenly brightening up, and asking who dealt, whether it is not his turn to declare, etc.—it is obvious that these conditions do not prevail. Similarly, each non-dealer is supposed to know nothing of his partner's cards except for such inferences as can be drawn from those he has already played, not from his manner of playing them. But how often does it not happen that a little artless (or artful) hesitation about putting down a card betrays the presence of another in the player's hand? How many Bridge-players are there not who scarcely ever pass a trick without plainly showing that they could take it if they chose? All these are serious breaches of the etiquette of the game, and every fair-minded man should do his utmost to avoid committing them.

In making trumps the dealer should endeavour to take a uniform length of time before he announces his decision, whether his hand presents any difficulty or not. If he is going to pass he ought not to do so at once, or his partner will guess that he has very little strength, and even if he should hold the four aces it is not necessary to snap out "No trumps" directly he catches sight of them. When playing with a partner who can be trusted not to make the declaration out of turn—which in the latter case would, of course, be a dire misfortune—it is better to allow a decent interval to elapse before making the call, whatever it may be; for that is the only way in which one can avoid giving any indication to friend or foe.

If the dealer finds that he has dwelt too long upon the declaration—which is sometimes unavoidable—he must make the best declaration he can, whether it is a sound call on the hand or not. If he leaves it after betraying any hesitation his partner must be careful to take no advantage of this indication of strength, and to avoid all semblance of doing so, for should he declare "no trumps" or hearts on a hand which admits of any doubt he will at once incur the imputation of unfairness. As a matter of fact many people make a point of declaring spades in these circumstances, no matter what the contents of their hands may be; but it is hardly necessary to go so far as that. An attacking call ought not, however, to be made if there has been any hesitation about passing, unless it is obviously the right thing to do, and equally obvious that the caller's judgment cannot have been affected by his partner's delay.

As bad as, or worse than, dwelling on the declaration is dwelling on the double, for that gives your partner a complete key to your hand, which it is almost impossible for him to ignore. It is no doubt his duty to play exactly as he would have done if no indication had been given, but that is not such an easy matter. He would not, of course, lead a strengthening heart at no-trumps if you were known to be a heart conventionist, but it must be remembered that the mischief does not stop with the initial lead. Knowing that you guard a particular suit may help him tremendously, and in all probability he will find it very difficult to dismiss this fact from his mind.

One should, if possible, determine what calls one will double and what calls one will not double before the declaration is made, and if in any doubt when the eldest hand asks if he may play it is best to answer promptly, "Yes." He ought not to ask the question until he sees that you have sorted your cards and looked through your hand.

To avoid hesitating during the play of a hand, which always gives information away, the Bridge-player should look ahead and prepare himself for every contingency that is likely to arise. Thus if the eldest hand holds king and others in a suit and sees the ace, queen upon the table, he should make up his mind at once whether he should cover the knave or 10 if it is led through him. The third player, too, should experience no difficulty in deciding what finesses he will take if any of the suits in which dummy holds a high card or cards are led up to him. If he does this he need not, when the time comes, make it palpable that he is finessing.

Another kind of hesitation is the hesitation which we have occasionally seen displayed intentionally with the object of misleading the dealer. This does not amount to actual cheating, but it nevertheless introduces an element of bluff into the game which is anything but desirable, and which the majority of Bridge-players unite in condemning.

Another, and very important, part of the etiquette of Bridge is that which governs, or ought to govern, one's relations with one's partner. Whether your partner's play is satisfactory or not you have no right to criticise it. He does not join in the game with a view to gaining instruction, but amusement, and if he plays badly it will not help your cause to tell him so. It is utterly useless, so far as your interests are concerned, to point out what he ought to have done in a situation which is very unlikely to repeat itself before your partnership comes to an end, and it will not make him play any better to know that you are dissatisfied.

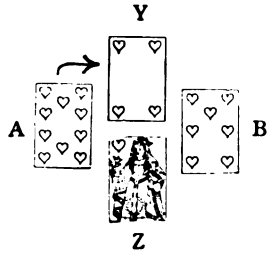
Still more foolish is it to find fault with your partner's declarations, because these are matters on which opinions are bound to differ, and your judgment is only too likely to have been affected by the result. You seldom hear anyone complain of a declaration which has won him the game. And the player who takes his partner to task for his declarations should remember that mere dogmatic assertion does not make a proposition true. You often hear the dealer say reprovingly to dummy, "That was not a heart hand, partner!" Remarks of this kind generally strike the writer as absurd. In the first place, they imply a degree of superior knowledge which is not always justified by the relative skill of the players; and secondly, it is quite possible that the hand may not have been a heart hand, when considered from an abstract point of view and judged upon its intrinsic merits, and yet hearts may have been the proper declaration at the score. Dummy is so often in the position of having to choose between two declarations, each of which is palpably unsafe, that it is unfair to rate him if he does not always hit upon the lesser evil.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND

A and B are partners against Y and Z. Score: A and B, 28; Y and Z, love. Z deals and declares no-trumps. Y's and Z's hands are as follows:—

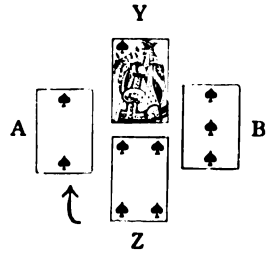
Y's hand (dummy).		Z's hand (dealer).	
Hearts	8 6 4	Hearts	A Q 3
Diamonds	A J 10 8 7	Diamonds	Q 6 5
Clubs	6 5 4 3	Clubs	K Q 2
Spades	Q	Spades...	A K 5 4

TRICK 1.



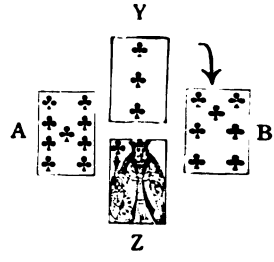
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.



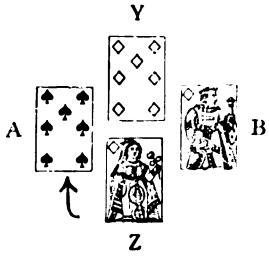
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2

TRICK 3.



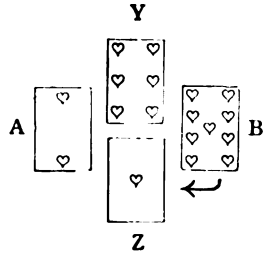
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 4.



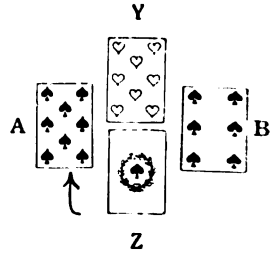
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 5.



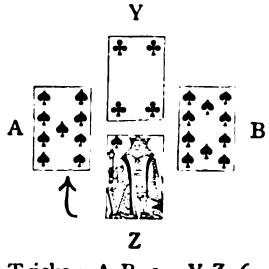
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 6.



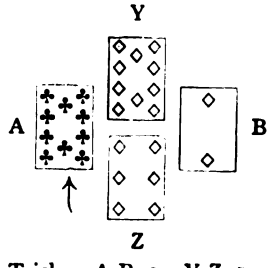
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 7.



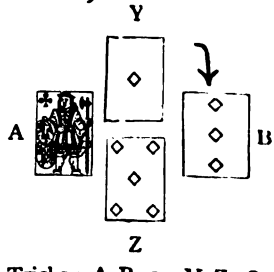
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 6.

TRICK 8.



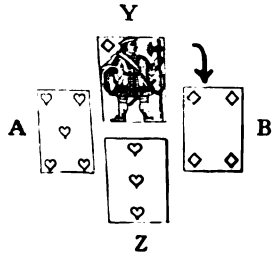
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z 7

TRICK 9.



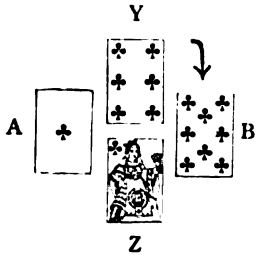
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 8.

TRICK 10.



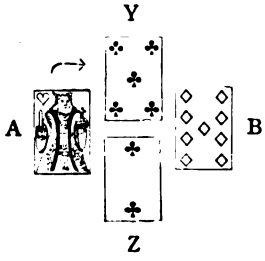
Tricks : A B, 1 ; Y Z, 9.

TRICK 11.



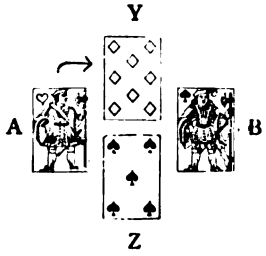
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 9.

TRICK 12.



Tricks : A B, 3 ; Y Z, 9.

TRICK 13.



Tricks : A B, 4 ; Y Z, 9.

Thus Y Z win three by cards, and the game.

Remarks :—

Tricks 2 and 3.—If all five diamonds are to his right—as they happen to be—Z can only win three tricks in the suit. Directly B gets in he will clear hearts, and if A held five originally. with the ace of clubs for entry, he will save the game if Z loses the lead a second time before it is won. Consequently Z must either draw the ace of clubs, or win a trick in the suit, before opening diamonds, and at the same time he should get rid of dummy's blocking card in spades. He does not run any risk of losing the game by the club ead, because if either adversary holds five the other only holds one, and they cannot, however they play, win four tricks in the suit. Z makes a certainty of winning the game against any possible distribution of the cards.

BOOKS ON SPORT

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT. A Book of Wild Life in Western Britain. By Alfred W. Rees. Illustrated. London: John Murray. 1905.

IANTO THE FISHERMAN, and Other Sketches of Country Life. Same Author and Publisher.

It is difficult to imagine a more sympathetic student of animal life than Mr. Alfred Rees, whose work, contributed to various periodicals and altogether worthy of reissue in permanent form, is here brought together. The creatures of the night, whose lives he draws in vivid detail, have no secrets from him; he seems to know them as they know each other, and his knowledge may be described as lovingly imparted. The otter cub whom he calls Lutra has several sketches to himself, and appears incidentally in others with Brighteye, the water vole, his cousin Kweek, the field vole—one of the best pictures is of the sudden appearance of the weasel to terrify the little things and their tiny family—Vulp, the fox, Puss, the hare, and Brock, the badger. As we lately observed in reviewing Mr. J. G. Millais's remarkable volumes on Mammals, the otter and the badger are peculiarly interesting animals for the reason that comparatively so few people know anything about either; but Mr. Rees knows much, practically all that can be known, we are inclined to think, by a human friend—for it is in the spirit of friendship that he writes, and we are almost surprised to find him describing himself as "returning homeward after a day among the grouse." He is, however, something of a sportsman, with the vein of sympathy to which reference has been made always prominent, as indeed it invariably is in those who do credit to the term.

The Master of Beagles will doubt whether Mr. Rees has the proper appreciation of sport, nevertheless, when he reads the account of what happened once when in pursuit of Puss. He and his companion, Ivor, heard the hunt approach, and crouching in the bracken which grew along the ditch by the side of the lane, waited till the hare came shambling, as it chanced, straight towards them. Ivor grabbed her by the hind legs, placed the other hand over her mouth, and, springing up, hid behind a neighbouring bank. The pack came on and went by; then, after dipping the hare in a stream which ran at hand, he let her go. "A wretched-scenting day; scent very

bad," was the criticism of some of the field when they afterwards met. Another sketch of a hunt is with bassets, of whom it is said that "of all the hounds employed in the chase of the hare, the basset promises to become the prime favourite among some true-hearted sportsmen who love sport for its own sake and not from a desire to kill. Mirthfulness and dignity seem to seek expression in every movement of the quaint, old-fashioned little hound and in every line of his face. As for his music—who would expect such a deep, bell-like note from this queer midget, standing not much higher than the second button of the huntsman's leggings?"

Those who desire to learn the ways and habits of the denizens of field, wood, and stream could not find a more admirable guide than Mr. Rees.

PETERKINS. The Story of a Dog. Translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Mrs. John Lane. With numerous drawings by Collington Taylor. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1906.

Mrs. Lane has done well to introduce Peterkins to English readers; for, as she says, "We owe to his genial creator, Ossip Schubin, a new and delightful friendship, even if it is only a little dog's." The German author's reputation as a novelist is well known to many English readers, and to more Americans, for her books are widely popular across the Atlantic. This history is a new departure for her, but it is written with an affectionate regard for the subject which cannot fail to be shared by her readers. Poor little Peterkins had very varied experiences—slight as is Mrs. Taylor's sketch of him at the beginning of the book, one can realise that he is "wondering why no one loves him," as he is said to be. Soon, however, someone does, a dear little girl called Betty, whose companionship he mightily enjoyed. He has other friends, too, together with some unappreciative enemies whom the reader will hate, and it is by means of one of these that he falls into the possession of a travelling acrobat who wants a performing dog. With this man and his associates he has a cruel time till he runs away. How he finds his beloved Betty and saves her life is set forth in quite an exciting chapter; and then, of course, he is made the pet of the castle where Betty lives, and has the best of good times ever after. Peterkins is entirely delightful.

A SHOOTING CATECHISM. By Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson. London: Edward Arnold. 1905.

Is there "a vacant place in sporting literature"? We are not by any means sure, but Col. Meysey-Thompson thinks that there is,

and that he may have filled it. In lately noticing his "Fishing Catechism" we expressed a certain amount of wonder why he had chosen the form of question and answer. Izaak Walton did it, but then he was—Izaak Walton. When lesser men attempt the same thing the result is different. There is almost necessarily a lack of ease and flow, of literary style; and then again, while many pertinent queries are omitted, some of the replies leave lingering doubt. "What is the most comfortable costume for the moors or for partridge-shooting?" the author makes his unknown interrogator inquire. "Of what kind of leather should the garters be?" "Are boots or shoes the most comfortable?" Well! these are all little matters which men decide for themselves. Some like knickerbockers; others abhor them, and always wear breeches. "Is there any particular kind of overcoat that is better than another?" Here again who can lay down a general law? Similarly the novice is supposed to seek information about shooting seats, cartridge bags, etc. Col. Meysey-Thompson speaks from experience; but his ways may not always be the best.

In one thing we cordially agree with the author. If a man be asked to shoot he should accept or refuse at the earliest possible moment. To delay is unfair to the host, who cannot arrange his party, and may destroy a pleasant week for somebody else who would be asked if the guest first invited said that he could not go. The writer's style is not all that it might be, and sometimes he is puzzling. "Are the different hawks very prejudicial?" he makes his novice ask, and we really do not understand what he means? At times the author abandons his catechism and writes straightforwardly, the consequence being no little relief to the reader. Col. Meysey-Thompson, however, is a sportsman of wide experience, and what he has to say is always worth consideration.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF BRIDGE. By G. T. Atchison and A. J. G. Lindsell. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

The authors think it safe to assert that "never in the annals of card-playing has any game attained such a speedy and widespread popularity as Bridge," and they are probably correct, even if the game be not quite of the overwhelming importance they imagine. The literature of Bridge is certainly something stupendous, and a good excuse is necessary for adding a volume to it; but this the authors have. Most writers, they point out, have their own pet theories, and naturally wish to enforce them on their readers. Messrs. Atchison and Lindsell have endeavoured to collate these dicta, and while indicating their own preferences— not to do so is well-nigh impossible—to

state fairly the case for other views, leaving the final decision to the reader.

Their interpretation of the unwritten laws of the game is somewhat severe. "To declare or to pass at first sight is a distinct intimation to your partner that your hand is either obviously strong or weak; while to hesitate and show perplexity is tantamount to telling your partner that you hold cards upon which you are nearly, but not quite, strong enough to declare." You must therefore be neither too abrupt nor too tardy; but that is a counsel of perfection, for some men are impulsive, others constitutionally slow and undecided. "Above all, *Do not hesitate about doubling*," is their charge, printed in italics. "Unless you finally do so it is grossly unfair to give the slightest indication of such an intention." Certain players will always be grossly unfair, it is to be apprehended, though without meaning it, for the reason stated: they are slow in making up their minds. On one point, however, we are glad to see a criticism, and that is condemnation of the exasperating habit some people have of playing a winning card "with a bang by way of emphasising its calibre." For the rest, it must suffice to say that the writers carry out the scheme they have laid down for themselves with lucidity, and Bridge-players will find much to interest them.

BEAUTY OF FIGURE: How to Acquire and Retain it by Means of Easy and Practical Home Exercises. By Deborah Primrose. Illustrated. London: William Heinemann. 1906.

These are the days of physical culture, and Miss Primrose's contribution is entirely to the purpose. Her little preliminary essay goes back to before the Stone Age, she touches on Egypt 7,000 years ago, and glances at classic Greece, but speedily becomes practical, and in no fewer than seventy-two figures—photographs of girls and children—shows how her ideal may be reached, or at any rate approached. There can be no doubt that a careful observance and practice of Miss Primrose's rules will vastly benefit the health and general well-being of those who follow her instructions.

MY SYSTEM: Fifteen Minutes' Work a Day for Health's Sake. By J. P. Müller. With forty-four illustrations from photographs. London: The Anglo-Danish Publishing Company.

This is a book on the lines of the foregoing, the translation being made from the fifth edition, the thirtieth thousand, of the Danish original. Of the cheap edition 21,200 copies are printed, figures which show beyond question the popularity and value of the work.

BADMINTON NOTA BENE

In sending a youth to college the great question, of course, is, To what will it lead? In the case of the Kensington College, the London Chamber of Commerce Examination Centre, it leads to an appointment as soon as the student is qualified. The institution was established in 1887 for the sons and daughters of gentlemen, they are trained for various secretarial duties, one or two foreign languages being specially recommended as part of the guaranteed appointment course, and taught on a system devised by the Principal. The College is situated at 143 and 145, Queen's Road, Bayswater, where all particulars may be learned from the Secretary.

* * * * *

A really good hunting scene is one of the rarest of pictures. Why it should be so it is difficult to say, for incidents of all kinds in connection with the chase seem to lend themselves to illustration. Few artists, however, can draw horses at all, fewer still can effectively portray them in action, and there are some painters who can do justice to the horse, but appear unable to put the man or woman correctly on the creature's back. Among the few who do succeed Mr. George Wright stands high, and we are indebted to Messrs. E. W. Savory, Ltd., of Bristol, for permission to publish the spirited drawing which does duty this month on the cover of the magazine. Messrs. Savory have in their collection so many admirable pictures that it was a difficult task to choose; but "The Draw" is a good specimen of Mr. George Wright's excellent work.

* * * * *

The extraordinary interest taken in the collecting of stamps is shown by the issue of the sixth edition of the "Universal Standard Catalogue of Postage Stamps," compiled by Messrs. Whitfield, King and Co., of Ipswich. This is now quite a thick volume, and is rendered of particular value by the 3,000 illustrations of stamps, printed by special permission of the Board of Inland Revenue. The total number of stamps issued to date, as included in the catalogue, it is interesting to note, is 19,778, of which 6,059 are apportioned to the British Empire, and only a little more than twice as many, 13,719, to the rest of the world.

The Editor is much gratified to announce that in the March number of The BADMINTON MAGAZINE there will appear a story by

Mr. LAWRENCE MOTT,

whose wonderfully vivid study of wild life in the far north of Canada, given in his novel

Jules of the Great Heart,

has secured such brilliant and deserved success on both sides of the Atlantic. The story is entitled

THE LIGHT OF A MATCH.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

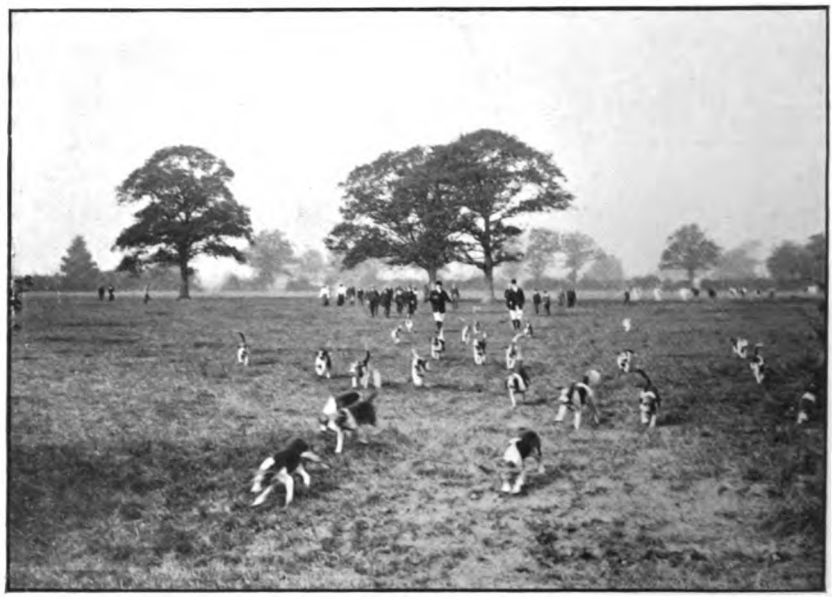
The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the February competition will be announced in the April issue.

THE DECEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the December competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. K. E. Maclean, Labuan, B.N. Borneo; Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Capetown; Lt.-Col. Crawford McFall, Brownestown House, Kilkenny; Mr. Shirley Stewart, Toronto, Canada; Mr C. B. H. Mansfield, Lieutenant 8th Cavalry, Indian Army, Nowshera; Mr. J. T. Spittle, Pembroke College, Cambridge; Mr. Stanley Sewell, Hexham-on-Tyne; Mr. Charles J. Hankinson, Bournemouth; Mr. R. W. Cole, The College of Agriculture, Downton, Salisbury; and Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

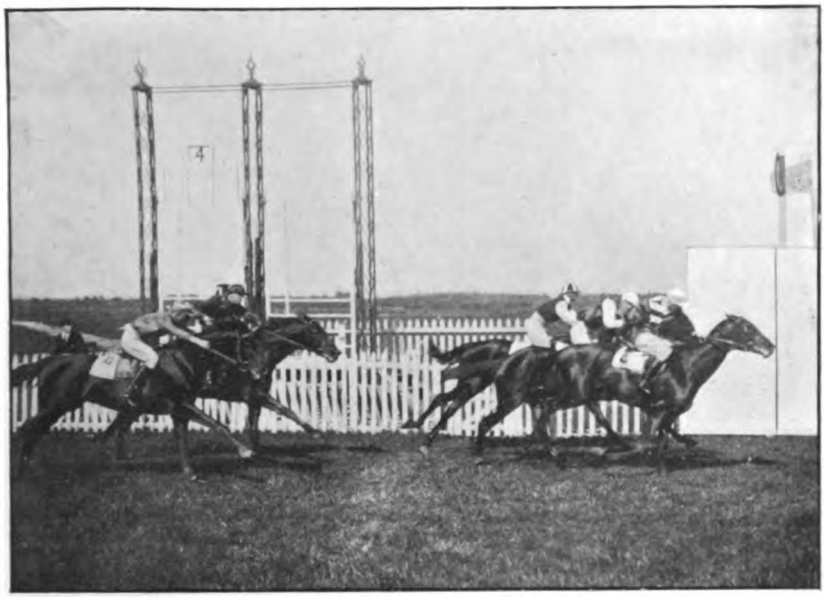


HADLOW HARRIERS HUNTING ON A COLD SCENT

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge

FINISH OF THE KERBAN RACE AT THE LABUAN NEW YEAR SPORTS, 1905

Photograph by Mr. K. E. Maclean, Labuan, B.N. Borneo

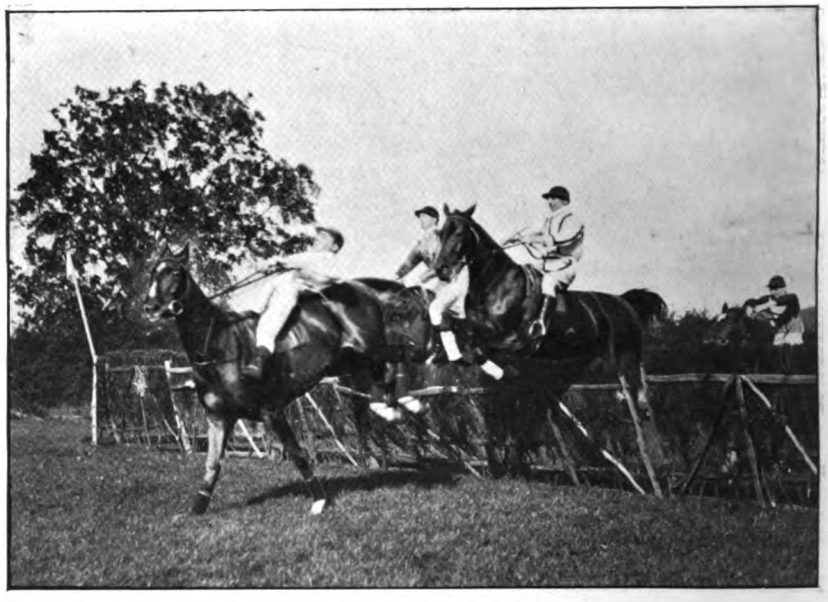


MR. H. N. SIMSON'S CADES WINNING THE GRAND METROPOLITAN HANDICAP AT KENILWORTH, SOUTH AFRICA

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Capetown

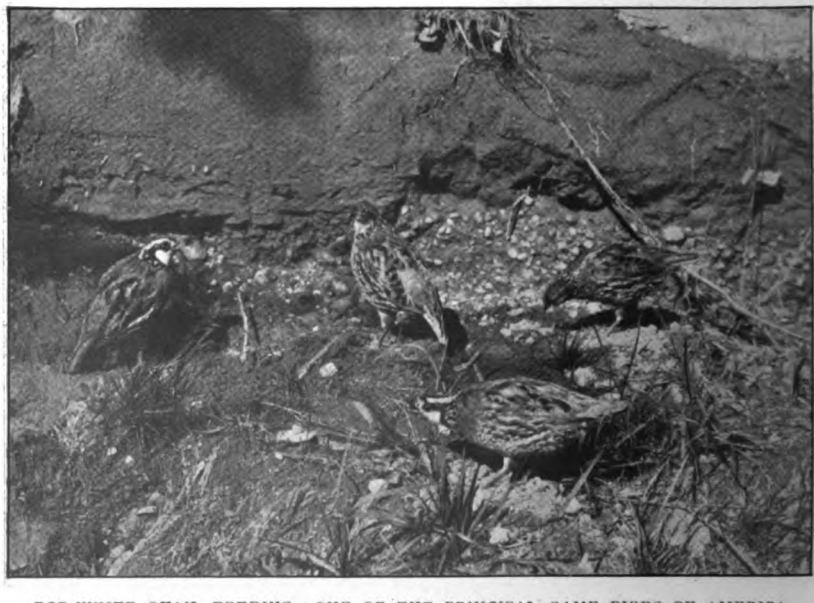
FERRETING AT KILFERA, KILKENNY

Photograph by Lt.-Col. Crawford McFall, Brownestown House, Kilkenny



HURDLE RACE, CHELTENHAM

Photograph by Miss G. Murray, Holmains, Cheltenham



BOB-WHITE QUAIL FEEDING—ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL GAME BIRDS OF AMERICA

Photograph taken in Western Ontario by Mr. Shirley Stewart, Toronto, Canada

CHILDREN BATHING, MUSKOKA LAKES, CANADA

Photograph by Mr. Shirley Stewart, Toronto, Canada

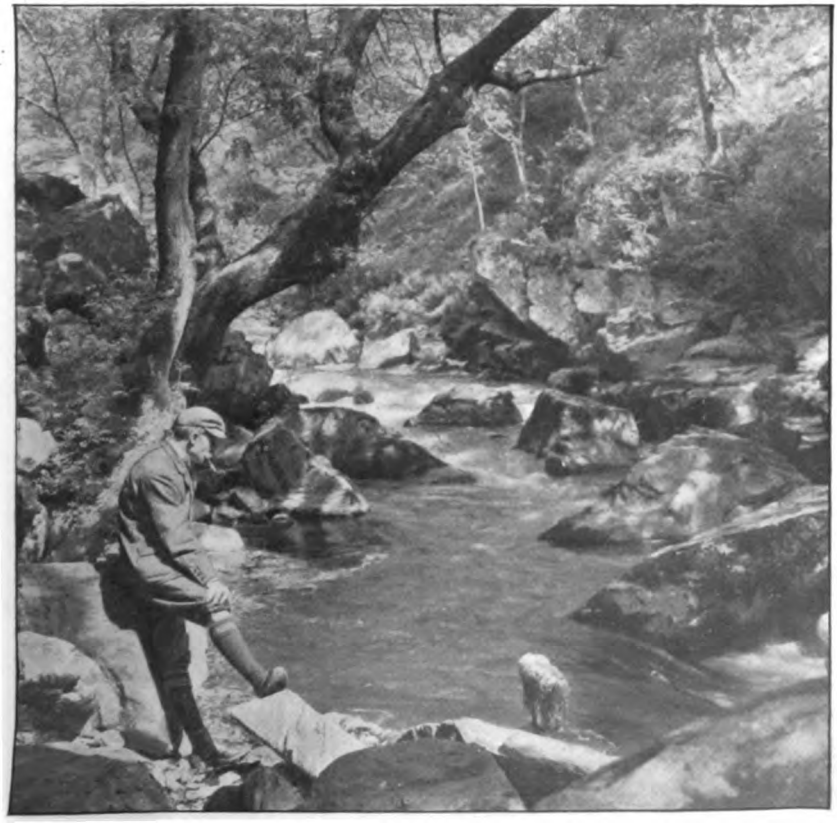
READY TO GO

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln

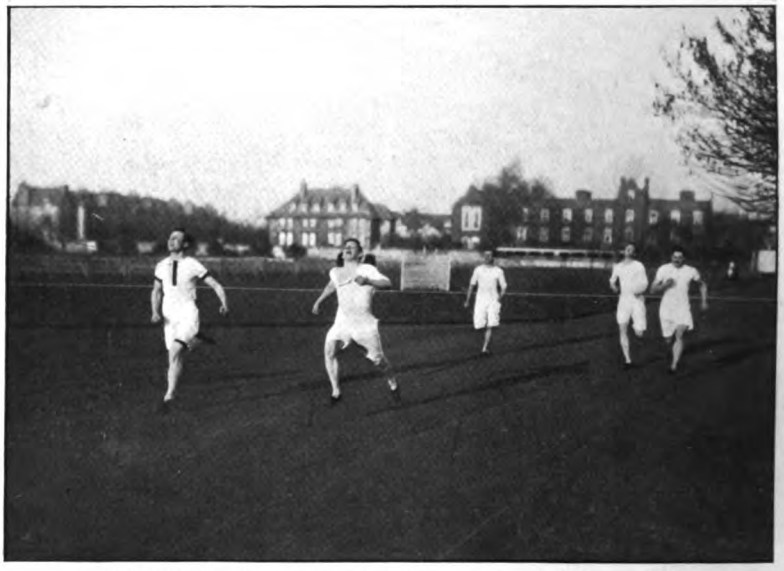
SOWARS IN THE 8TH CAVALRY, INDIAN ARMY, TRICK RIDING

Photograph by Mr. C. B. H. Mansfield, Lieutenant 8th Cavalry, Indian Army, Nowshera

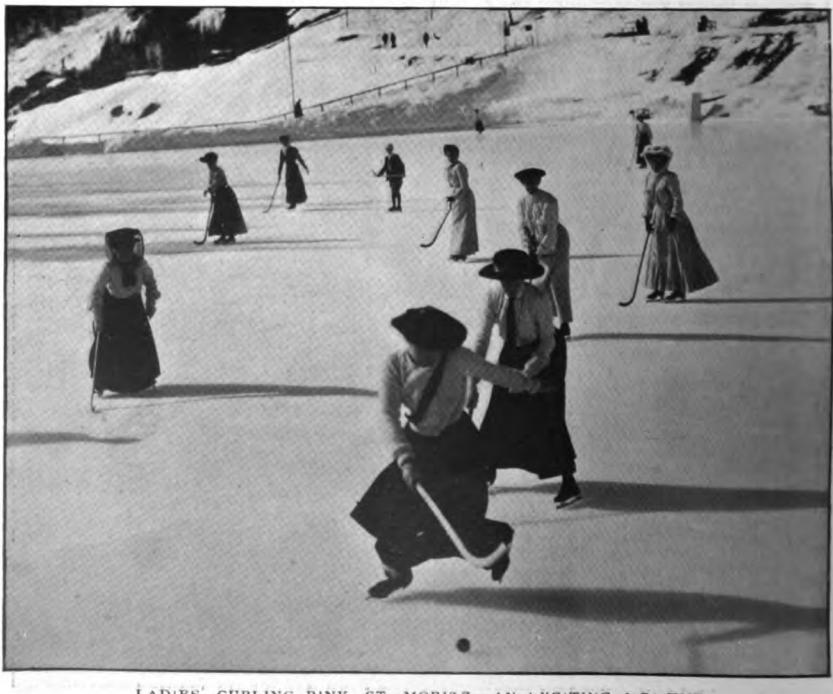
NEWCASTLE EXCHANGE WALK TO HALTWHISTLE, 40½ MILES
Photograph by Mr R. F. Sewell, Mount Pleasant, Hexham-on-Tyne



TWO KEEN SPORTSMEN ON THE BANKS OF THE LYN, NORTH DEVON
Photograph by Mr. W. O. E. Meade-King, Maidenhead



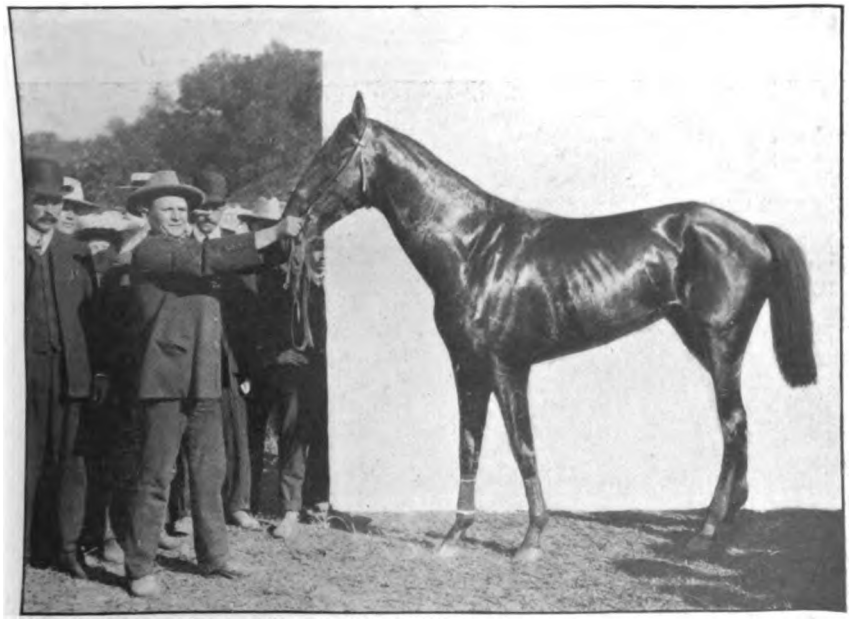
FRESHMEN'S SPORTS AT CAMBRIDGE—THE HUNDRED YARDS
Photograph by Mr. J. T. Spittle, Pembroke College, Cambridge



LADIES' CURLING RINK, ST. MORITZ—AN EXCITING MOMENT
Photograph by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, Taynton, Gloucester

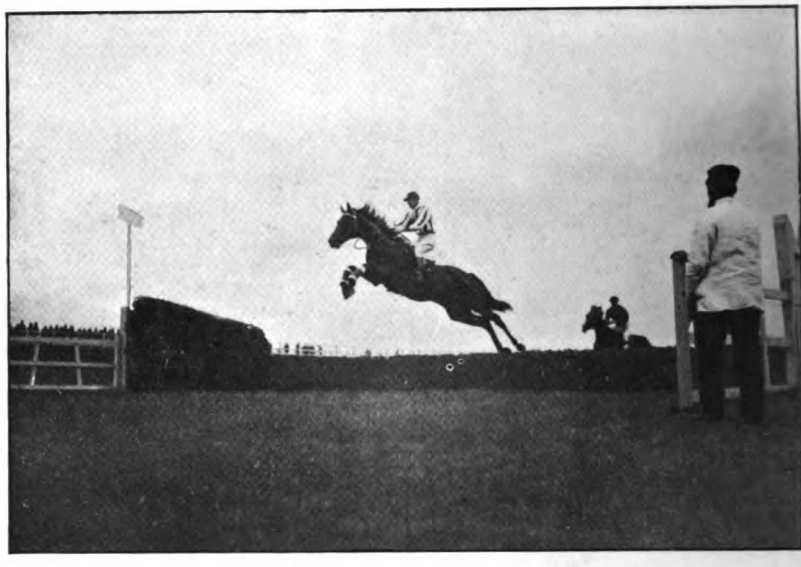
THE THORNYCROFT MOTOR-BOAT RACING AT COWES REGATTA

Photograph by Miss Dean, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight



MR. C. ROBINS'S LEPANTO, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AT KENILWORTH, SOUTH AFRICA

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Capetown



A FLYER—HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES

Photograph by Mr. Stanley Sewell, Hexham-on-Tyne

A PRIZE LITTER

Photograph by Mr. Charles J. Hankinson, Bournemouth

PUNTING ON THE AVON UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, The College of Agriculture, Downton, Salisbury

EXTRACTING A JAMMED LIVE CARTRIDGE WITH AN AXE AT ONE OF THE PORTAGES OF THE NIPIGON RIVER, CANADA

Photograph by Mr. A. R. MacGregor, Anerley

NEWMARKET AND THURLOW FOXHOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. Thos. E. Grant, Leytonstone

A GARDEN STEEPLECHASE

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

GOING OUT FOR THE NATIONAL ON SAPPER

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

V.—MR. GWYN SAUNDERS-DAVIES

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

OF late years no one has done more to uphold the reputation of the gentleman-rider, as representing each half of that compound word, than Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies. To compliment a gentleman on his integrity is practically an insult, and nothing need therefore be said of the manner in which Mr. Saunders-Davies has conducted his Turf life; whilst as to his capacity in the saddle, it may be doubted whether any horseman, amateur or professional, has ever equalled his record of races ridden and won under National Hunt Rules. In all, from 1882 when he began, till 1903 when he abandoned the saddle, he had taken part in 1,068 events, and had carried off 332 of them; but this is looking at the wrong end of Gwyn Davies's career, and we must begin at the beginning.

Descended from an old Welsh family, the subject of this sketch was born in 1865, and at the age of nine went to the well-known school near Slough, kept by the father of Charles Hawtrey, the popular comedian and best of good fellows. I am inclined to fancy that it was rather out of doors than in the schoolroom that the youthful Gwyn chiefly distinguished himself. Among his ambitions,

to be Senior Wrangler can never have been included, though he has always had a head for figures. If he gained many prizes they are not obtrusively conspicuous on the shelves of his bookcase at Myrtle Grove, but two years after his entrance he was captain of cricket. In 1878 he went to Winchester, and played in the school eleven in 1881 and 1882, with such good men as J. W. Mansfield, Ruggles Brise, A. R. Cobb, and G. W. Ricketts.

The Army was the career that had been mapped out for him, and as French was one of the subjects he had to take up, he was put in charge of a tutor at Dinard, where, however, after being in training for six months and starting for the event, he could not quite draw the weight in the preliminary examination in that language, and what he should do next became a question. It was in this same year, 1882, that Gwyn Davies first rode between the flags. The race was the Lawrenny Hunt Cup, at a meeting originated and supported entirely by Mr. Lort Phillips. This Lawrenny Hunt Cup was the race of the day. Entries were made by invitation; that is to say, only those invited to enter could compete, so that none but personal friends of Mr. Lort Phillips were among the starters, and the horses were chiefly ridden by their owners. The course was a very stiff one, a deep and formidable natural brook being one of the obstacles, and into this two of the riders disappeared. One head presently emerged from the surface of the water, and as its owner was crawling to land he heard a cry from behind him of "Halloa, Bertie!" Turning round, he saw the other victim of a bad mistake scrambling ashore. "Halloa, Marteine!" he exclaimed, and they both roared with laughter, each at the ridiculous plight of his half-drowned friend, than which nothing could have looked more comic in the estimation of either.

Mr. Lort Phillips won his own race himself. His young friend was making the running, and as they galloped along the cheery host called out encouragingly, "Go it, Gwyn!" It was merely a friendly cheer, but Gwyn fancied it meant that he was not going fast enough, put on more steam, and, going in fact too fast, rode his horse down, finishing only a bad fourth. The first race he won was at the Tivyside Hunt during the next season, three miles over banks, on Colonel Howell's Jane Shore.

The Army idea was not given up, however, and in 1883 the possible future field-marshal went to gain further instruction from Mr. Faithful, a tutor at Storrington, who was deservedly in great vogue; and by his assistance his pupil's preliminary was successfully accomplished.

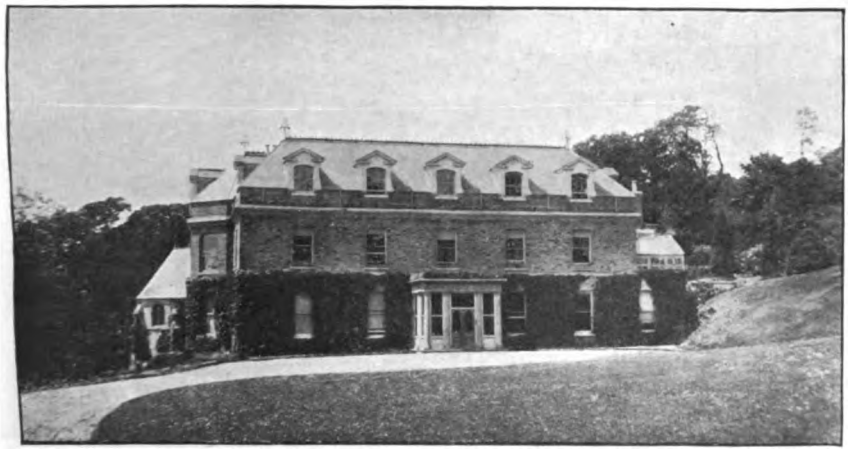
In January 1884 the Saunders-Davies family chanced to be staying at Tenby during the race week, and Gwyn had a ride

MR. GWYN SAUNDERS-DAVIES

or two. A redoubtable opponent in one race was that present energetic member of the National Hunt Committee, Captain "Wenty" Hope-Johnstone, who, however, had the bad luck to come down heavily and break his collar-bone. He had a horse called Master Ronald in a race next day, and to the great delight of Gwyn Davies, who cordially appreciated the compliment from such a source, asked him to ride it. He donned the black, cherry cap, as proud as a couple of kings. Amongst other things a beginner has to learn in race riding, however, is that if he chooses to come up on the inside he must do so at his own risk. The young amateur made such an attempt, not realising that Joe Rudd, who was in those days a famous jockey, was not very likely to be obliging enough to pull out for him, and the consequence was that Gwyn Davies found himself flying over the wing of a fence, that "wing" being a full-grown and formidable Welsh bank. No particular damage was done, his pride as aforesaid being chiefly injured, because he realised that he had done a stupid thing; and he was equally surprised and delighted therefore when Captain Hope-Johnstone, running up to see if he was hurt, and finding that no damage was done, with characteristic kindness asked Gwyn if he would ride a mare called Constance in the next race. How he jumped at the chance need not be said. While the owner was giving him a leg up he quietly observed: "Look here, you'd better jump every fence in the middle; don't bother about the inside," and carrying out these instructions, Constance was enabled to win in a canter. There was a Consolation Stakes to wind up with, and just as Master Ronald was being led off home it occurred to Captain Hope-Johnstone that he might as well have a go for this prize, as the horse was none the worse for his tumble. Gwyn Davies rode him, and won easily; and that afternoon practically decided his future. Praise from Captain Hope-Johnstone was praise indeed, and he said such nice things to his successful jockey that Gwyn Davies began to hesitate about joining a service the duties of which would be likely to interfere with his passion for the saddle—though twenty years ago leave was much more easily obtained by soldiers who wanted to go 'chasing than it is in these stricter days, which goes far to account for the lack of gentlemen-riders in the service.

It happened about this time that a friend of the family was a lady whose son was making a lot of money in America, and Mrs. Saunders-Davies saw no reason why her son should not go and do likewise if he were not keen about a military career. The choice was between America and a return to Storrington, and in June 1884 he sailed for South America, to discover that money might be lost as well as made in that part of the world. Two years and a half

found him *plus* a great deal of experience, *minus* the capital with which he had started; so he returned home and sought occupation in training and riding steeplechase horses, chiefly for one of his brothers. Of the animals which he had to take care of, a mare called Fairy Queen, a grey daughter of Happy Land and Ethelreda, proved about the best, and was more than useful in her own class. This was not the highest, as owner and trainer discovered when after a series of successes at small meetings she was occasionally produced at Sandown or Kempton. She won little races at country meetings with such ease that it struck them she must be capable of holding her own in higher company, but at the Parks better animals ran away from her. The mare won no fewer than forty-two races, in forty-one of which her trainer rode her; on the other occasion he

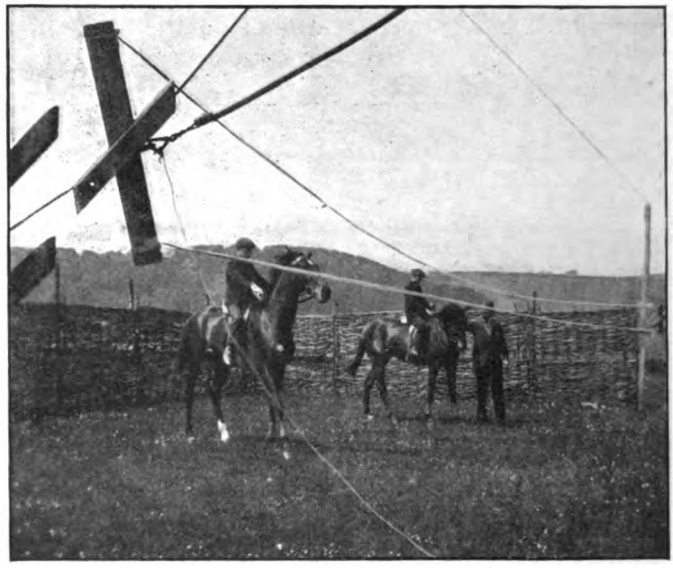


THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. G SAUNDERS-DAVIES

missed his train, and a substitute had to be found at the last minute; that is to say, the boy who "did" her at home was put up.

By this time Mr. Saunders-Davies's reputation had grown so high that he was naturally ambitious of finding an extended scope for his work, and in 1896 he left Wales to train privately for his friend Mr. Reid Walker in Staffordshire. That engagement lasted only a year, however, and he then started as a public trainer at Clewe Hill near Cheltenham. Another friend, Sir Peter Walker, was one of his supporters; Missionary was among the animals sent, and on this useful son of Timothy and Sahara Mr. Saunders-Davies took several races, in one of them beating Hidden Mystery, who was prominent among t e best steeplechase horses of modern times. Missionary had only 2 lb. the best of the weights, and won by three

lengths. He was a desperately hard puller, and one day a friend of Sir Peter's and of the trainer's, having remarked that he "could hold a bull," was asked if he would care to ride a gallop on Missionary. Nothing, he said, would delight him more; that was just precisely the sort of horse he loved to ride; and as for pulling—they would see! What they saw within a few minutes of the powerful horseman being put up into the saddle was Missionary disappearing over the horizon, and Sir Peter, in Derbyshire, received a wire, simply containing the words: "Missionary last seen going north. Has he passed Osmaston yet?" It is a long way from Clewe Hill

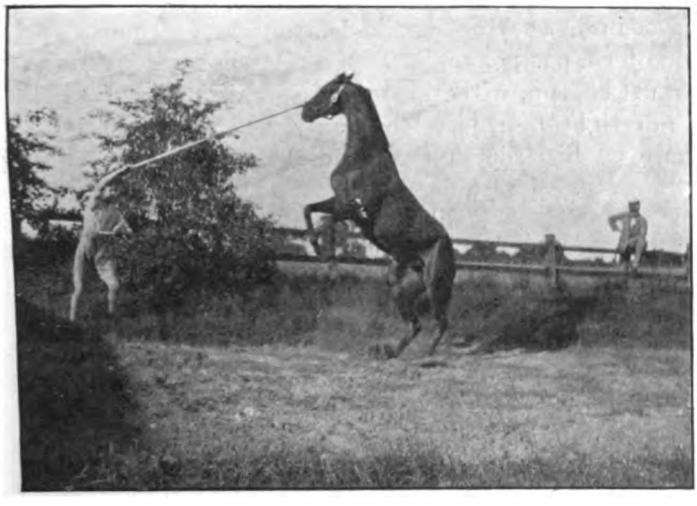


THE FIRST LESSON AT THE GATE

to Osmaston Manor, but the horse looked as if he was going to get there.

In 1899 it happened that a connection of mine, a young cavalry officer, Captain H. A. Johnstone, determined to buy some horses, and asked me to manage them. The jumpers I consequently begged Mr. Saunders-Davies to train. He wanted horses badly, having many empty boxes. It is difficult, indeed, to find a trainer who does not want horses; there is always room for just a few more than he has, or if there is not room he can make it; but Mr. Saunders-Davies did a very characteristic thing. Interviewing the owner, he said that it would certainly give him particular pleasure to receive any horses he might like to send, but at the same

time he felt bound to tell him, as he was young at the game, that if he were starting with any idea that money was to be made, whether he proposed to bet or not, it would be judicious to abandon the project; with fair luck, he might make both ends meet; on the other hand it was extremely probable that he would find the sport expensive. The result, however, was that Cushendun, whom I had bought from my friend the late Colonel McCalmont for 400 guineas, and some others, went to Clewe Hill, including a horse called Monti, own brother to Timon, who ran remarkably well in Manifesto's National, but turned out worthless. Cushendun, a son of Colonel McCalmont's Ascot Cup winner Timothy, had a string halt; some of the experts declared he was lame as he was led out at



O'DONOVAN ROSSA LEAPING UP OFF SAND BED

Tattersall's, his hocks were criticised as weak, and indeed few people except myself liked him; but he proved to be a good horse until a leg which affected him early in his career developed into serious mischief. He was only once beaten as a four-year-old, and that in a race which he ought to have won—unfortunately Mr. Davies did not ride him on this occasion; and as a five-year-old one of six races in which he was successful was the Great Sandown Steeplechase, which he won by ten lengths with 12 st. 7 lb. on his back. That he stood as long as he did is remarkable testimony to his trainer's skill.

In 1903, Cushendun, probably because his leg worried him, became very intractable, and some time after he had left Mr. Saunders-

Davies's stable Woodland the trainer—a master when dealing with "difficult" horses—begged to be allowed to take him in hand. His idea was to put him in a cart, which he thought would perhaps quiet him down. In a cart he was put accordingly, and he left the yard. What happened afterwards is not precisely known. Little bits of wood and iron were picked up over a radius of a mile or two, but anything distantly resembling a cart was never seen again; not even identifiable portions of the vehicle could be collected. It is thought that he may have kicked, an accomplishment in which he shone, his leg notwithstanding.

He stayed, had a very useful turn of speed, and in 1901 his trainer was quite sanguine about his chances for the Grand National, in which he had 11 st. 2 lb. to carry. This was the year of the blizzard. Snow lay two or three inches deep on the course, and blew about in dense whirling clouds. Owners, trainers, and jockeys petitioned for a postponement of the race, but the stewards decided that it must be run, with the result that of twenty-four starters I think I am right in saying that only seven finished. Cushendun slipped up on his side in the middle of a field after going about five furlongs, and the trainer-jockey came back disconsolate.

Captain Johnstone, like most soldiers who run steeplechase horses, was anxious to win the Grand Military Gold Cup, and searching about for an animal likely to accomplish this feat, I heard of a 'chaser who had had a successful career in Ireland, called Boreenchreeogue. Mr. Saunders-Davies agreed with me that this was an animal to be bought if possible, and went over to Ireland to see if it could be got for fifteen hundred guineas, with a preference, however, for not going beyond a thousand. I have elsewhere published the story of his expedition, and fear to repeat it in detail lest the reader may have come upon it before. The owner of Boreenchreeogue—I shortened it to Boreen—stuck out for his price, thrice Mr. Saunders-Davies got into his cart and drove to the gate, to be beckoned back and told that a hundred would be knocked off: and ultimately he got the horse for eleven hundred guineas and a contingency of another five hundred if he won the National or the Manchester Steeplechase; a contingency which however had to be squared, as horses that go for the Grand Military Cup must be free from contingencies of any sort. I asked poor Reggie Ward to ride, and we all went down to Cheltenham one day in order that we might give the horse a school over fences next morning, when, however, the fog was so dense that the idea of the gallop had to be abandoned. Boreen ran disappointingly, only being able to get third to Lambay and Covert Hack; and next day in the United Service Steeplechase did worse still, for he was unable to beat Scotland Yard, a five-year-

old, to whom, however, he was endeavouring to concede 2 st. Mr. Saunders-Davies won the Newmarket Spring Handicap Steeplechase on him after he had made such a mistake at the water that his recovery was little short of a miracle. Two fences from home he looked like winning the Manchester Steeplechase, but overjumped himself; and having strained the muscles of his quarters at Liverpool was never of any use subsequently, though his trainer again distinguished himself by getting him round, sufficiently to enable him to start more than once.

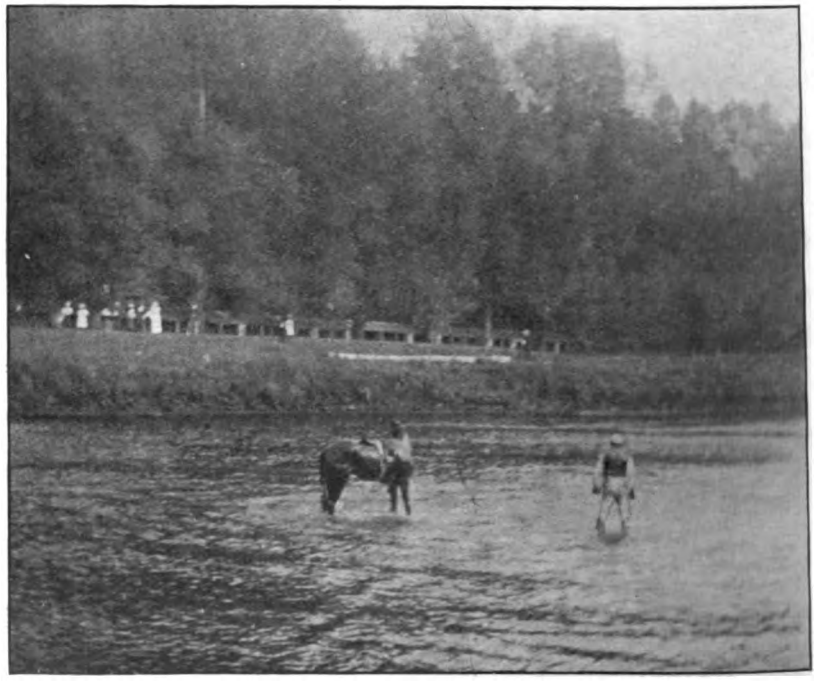
An extraordinary race won by Mr. Saunders-Davies was run at

AN OFF DAY

Hereford in 1891. He was on his brother's horse Magot, and at the second fence the animal blundered, came down on his head, and got the bit out of his mouth. He was a fine fencer, and recovering himself—chiefly of his own accord, of course, his rider having next to no power over him—followed Mintridge, ridden by Mr. W. A. Villar, round the course, jumping all the fences without accident. Nearing home he got on even terms with the leader and actually won a head!

One of the illustrations represents a quaint incident which would certainly not be comprehensible without explanation. At

Totnes, in 1897, Mr. Saunders-Davies was riding a horse called Prince Arthur. Half a mile from home this most extraordinary steeplechase course crosses the river, and in the midst of the stream the horse got his foot in the martingale and fell, unfortunately with his rider under him. Before the jockey was quite drowned, however, the animal began to struggle violently, and his drenched pilot —pilot seems an appropriate term in this particular case—was enabled to slip from under him. He had, naturally, lost his whip, which he valued, as it had been given him by Mr. C. S. Newton in



"CAN ANYONE SEE MY WHIP?"

remembrance of a race won in the brown and yellow hoops. A crowd of people were on the bank, and to them the dripping jockey shouted, "Can anyone see my whip?" One wag suggested that the mouth of the river should be watched; however, whilst Mr. Saunders-Davies hurried off to change for and ride in the next race his brother came down from the stand, and got some boys to paddle and hunt for the lost trophy. An enterprising snapshooter took the photograph, a reproduction of which appears.

The best horse Mr. Saunders-Davies ever rode he has no hesi-

tation in saying was Cloister. He was a very hard puller and carried his head extraordinarily low, but approaching a fence his rider would see him cock his ears, and knew that all was well. Mr. Saunders-Davies has also ridden Manifesto, the other 12 st. 7 lb. hero of Liverpool. This was at Sandown, a month after the National, with the Manchester race intervening, and the great horse ran wretchedly. On Cloister Mr. Saunders-Davies won the Welsh Grand National at Cardiff, and horse and jockey being alike favourites the scene of enthusiasm was a memorable one. An extraordinarily good horse over banks on which he has won races was Covert Hack, though the rider was fortunate in ever having the mount. The day before the race in which Covert Hack was to take part at Punchestown

STARTING

Mr. Lushington, wanting a jockey, asked Mr. Saunders-Davies if he would ride an animal for him whom he described as a "clinking jumper," suggesting that it would be a good thing to have a ride over the course just to see what it was like. Mr. Saunders-Davies gladly consented, got up, and set off gaily, to be turned over at the very first fence, into which the horse galloped without attempting to rise. As a matter of fact the animal was quite blind, a circumstance, however, which was not discovered till afterwards!

Mr. Saunders-Davies, being a careful man, has kept a record of every race in which he has ridden under National Hunt Rules. As already stated he has been up in 1,068, has won 322 times, been placed 364 times, unplaced 372, and has had 103 falls. These

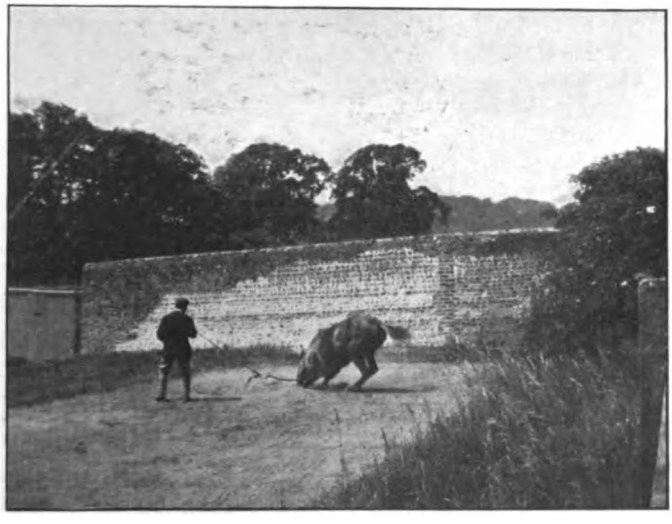
figures, it will be seen, are really something wonderful. He has been in the first three 686 times, and only failed to get a place when his horse has not fallen on 269 occasions.

From Cheltenham Mr. Saunders-Davies removed to Weyhill, a place which seems especially lucky, for everyone who goes there appears to start successfully. He did so, though his luck was not well maintained, and in 1901 he removed to his present establishment at Myrtle Grove, picturesquely situated in Sussex, with excellent stables and some of the best gallops in the country. Mr. A. M. Singer's horses occupied most of the boxes on his arrival, and this gentleman, determining to take to breeding thoroughbred

AT THE SEASIDE

stock there, made paddocks and erected buildings which seemed likely to be one of the joys of Mr. Saunders-Davies's life; but in a few months Mr. Singer changed his mind, no doubt to the great regret of his friend. With flat-race horses as well as jumpers the Myrtle Grove trainer has been notably successful. It is easy to win with good animals, but he has carried off a considerable number of stakes with very bad ones, though no specially notable prizes have fallen to his charges except the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, which was won in 1901 by O'Donovan Rossa, who was in great form about that time. The wayward Bridge was another who was often there or thereabouts in short races, and Rambling Katie left Myrtle Grove to win her second Manchester Cup.

I must tell one little story about Myrtle Grove and its trainer which struck me as particularly amusing, and appealed to Mr. Saunders-Davies's sense of humour. In all training stables the boys seem to find an invincible attraction to the nearest town where there is a telegraph office. They are anxious, indeed, to send away such items of information as they think will be of profit to their correspondents, and though trainers are aware that their lads cannot know much, the head of a stable prefers to have his affairs discussed as little as possible. The boys from Myrtle Grove resembled their brethren at other places, and one of the excuses for a journey to the post office was a wish to back a horse. Realising this, Mr. Saunders-Davies interviewed his head lad. If the boys



CARDINALEA TAKING A SAND BATH

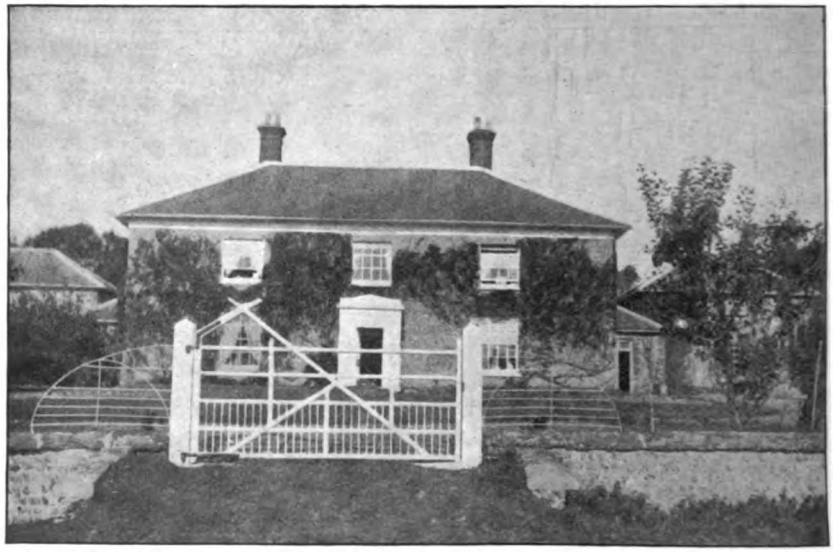
wanted to bet, he said, he would turn bookmaker; that is to say, the head lad might let them know that they could always be on at starting price, and his master would find (or receive) the money. Most of their wages, it was anticipated, would be retained at home by their employer; and this little matter was arranged just before the Goodwood Meeting last year. Mr. Saunders-Davies had told me about it, chuckling at the idea of killing two birds with one stone—teaching the boys not to bet and pocketing the price of the lesson. They were going to make a little purse and put it all on something for the Stewards' Cup.

"What did your boys pick for the race?" I asked him after the numbers had been hoisted.

"Xeny, confound them!" he replied.

Xeny had started at 25 to 1, and the Myrtle Grove backers had £6 or £7 on. This, however, is an accident not likely to happen often, and if the arrangement continues it is not difficult to guess who will have the best of it in the long run.

At present nearly a score of owners have horses under the care of the subject of this memoir. For one thing, they like to be associated with a friend, and for another they know that their animals could not have a more skilful and conscientious guardian. It is a very general hope that some day Myrtle Grove will harbour a real "smasher" who will come out and sweep the board.



MYRTLE GROVE

[1]THE LIGHT OF A MATCH

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

WAVE upon wave in the wind, undulation on undulation, the wheat fields rippled their wealth. The glorious August sun heated the air with shimmering tenseness, baking the short grass on the wild lands, but urging on the feathered ears of grain to finer growth and proportion. Far away, like shreds of veils, faint clouds were scattered over the horizon, timidly reaching out overhead as though afraid of the scorching rays. The light hot wind that played along was laden with the smell of the grain, tainted with the green reek of the sloughs.

On the top of a rise was a squatter's home; rough and grey it looked in the fierce sunlight. A shed for the horses, an apology for a granary, a miserable coop for some chickens, completed the little group of buildings. Hysterically a hen cackled, announcing that rare thing on the North-Western prairie, a fresh egg.

The clatter of a stool, a rush of footsteps, and Samuel King tumbled helter-skelter from the low fly-beset doorway.

"Marthy! Marthy!" he shouted, shrilly, his voice dying away on the instant in the burning atmosphere, "Susan's laid a egg fo' sure this time!"

Still cackling, the speckled hen retreated, he advancing eagerly to her nest under the stable sill.

"I got it, Marthy, I got it!"

Brown, oblong, and warm it lay in his rough palm.

"Thank ye, Susan." He drew the sweat from his forehead with a quick accustomed motion. The hen perched angrily on a plough-

[1] All English and American rights reserved.

share and cackled on vociferously. Then from over in the corner of the yard a cock crowed its harsh tones, softened by the heat.

"Thankye, too, Dick," old Sam said, gravely, and went back to the log house.

"Thar, girl! a right fresh egg I got fur ye!" He placed it carefully on the table.

The interior was small and neat; a bed, a table, three chairs, and a rusty stove were its only furnishings. Clothes dangled here and there from wooden pegs on the wall, worn boots peered forlornly from beneath the attic ladder—nothing more. She looked up at him, eyes tremulous and pleading.

"It's so hot, Sam," she murmured, from her position by the crack of the north door. "It's so hot!"

"Aye, girl; but ye must eat! Ye hain't ate nothin' fur two days!"

She gave a quick, petulant motion.

"I don't want anything!"

With a deep sigh the old man sat down, while the blistering heat grew. He looked fondly and with great pride over the vast acres that belonged to him; acres that were heavy in weight, golden with dollars—money.

"Aye, money," he whispered; "money ter give her everythin' she wants, money ter make up ter her incause I'm old, money ter make her happy! An' it's all out thar, out thar; growin', fillin' ter twenty-five and thirty dollars an acre; an', by God, it's fur her!"

"What *are* you muttering about, Sam?" the girl asked, tossing uncomfortably in the tiny breeze that came from the north-west.

"About you, girl; allus about you; I ain't got nawthin' else!"

She stood up wearily, smoothing her rough blouse and skirt, throwing back the loose damp masses of hair that clung about her face. She *was* beautiful, but the great hazel eyes had something unanswerable in them, something that no man could fully understand.

"It's frightful hot, Sam," she said, moving to him. "I'm choking—here!" She tore at her throat.

"Girl, girl; since yer father gi'en yer ter me as wife, I've loved ye all I knowed how. I'm only an old man, an' a rough one, but I'd—I'd—" he looked about in desperation—"I'd give up anythin' ye asked, ef et wuld make ye happy."

"Dear old Sam," she whispered, "dear old Sam. I know ye would give me anythin' I wanted!" She turned from him impulsively and threw herself down by the north door again.

He jumped to his feet, the strong old figure alert and keen, his eyes bright, and flashing a strange gleam from beneath their shaggy brows.

"What d'ye want then? I giv's yer money, I giv's yer clo'es, I giv's yer my old life, an' I worships yer, girl; ain't that enough?"

She looked at him steadily for a moment, while the flies buzzed and sang, while the heat grew in its suffocating strength.

"Sammy," she spoke with an effort, almost forcing the words, "Sammy, I've loved yer like a—" she hesitated—"like a woman should; but I'm lonely!"

The old man looked at her; then turned away with an ineffable sadness in his eyes.

"Aye," he muttered, "she's lonely!"

Thus the afternoon passed in reeking, sweltering hours. Slowly the broiling sun sank into a scarlet west; degree by degree the air cooled until, with the shadows of evening, the atmosphere was less burning in its draught, less sweating in its grip.

"Girl!" He crawled beside her. "Girl!"

"Yes, Sammy." She woke from a welcome doze. "What?"

The old man fought with himself for an instant, then swallowed what he wanted to say. "Ye know I loves yer, don't ye?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly.

"Ye know I'd sell my soul fur ye; giv' up everythin' fur ye, ef ye asked it?

"Ye-es," more slowly.

"What is't then ye's wantin'? Tell me, girl; tell me, an' I'll giv' it ye ef I can! I hain't got much, but what's mine's yours, Honey; what d'ye want?" The old man's voice was strong and clear; cracked a little with years perhaps, but ringing true.

She lifted herself on one elbow; reached out and stroked the long, grey hair affectionately, kindly.

"Sammy, I shouldn't talk this way, I shouldn't; but a woman's just a woman, Sammy; ye can't always understand her ways, nor see the meanin' of her words; a woman's a cur'ous thing, Sammy!" She sank back slowly into the little draught that stole in under the north door.

"Aye girl, but ye'r the only woman in the world; ye'r honest, ye'r squar' to me, and I—I, by God," he burst into deep sobs that disturbed the quiet, "I'm only a rough old man!"

His sorrow appealed to her. She smoothed his wet forehead tenderly, and caressed the worn, gnarled hands.

"Never mind, Sammy, never mind; women don't know when they're well off, they're fools sometimes; that's Nature, Sammy."

"Natur'! What's Natur'?" he said, standing up. "I loves ye, and ye know it; but I'm old and cain't go galivantin' round ter dances and sich, incause all the strength I got I want ter use in makin' money fur ye—out in the wheat." He waved his thin arms

towards the doorway through which the stars now flickered and gleamed. "That's the Natur' I knows—the sun, rain, and frost; thar ain't no other, Marthy—is thar?"

Her great hazel-brown eyes opened wide in the semi-gloom.

"Poor old Sammy," she whispered, softly, "poor old Sammy; always the wheat!"

Silently he went out to the stables and gravely milked their only cow, the warm white liquid hissing metallically in the tin pail. The odour of straw soothed, the smell of the animal body before him calmed his sorrow.

"Sho, Bess,"—he slapped the gaunt beast playfully—"ye'r gettin' shy o' milk; grass is p'utty stiff, ain't it?" The cow looked at him over her shoulder and chewed her cud placidly.

"That's the only Natur' I knows," he muttered, as he went out into the hot night. "Onct!"—he drew himself up proudly in his old tattered overalls, his faded blue shirt—"Onct, it seems as though I knowed somethin' different, but I've clean lost it!"

His eyes wandered over the dark landscape. Grey-black and far away the nearest rises in the prairie seemed; stifling the air came and went in his lungs; even his long grey beard dripped with the heat of his body. The darkness was laden with the invisible noises of the night; myriads of wings hummed as insects stung and flew away. Out yonder coyotes yelped, their doleful voices rising and falling as the draught breathed and died. Gophers whistled sharply at the entrances of their holes, piercing the blackness with sounds that tingled the ear. And over it all a sky spotted with stars that wavered in their gleam as he looked at them. The old man went and lighted a candle. By its flickering yellow sheen he saw the girl tossing by the north door. Hurriedly he poured some milk into a cracked coarse china cup.

"Here, Honey, have some o' this."

With half-opened eyes she took it and tasted, then flung it from her.

"Sammy!" she coughed; "I thought it was water."

He picked up the broken bits one by one and carefully threw them out of doors.

"I'll get ye some water," he said, quietly, and took down a bright bucket that shone faintly in the candle light.

She started up quickly.

"Never mind, Sammy, it isn't worth four miles walk."

But he was gone, and a breathless silence came on the interior, broken only by the buzzing of flies and flappings of moths towards the candle. She settled back to her old position, gasping for a cool whiff of air.

A figure appeared in the door—tall, lithe, and strong, with steady blue eyes that had no furtive intention in them, even in the candle-light.

"Martha!" The voice was low, soft. "Martha?"

The girl sat up. "Here, Fred," she answered, quietly.

With light steps he reached her side, blowing out the candle as he passed.

"Martha!" he sought to kiss her.

"No, lad!" She pushed him away resolutely. "It can't be."

"Why, why?" the man begged, his tones vibrating with his great feelings.

A silence between the two—deep silence. Then, "Because he loves me, Fred; that's enough!"

"But he doesn't love you—he *can't*—as I do!"

"Sssh!" she warned. "Even if he can't give me everything in the world, no one else has the right to, onless he says the word."

"I'll tell him, I'll show him how he can't, and he'll understand."

"No, Fred, you mustn't, because he's honest in his love; are you?"

She turned on him quickly.

"You know," he whispered, pressing her hand, "you know what I have resisted for you!" He stood up. "I'll come to-night for your answer, Martha—to-night."

Silence again.

A sultry hour and another passed on, she lying there battling with herself.

"Here's water, girl; fresh f'om th' river, but I'm afeared it's a trifle warm!"

She drank eagerly in great gulping swallows the tepid water that was in old Sam's bucket.

"It's not bad, Sammy," she murmured.

"I'm glad, Honey."

He sat on the door sill, slowly waving a kettle cover to-and-fro for a breeze. The night became darker and more dark, closing in over the prairies in sultry heaviness.

"I guess I'll turn in," he said presently, and stretched himself in some blankets near the empty stove.

"I'll stay here awhile," the girl said, and edged herself as near as possible to the north sill.

His heavy breathing was the only sound, while she listened and waited. Hot, hot and more choking the night was, threatening a thunderstorm or hail.

Sam King breathed hard because of his

helplessness. And then he slept. As though in answer to his last waking thoughts, he heard a careful sound. He opened his eyes, and, silhouetted against the star-speckled heavens of the door, saw two figures. Their outlines were sharp against the sky. He almost cried out—but held his peace. No sound came from these two forms; no whisper of their meaning, but he guessed who was one of them. They passed out, stopped again, and one lighted a match. No word aloud; only the look in their eyes at each other. The match died out instantly. The sound of careful feet coming in the hut, then silence.

Through the long hot hours he tossed and turned. "She keers fur me, but she don't love me," he whispered, great beads of sweat on his brow. "And how could she?—fool that I've been; I'm not suited for the likes of her; 'taint nature, an' I knows what she meaned this arternoon; I knows what she meaned."

On one side the jealousy of a one-time youth urged him to declare his knowledge and use his power of right; on the other the sense of justice to her made him helpless. He thought a long time. "I'll do it—fur her," he whispered then. In a little while, when she was quiet, he stole out bareheaded, in his coarsely-stockinged feet, and walked slowly along the breast-high wheat.

"It was all fur her," he said aloud, mournfully, letting the nearly ripe ears slide roughly through his fingers. Careless of his steps he wandered here and there through the tall growth. Stems cracked and broke, whole dozens of stalks were bent and crushed, but he walked on. Then from far in the east crept the first green-yellow tints of dawn. He stood still and watched the colours change and brighten, brighten and change, till the lower heavens were aglow, then ablaze, with the coming sun.

He leaned over impulsively, and drew handfuls of the standing grain to his face, kissing it, rubbing it between the powerful old hands.

"I've watched ye grow, as I hev her; I tended ye, as I hev her; I'd not let one wind o' heaven hurt ye, all fur her, if I c'uld help it; an' now"—he flung away the crumbled remains, his hands stained green—"now I've got ter giv up to Natur an' Life, as ye've got to be cut with th' reaper!" His head sank on his chest, the long beard flowing low. "What for? Is there a God in heaven? What for?" He threw his arms towards the bright overhead.

The sun burst over the horizon in a fierce glare of power, gilding the vistas of wheat, empurpling the last clouds of night that vanished beyond the west, glowing the air with its might.

"Aye," he said, facing it, so that the light shone full on his face, softening the outlines of his figure. "Aye, thar's the answer,

an' it's true—*true*, it's Natur in all her glory. What's laws, what's anythin' in life but Natur?" He went back, bathed in the fierce rays. When nearly at the hut he stopped again.

The morning draught played daintily about him, rustling the grasses at his feet, stirring his beard and bushy eyebrows with gentle, caressing softness. As far as his eyes could reach were fields—acres —miles upon miles of gorgeous splendour of wealth. The ears of wheat rolled, rippled, bowed, and rolled again to the south wind, changing hue from brilliant yellow to shadowed green at each puff.

"It's all mine—*mine*," he said, dully, "but what's the good? Money, aye; but money don't buy all I wish I culd giv her, an' money don't buy what I want—an' can't have. Thar's no room in life fur an old man like me. I've done my best, an' 'taint good enough fur her; I knows it, an' she's right, bless her, allus she's right; I'm wrong, but I'll make it squar to her, God helpin' me."

She woke as he entered.

"Sammy?"

"Aye, Sammy," he answered, softly.

"Where've you been so early?"

"Just seein' that th' grain's all right."

"Is it?"

"Fur ye, girl, it's right an' growin', heapin' money with every day's sun."

She winced in half awakedness, shrinking from his earnest tones; and now he saw and was glad, for he had decided.

"A bit o' bacon?—some gruel for breakest, girl?"

She put her hands over her eyes; they were clenched tight, and he saw now that he knew what to look for. With a strong heart he pretended that he did not see.

"Is it going to be hot again, Sammy?"

He went to the door, standing in the blistering light.

"I'm afeared so, Honey; but yon sun"—he looked almost straight into its white heat—"gives us money, gives us"—he stumbled in search of the word—"life!"

She murmured something, and dozed again while he got some breakfast.

* * * * *

The reaping was over. The crowd of men had gone, and the vast fields no longer rang with the whirring of steel, the harsh champing of toothed knives, the clattering chatter of binders. The year's work was done. No hail, no frost, nothing had marred the success of the crop, and the old man had a long credit account at the bank in Brandon. He and his two men, load by load, took the grain to the railway elevator, and watched it disappear in the dust

funnels. Then it was all gone. Instead of the wavering wheat-heads on stalk he had money—gold, that he could draw from the bank, for it was his.

As he milked one night, he drew the bank-book from his inside pocket. It was already chafed with the continual carrying.

"Six thousand dollars," he whispered. "Six thousand dollars! I'll take two hundred; that'll get me far away some'ere an' leave enough for her an'—him!"

The same familiar cow gazed placidly at him, whisking her rough tail with a swi-sh—swi-sh—swi-sh that betokened annoyance of the flies. The next day he went, while the girl was sewing at his clothes, to the station.

"Gimme a ticket fur th' West."

"Whereabouts?" the agent asked, noting this face more than the others that passed his little window.

"As far as the line goes," King answered, slowly.

The sound of tearing paper, the dull clack-click of a hand-stamp, then—

"Here ye are; all the way through British Columbia to the Pacific, $60·50!"

The old man paid his money unseeing, and turned away.

"Good for ten days only," the agent called after him.

For nine of these days he worked about the house, cleaning up, straightening the farm implements, getting everything right, That night, when the girl was asleep in the cold of the September frost, he went out, and paced the deserted fields, his feet crunching softly on the crust of the new earth. Glittering eerily, like distant winking eyes, the stars shone on him, and he watched the flashing comets trail their short sparkling course. The darkness was intensely silent; not even a breath of wind disturbed the absolute peace.

"I'm goin' termorrow," he said aloud, "goin' so's she kin live. Girl, ef ye only knowed how I loves yer! Honey——" His voice broke and quavered. "But I'm old, old, old—an' done! Great God,"—he flung his arms wide—"I loves her with a young heart, but I cain't show it. I'm too fond o' makin' money on th' land! What I *kin* do is to giv' her all I hev'—an' go; an' I'm agoin'. Fred's a good lad, clean an' honest; an' since she loves *him*, since that's Life, I kin only show *my* love by this." He drew in great breaths of the night chill, and it strengthened him.

* * * * *

"Come over to the station this mornin', Honey; I got business thar," he said, at breakfast.

She wondered then why he had on his best clothes, patched and worn as they were—but his best.

"Yes, Sammy, I'd like the drive, I think." She kissed him. "Nothing wrong?"

"No," he answered, steadily, "nuthin'!"

By a coincidence (that she did not know) Fred Halson joined them, riding his new cayuse, a pretty beast, full of life and deviltry.

"Whar ye bound, Sam?" he called gaily, looking at the girl.

"Over to th' station, lad; come along."

Once there, he fastened the team securely to a fence-post.

"I'll go to the store, Sammy," she said; "wait for me."

"*No*, don't, girl; I may want ye."

She was surprised; but stayed willingly.

"Sam," Fred shouted.

"What?"

"If thar's anythin' for me on th' express, take it home, will ye? I've got to go 'cross the road." He started away.

"Fred!"

The young man stopped at the unusual command in the voice.

"Wait a minute, will ye? Train 'll be here p'utty soon, an' I may need ye."

"Oh, all right, Sam; *sure*, ef I kin be of any use."

They walked up on the long platform together. The old man contrived to leave the girl and the other, while he went along the raised boards, his eyes focussing themselves on the long distance, to a certain roll in the cold prairie where he knew was his home. The skies were overcast and grey, chilling and repulsive. No faint gleam of sunlight warmed his body, no ray of happiness soothed the agony in his heart.

"For th' last time I look on ye, my lands—hers and his'n *now*. But I'm content, incause she'll be happy!"

To-ot—to-ot toot—toot. Far away yet, from the east, but plainly discernible, came the whistling of the express; and as he watched towards the sound he saw a thread of black rising over the prairie; furling, folding, and dwindling away.

"She's comen'," he whispered, and turned swiftly to the two that waited side by side.

"Girl!"

"You're sick, Sammy," she said, quickly, fearfully, seeing his haggard face and eyes dulled.

"I wants ter speak ter ye a minute."

She walked with him, the young man waiting.

"Thar's no use"—he coughed a moment as the rushing sound of iron wheels came to them—"thar's no use in tryin' ter pretend a girl like you can love a rough old man like me."

"Sammy!" she gasped, and stared in bewilderment.

"Thar's no good in it, girl; here—" he pulled out his bank book, and some papers—"here's your credit—now at th' bank, an' here's the deeds o' th' land!" He forced them into her hands, hurrying on—"I'm goin', Honey, goin' out of your life, that I hain't no right to ruin."

She tried to interrupt.

"You've been squar' to th' old man, an' he kin appreciate THAT!" His words were drowned by the roar and rumble of the long train as it came slowly to a standstill beside them.

"Sammy!" she said, dully, the heroic thing he was doing for her numbing her mind.

He looked into her eyes for an instant, the whole of his great love twisting his face as though in pain.

"And me, Sammy? Without you——" She stopped, his sacrifice glaring into her soul. All his kindness and rough tenderness, all his little pathetic ways, all his honour and thoughtfulness, rushed past, and, woman-like, she weighed what she was losing, and what she might have in the future—torn between the two. "Why, Sammy? Why? Poor old Sammy!" she gasped, seeing the clinched jaws, the muscles working spasmodically in his face.

"Incause"—he spoke almost fiercely—"I saw it all by th' light o' a match."

She was silent, knowing then that *he* knew. He took her by the hand, dragged her through the crowd of tourists, passengers, immigrants, that thronged the station, to where the other stood.

"Fred, lad; ye'r honest, an' ye loves Marthy as a man should, don't ye?"

The other was amazed, dumb almost.

"I do!" he answered, before he had time to think.

"*All aboard—all 'board!*"

"I trusts her to ye, lad, fur she loves ye, an' kin show it now, incause I gives my consent, an'"—he coughed again harshly—"my blessin'. Look arter her well, lad, as I hev'; an' read this when I'm gone!" He gave him a sheet of paper, and sprang away.

Slowly the great wheels revolved to the spurting chug-chug of the engine. White-jacketed porters closed the vestibules of the Pullmans. Gradually, then faster and faster, the long cars moved away; the two gripping each other's hands convulsively, tears streaming down her face. No sign of old Sam King. The two watched the express fade away to a blur in the west. She turned on him then.

"Are you a man like him, Fred?"

He looked into her eyes.

"He *is* a man," he whispered. "I can only try to love ye as he did!"

"You'll have to try hard!" she answered, softly.

For an instant then a single ray of yellow sunlight forced its way through the grey clouds, and hesitated weakly on the two; it was gone.

"Sammy"—she waved her hand to the westward, along the unsympathetic cold lines of steel—"ye didn't kiss me good-bye," and the tears rolled faster.

"No, he didn't," the man whispered; "but I'll watch over ye! I don't love the grain *most!*"

He opened the paper, and his face became soft with a deep glow of feeling.

"Read thet, dear!"

She could distinguish the words but slowly for her tears.

> "ye an fred kin marry in tou weks I'l be out o' th wurld then ye'l be hapy i gues an ets ryght ye shuld incaus ye an him hev bin squar in this thing i aint jelous i m hapy fur it
>
> "lovinle
>
> SAM."

For a moment both were silent, looking to the west.

"He didn't love the grain most after all," Fred whispered, sadly.

"I don't think he did," she answered, and turned away.

THE YORK AND AINSTY AT ALDBOROUGH

SOME GREAT HUNTS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLOW

THERE has been a good deal of discussion during the last few months in the sporting papers and magazines on foxes and fox-hunting. "Do foxes run as well as they did formerly?" and "Is hunting as fine a sport as it once was?" have been the much debated questions. This has been a grand opportunity for the *laudatores temporis acti*, and they have not missed it. They are a hardy race who have flourished exceedingly from the days of Horace, and probably for many centuries before the time of that witty poet and man of the world.

Only the other day I picked up a volume of the *Sporting Magazine* over a hundred years old, in which one of them sang a truly mournful jeremiad on the decadence of both sport and the English thoroughbred horse. There is also the other school who hold that there never was such a time as the present, and it is not easy to find the truth and hold the balance evenly between the two.

I have kept a hunting diary for twenty-two years, which now contains the records of over a thousand days' sport, and it occurred to me that it might be of interest to give an account of some of the best runs I have seen.

A great many fox-hunters keep no diary; and as it is a happy trait in most men's characters to remember the good times that are past, and to forget the evil ones, I have no doubt that many people honestly think the sport was better years ago, simply because they remember the fine runs they enjoyed, and forget all about the disappointing days they suffered. As far as my own experience goes the sport is every bit as good now as ever it was, and I think the records of last year, 1905 (I am writing these notes in January), will compare favourably with those of any other year in the annals of the hounds which I have the good fortune to follow.

Some countries have been much cut up by the increase of rail-

THE COTTESMORE

ways and the growth of towns, but others have been immensely improved during the last forty years, owing to the large amount of arable land which has been turned down into grass since the fall in the price of wheat made ploughing unremunerative.

Lord Middleton's country in the East Riding of Yorkshire is a fine, wild, sporting district, sparsely inhabited, and with few railways, consequently well adapted to long straight hunts; and I think his dog hounds were the best I have ever seen in sticking to a fox. Their grim determination and perseverance would not be denied, and the way they broke up a fox after they had killed him was some-

thing to remember. I hunted a good deal with them about twelve years ago, and came in for some very fine runs.

21 December 1889.—Hounds had just killed their fox after a good forty minutes in a ring from Stittenham Wood, when a fox jumped up in the open close to Foston. We got a good start with him and pushed him at a rare pace through Bulmer Hag and into Castle Howard Park, right through this huge park, across the valley which lies to the north of it, over Connisthorpe Banks, down into the valley of the Rye; we got a view of him as he crossed the Malton and Gilling Railway, near Amotherby Station, and killed him half a mile further on. This was about the straightest-running fox I have ever seen; the point was some nine miles, and he hardly deviated one hundred yards from a straight line during his whole journey; the pace was good throughout, and the time 1 hr. 15 min.

Seven years later, almost to a day, on 9 December 1896, I saw an even finer hunt in the very same district. After a wet and stormy night the weather improved at about 10 a.m. It was quite fine when hounds were thrown into Foston Covert, and at the same instant a hallo from the first whip proclaimed that the good fox was away. There was a screaming scent, and hounds fairly flew for twenty minutes over a lovely line of country till they were brought up by the wall of Castle Howard Park. The fox had run along the top of it, and it was some five or six minutes before Grant hit off his line. Hounds went on again at a good hunting pace right through the park, past Hildenly and Swinton Grange, almost to Amotherby Station (our furthest point), then left-handed in a big ring through part of Castle Howard Park almost to Bulmer village, where they ran right up to him and killed him in the open. Point eight miles, distance as hounds ran about sixteen miles, time 1 hr. 50 min. The first twenty minutes was a brilliant gallop, and the rest of the run a very fine hunt: with the exception of the time when the fox ran along the park wall there was no check worth mentioning.

I have said what demons these hounds were at breaking up a fox. Now little Grant had a habit, when he had killed his fox after a good hunt, of standing with his foot on the dead fox while his grand dog hounds bayed round him till you could have heard them five miles off. On this occasion we had a rare chorus for about ten minutes, and when Grant picked the fox up to throw it to them they made a dash forward, his foot slipped, and down he went in the middle of them. I really thought we should never see anything more of him, except, perhaps, his cap and his spurs; but he managed to roll out of the scrimmage, and but for being very dirty was none the worse, though it looked awkward for a second or two.

Another capital hunt took place on 5 February 1890. Found

in Brockfield Covert, which is just four miles from York. The fox made straight for the city, and ran right into the houses of Oswaldkirk, a suburb of York, a most peculiar line for him to take, as there is no covert in that direction. He skirted round the walls and crossed the Low Moor just behind the cavalry barracks. Leaving Heslington on his left, he ran the whole length of the Tilmire and got into the Wheldrake Woods.

In spite of fresh foxes being afoot, hounds drove him through these large coverts into the open again on the far side, and running well for another mile or so killed him in the churchyard of Elvington village, which is six miles from York. This was another very

THE YORK AND AINSTY HOUNDS

straight run, the point being eight miles. Hounds ran a great pace for the first four miles over a stiff line of country with no gaps, and when they checked almost under the shadow of the minster it was surprising how few people realised where they were.

The York and Ainsty joins Lord Middleton's country. Mr. Lycett Green, who is in the twentieth year of his mastership, has shown his followers some rare good hunts.

20 December 1897 was a memorable day. Found in Coldstream Whin, and ran very hard to New Parks, then on through Huby Burn and Hawk Hills, past Easingwold village, to Peep-o'-day

fox-covert, where he got to ground in the main earth. Point eight miles, time 1¼ hrs. Drew Stillington Whin and found another good fox, who took us by Crayke village to Spillar Wood and on through Dalby Bush and Wiganthorpe to the Hovingham Woods, where the fox again found safety below ground—very hard luck on the hounds, but as we were several miles in Lord Middleton's country the earths were, of course, open. Point over seven miles. Hounds had run well for about 1 hr. 20 min. over a rough and trying country

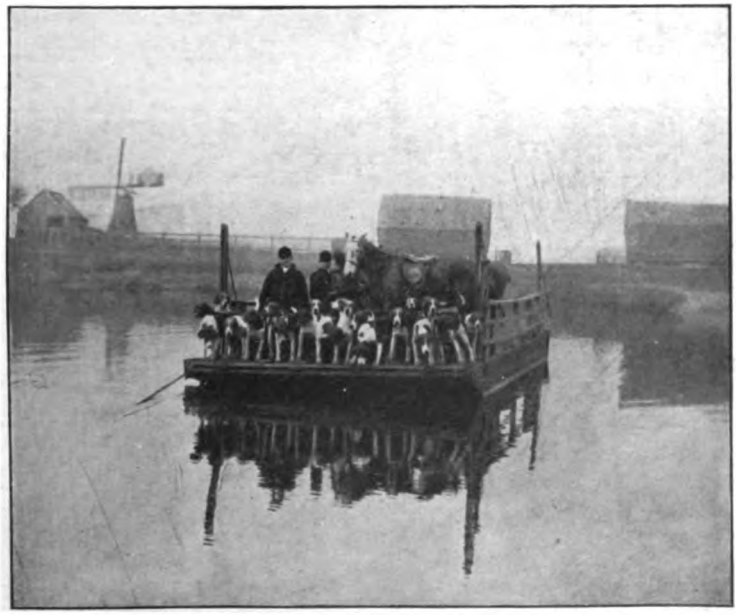
Another very good hunt took place on 15 January 1898, from Sessay Wood by Thormanby, Carlton Husthwaite, and Coxwold to Wass Bank, where we killed him on the edge of the Hambledon grouse moors, a seven-mile point over a lovely line of country, about twelve miles as hounds ran; time, 1 hr. 10 min.

Many a memorable hunt have the York and Ainsty had with these stout moorland foxes, who come down into the low country about the new year seeking a mate. Unless it is a very good scenting day, it is long odds on them against the hounds, for if once they get among the crags and rocks of the moors it is almost impossible to catch them before they find some stronghold where they are quite safe from hounds, terriers, or spades. More than once also have I reached the top of these banks—they are so steep you can only get up them here and there—to find the moors covered with snow and ice when there had not been a trace of either in the vale below.

The best fox whose acquaintance I have ever had the luck to make lived in a little patch of wild gorse on the banks of the River Maigue in co. Limerick. We found him first on the afternoon of 22 January 1894, and to my dying day I shall never forget the glorious gallop he led us for some nine miles over a perfect line of country. The going was of the very best, and the pace tremendous. Without a check, and with only a breather of two or three minutes when hounds were pushing their way through the small gorse covert of Lisdowan, he led us on till he found well-deserved safety in the main earth of Garryfine Covert, which he reached some two hundred yards in front of the leading hounds.

He was at home again on 19 February, and again gave a great run past Croom Gorse to Kilmacow Cross Roads, about seven miles, at a capital pace; then darkness put an end to the hunt. Once more was he found, early the following season; but he was not so highly tried, scent was only fair, and after a good long hunt, in which he was always having the best of it, he beat hounds again by the simple expedient of running them out of scent. In vain was he sought again; he had changed his quarters; perhaps he thought there was luck in odd numbers.

The finest run I have ever seen took place on 26 December 1902. The Cottesmore Hounds met in Oakham. The first draw was Oakham Pastures, two small coverts about a mile south west of the town. Hounds were hardly in before the fox was away. They got a good start, and at once settled down to run at a great pace across the valley, leaving Brook village on the right, and Martinsthorpe on the left, almost to the Manton Brook; this they did not cross, but bore right-handed, and it looked for a time as if Prior's Coppice was his point, but he left it about two fields to his right, and crossing the valley between Leigh Lodge and Cole's Lodge made straight for Launde Park Wood. It then seemed



THE YORK AND AINSTY HOUNDS CROSSING THE OUSE AT NABURN FERRY

a certainty that he would enter this stronghold of foxes, but when some quarter of a mile from it hounds swung sharp to the left, and racing over the Hog's Back passed the Quakers Spinneys, and crossing the Leicester and Uppingham road, plunged into Wardley Wood, another grand wood always full of foxes. Here one expected a rest after forty minutes at top speed over a grand line of country, but not for a moment did the pace slacken till, after leaving Uppingham to the left and the Stoke End Woods to the right, we reached the valley of the Welland and a check occurred. For the next ten minutes hounds could only travel slowly, but a hallo forward

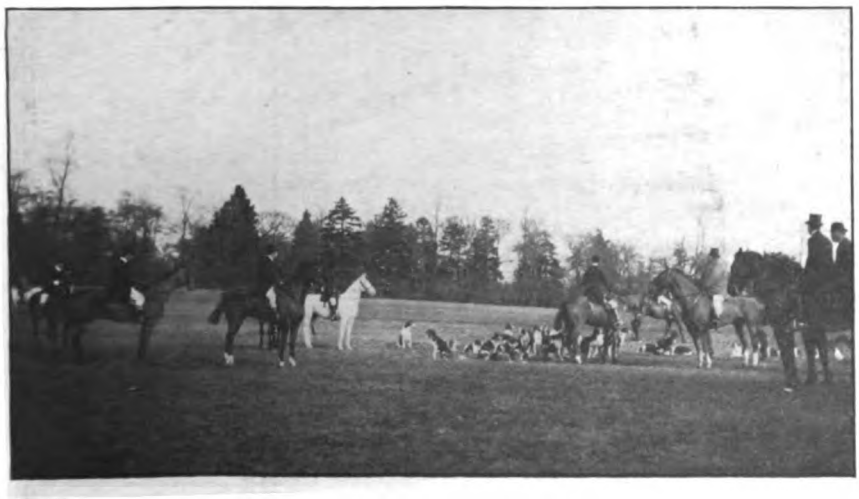
near Thorpe-by-Water got us on better terms again, and they ran on down the water meadows close to the river till they came to Harringworth and crossed under the big Midland Railway viaduct. He now left the valley and made up for Barroden Heath, where some cold ploughs again brought hounds to their noses; but they stuck to him, and getting on to grass again drove along well across Luffenham Heath into the coverts which lie at the east end of it. This was a very ticklish time, as there were fresh foxes afoot; but all went well, and after five minutes or so our dead-beat fox left the covert and staggered on almost to Tixover Grange, where hounds running into

MR. EVAN HANBURY, MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE

view killed him in the road along which he had run for the last 300 yards. From Oakham Pastures to Tixover Grange is nine miles as the crow flies, but as the run was roughly speaking three parts of a circle, the distance travelled was between two and three times as great. After very careful measurement on the map I cannot make out that fox and hounds ran less than twenty-three miles. The time was 2¼ hrs. For the first forty minutes both pace and country were the very best. Some of us, including the Master and the huntsman, were lucky enough to get our second horses at Harringworth. By making straight through Uppingham they had practically ridden

the diameter of the circle while we were doing the arc, and had saved some six or eight miles. I can hardly believe that we ran the same fox all through, for the pace and country we travelled in the first forty minutes was enough to kill ninety-nine out of a hundred foxes; it seems to me probable than our original fox ran on into Launde Park Wood, and that it was a fresh one that took hounds sharp to the left for Wardley and the remaining two-thirds of this wonderful run.

In addition to a lot of other excellent sport, the Cottesmore have brought off two first-class runs this season. On 5 December they found a fox in Skeffington Wood, and pointing for Tilton village they ran him as far as the osier beds, then turning left-handed they ran to Knowsley; again bearing to the left the next



THE COTTESMORE AT TILTON WOOD

point was Keythorpe Wood, and holding straight on they crossed the Leicester and Uppingham road at Finchley Bridge. Leaving the big woodlands of Loddington and Launde well to the left they crossed the Hog's Back and the valley beyond near Cole's Lodge, and killed their fox handsomely in the open, on the high ground about half-way between Prior's Coppice and Owston Wood. Unlike most great hunts, the latter part of this run was much the fastest, and hounds cannot have covered less than sixteen miles.

On Tuesday, 23 January, after a very frosty morning which caused the meet at Loddington to be postponed till twelve o'clock, hounds reached Prior's Coppice about 2 p.m. Two foxes were soon away; for a few minutes the chase lay in the direction of Braunston

village, but then bore left-handed by Haycock's Spinneys and over the ridge into the valley at Cole's Lodge. Hounds ran well along the brook to Leigh Lodge, where they were at fault, but a hallo on the Hog's Back soon put them right, and from there to the finish they never checked. Right well they ran towards Belton, then left-handed past the Quakers almost to Wardley Wood, and on by Ayston to Preston down into the valley and across the brook, over the great Martinsthorpe Pasture, where we got a view of him as he crossed the skyline; then bearing to the right he recrossed the ridge between Manton Gorse and the village, and almost reached Wing. Something must have headed him here, for he turned short back, and passing the station almost retraced his steps to the brook,

THE YORK AND AINSTY—A MEET

where he lay down, and at one moment hounds were all round him. He was not done, however, and by a supreme effort reached the gorse a few fields further on. Unfortunately for him there was no fresh fox to come to his aid, and after knocking him about in covert with a tremendous cry for a few minutes, hounds forced him into the open, and killed him close to the village about half a mile from the covert. A most delightful hunt over a perfect riding country; time, about one and a half hours; distance as hounds ran, fourteen miles.

Like everything else, both foxhounds and fox-hunting have probably changed a good deal in the last hundred years. From all

one can gather, and from the evidence of contemporary paintings, the foxhound of the present day is both stronger and faster, and hunts with more dash and drive, than his ancestor, and will therefore kill his fox considerably quicker on a good scenting day; but on the other hand he has not so fine a scent and is not so good at line hunting, so cannot stick to him as long on a bad scenting day. These alterations in the foxhound are due to artificial selection and breeding, and to the striving of most Masters to attain a type of great beauty and of great speed and staying powers, all of which the modern high-class foxhound most undoubtedly possesses.

These aims and objects have been greatly encouraged by the Peterborough Hound Show, where make and shape is, of course,

THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS—A. THATCHER, HUNTSMAN; AND J. BOORE, FIRST WHIP

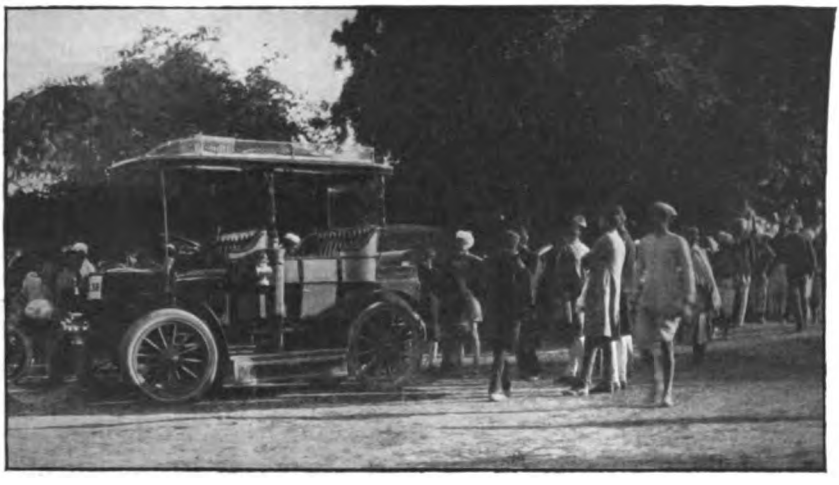
everything, and no notice can be taken of hunting qualities. I had a very interesting conversation a few months ago with a friend who now hunts the wild boar in the forests of Central France with a pack of English foxhounds.

He told me that the French hound was very like the English hound of a hundred or more years ago, that he had a splendid nose and was a wonderful line hunter, but that the superior size, courage, and drive of the modern English hound made him an infinitely better animal for the very rough work of boar-hunting.

The fox being a wild animal and only affected by the laws of nature, is probably no better and no worse than he was a hundred or a thousand years ago; he is, however, subject to circumstances,

and where he has a nice comfortable billet with plenty to eat and is seldom disturbed, he is apt to put on a good deal too much weight, and to be in no condition to afford a fine run. The foxes of the Wardley, Stoke End, and Allexton district are notoriously difficult to kill; there are plenty of them, and they are hunted almost every Saturday by either the Cottesmore or Mr. Fernie's Hounds, so they are as fit as Grand National horses, and take a terrible amount of catching.

Whether the sport is now as good as, or better than, it once was it is impossible to prove and futile to argue; let us rather, all of us who love it, do our best to help it and keep it at the highest possible standard.



MAHARAJAH OF PUDUKOTAH'S 20 H.P. GARDNER-SERPOLLET

THIS AMAZING INDIA

BY D. S. SKELTON, R.A.M.C.

ONCE upon a time the Motor Union of Western India promoted a Reliability Trial for touring cars from Delhi to Bombay. This event came off between 26th December, 1904, and 2nd January, 1905. Strangely enough (at first sight) it attracted far more than local interest, inasmuch as entries were forthcoming not only from all parts of India, from the Punjab, from the Calcutta side, from Southern India and Ceylon, but also from Europe. Apart altogether from the value of the prizes, which was by no means inconsiderable, it appears that Western manufacturers were at last in some degree alive to the possibilities of the Indian trade. In fact, out of thirty-four entries no fewer than twelve came from Europe. Now, whatever else the results of these motor trials showed, apart from all the squabbling and bickering that followed the award, they taught the fact, and brought it home to every motor man who participated, that here was a new land for himself and his machine, in which to besport themselves. It taught us, that all other functions of a motor-life being fulfilled, there remained one purpose, one object yet in view—"the exploration of this amazing" India.

My good fortune led me to enter my Wolseley, brought me to Delhi for the start, and to Bombay for the finish. No matter what troubles and worry and bother I met with on that thousand miles of road, I shall never forget and never regret any of my experiences. Last year, in this magazine, I was permitted to detail a motor tour

in Ceylon, and in the summary to that article I recommended the jaded European motorist to bring himself and his car and explore some of the relatively little known parts of that "Pearl of the East." Now our little island is almost crowded with motors of all sizes, one or two owners of which have confessed to me that they were first attracted to this beauty-spot by the photographs that accompanied my plea for their presence. Hence, if in the course of the few following notes on the Indian road I can impress on European owners the immediate desirability of transferring themselves, bag, baggage, and car, to the "Shiny," I shall die my motor death in peace, feeling that I have done my duty to my fellow automobilists. I would urge them to come over to "that new land which is the old," instead of fooling away their time down on the Riviera or other places where folk congregate in wintry weather.

* * * * *

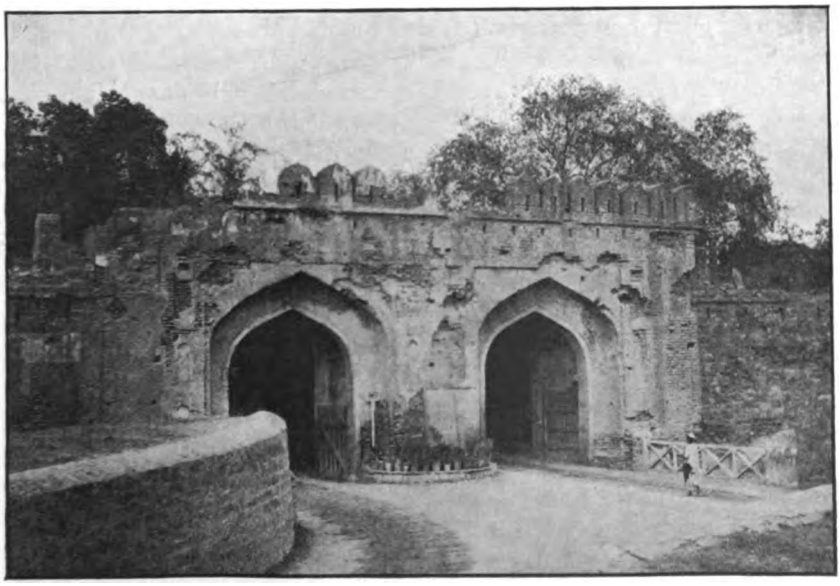
Smoke the pipe of peace or the weed of satisfaction, all you unfortunates in England. Imagine for a while that there is the usual thick fog outside, in the motor house the water in your engine is freezing, and to-morrow you will find your cylinder heads cracked. Or think of yourself driving over the usual wretched, greasy road, with the rain coming down in torrents, as it only can in England. Imagine yourself suddenly pulled up, when travelling at your usual speed of say nineteen and a half miles an hour, by an irate officer of the law, and see yourself a few days later mulcted in heavy fines, your licence endorsed for the last time, and your motor career ended for a long period. Then, as the master changed the scene when he took his audience such a short distance as to France, what time King Henry V. invaded that fair land—

> . . . with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
> In motion of no less celerity
> Than that of thought. . . .
> Play with your fancies : and in them behold

yourself at Delhi on Christmas Day.

You will get up with the sun—that is to say, at about seven o'clock—and you will have to help to prepare the car; you may even have to polish the brasswork, for unless you are early in this open garage you will find all the coolies already engaged elsewhere on the score or more of motors that have arrived for the trials. There is hoar frost on the ground and it is mighty cold, but the sky is as blue as the Mediterranean, and the air has all that crispness that is so characteristic of Northern India in the cold weather; so you must stamp about and swing your arms or work hard if you are going to keep warm. By-and-by you can have breakfast before a blazing wood fire, and after that I will take you out in a small car through

the bazaar to see the sights. First we will spin along the "Ridge," and get a bird's-eye view of all the city with its minarets and towers glistening in the sunshine. Note especially the golden cross on the little English church. Famous it is, you remember, because the mutineers never got the range of it, try as they would. Afar off you see the Jumma River, with its broad bed spanned by a thread, which you shall know later is the bridge. Look the other side, that is where the Durbar Camp was pitched, and away to the right is the Viceroy's house; but that was a poor show compared with the Motor Durbar of 1904–5. Now, along to the right, past the Tower and the Club, we will go into the town, escaping the big red Fiat car by a



CASHMERE GATE, DELHI

paint's thickness as she comes humming under the Cashmere Gate. Next I will take you into the bazaars, where the big cars cannot go, along the crowded Chandi Chowk, and up to the Jumma Musjik; but after exploring the latter you will agree with me there are finer mosques in the world. You will, perhaps, remember the little mosque at Sidi Okba, the one Domini loved so well far away out in the "Garden of Allah." How much more impressive was that age-stricken little House of God! Whilst for sheer size there is the big mosque at Damascus, with the three towers, all ready for the descent of the Prophet and his party. No, we will leave the Jumma Musjik: it is too white and glaring; we will drop down to the Fort. This of course is impressive, if only on account of its frowning walls; but,

all the same, one feels rather sorry for the poor devils who have to live in it in the hot weather, for Delhi then is nearer the other place than to Paradise.

But all this time I am forgetting the road, which is what we came out for to see. So this Christmas afternoon we will accept an invitation and ride in Mr. S. F. Edge's big Napier, leaving behind our snorting little Bazaar car ready for its run to-morrow, for as you say—

> Fetid and foul are the city streets,
> O, let me once more feel
> The ample wind in my shoulder parts.

Here, then, is an opportunity, for the genial driver of this great green monster tells me he wants to give his machine a final run, just to ease her valves and loosen her sticky parts. Goggles, all the warm clothes you have got, rugs, and a stop-watch will be all we shall want. In this land, at this time, there will be no other road users and no other road interests, as there are no suburban villas round this town; and not only that, but the word has gone forth that for a while the "fire-car" rules the road, so speed and dust will inconvenience no one but ourselves. Out over the Jumma Bridge and on to the Agra road, there in front of you lie some 140 miles of dead straight and level road. Two cars can pass each other easily, and perhaps at a pinch even three, and in addition at the side is a further soft bit of road, where the tender-footed camel treks along. On either side the road is bordered with trees, tamarind and acacia, and beyond them the cotton fields. Those who have tramped along those roads with marching troops will tell of the monotony of the scene where field and sky meet and never an object breaks in on the evenness of the view. A brazen sky, too, it seems under those conditions; but now we see that country from the point of view of fifty miles done in the hour, instead of about three, and the outlook is not the same. Then, from the snugness of your car you can say to those who hate the eternity of the Indian road—

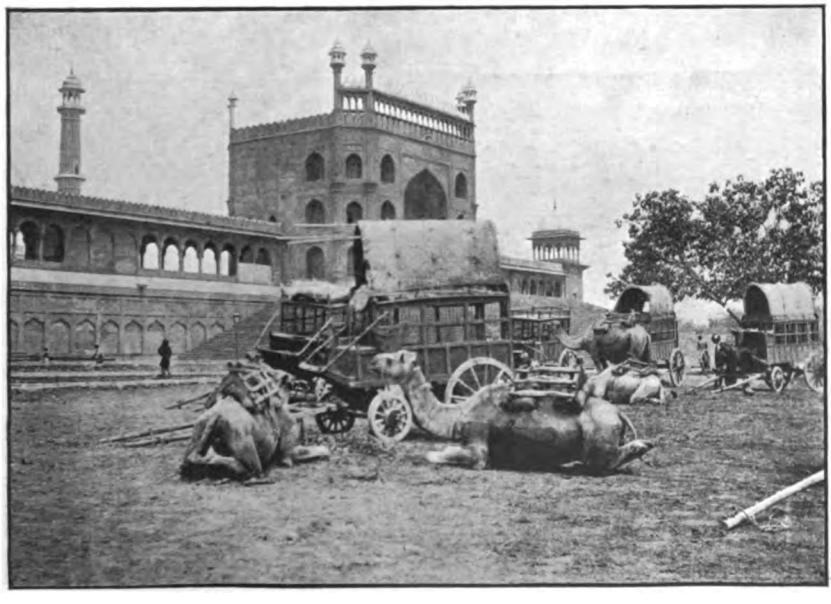
> Let the valley lanes seem good to those
> Who love a guarded way;
> The place of my soul is the wind-scoured down,
> Where the red sun burns all day.
> And O, the road, the gallant road,
> Let me follow and touch my friend—
> The great green snake of turf that glides
> With never a coil nor bend.

And then this Northern Indian air—how it whips the blood, and puckers the skin, and makes the whole body tingle with exhilaration! To one who lives at a constant day-and-night temperature of about

eighty this means life, fresh life; for, as Byron says, though he little knew at the time,

> And there is nothing gives a man such spirit,
> Leavening his blood as cayenne does a curry,
> As going at full speed.

"Are you ready to take the mile?" shouts the driver; "you shall see what she can do," and so he lets her out in a way not permitted, perhaps, since she won her owner the cup in the Paris-Vienna Gordon Bennett Race. Oh, it does not matter what the stop-watch showed, it was a minute and a bit for every mile. "Haven't had the clutch in properly yet," shouted the driver as he slowed up



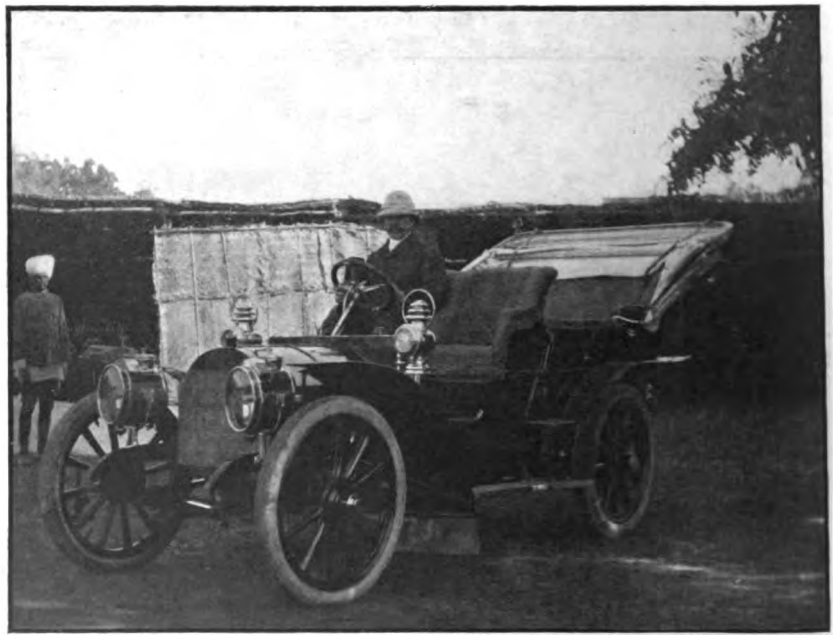
JUMMA MUSJIK MOSQUE, DELHI

to a camel-cart half a mile away, "too much traffic." Still, sixty miles an hour or thereabouts means speed. Henley knew a little about speed, but he ought to have experienced it on an Indian road, then we could have understood his lines in "The Song of Speed":—

> Speed and the range of God's skies,
> Distances, changes, surprises;
> Speed, and the hug of God's winds,
> And the play of God's airs;
> Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful,
> Clear, fierce, and clean,
> With a thrust at the throat,
> And a rush at the nostrils.

And then home again, with a last rush through the Indian twilight to get in before dark, a real Christmas dinner, a game of Bridge over the Yule log blazing high up the big stone chimney, and so to bed.

Boxing Day saw some thirty odd cars start out on the road that we travelled over yesterday. In three or four hours you arrive in Agra, 140 miles away; that is to say if you are lucky enough to be in the big Napier. If you come with me in "Ambrosine" you will take longer, but you will get there all the same. In either case you will go and see the Taj, more especially as for

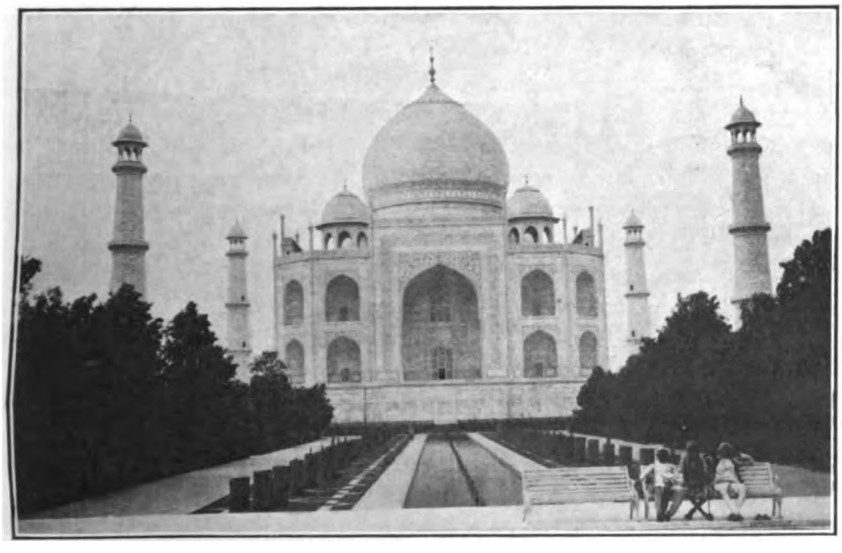


COUNT DI GROPELLO'S 16 H.P. FIAT, WINNER RANIPUR TROPHY

that particular night a full moon had been ordered by the ever-thoughtful secretary. After pondering awhile in the dear old garden over this—the most marvellous monument to a woman that the world has ever seen—you can come back and tell me that it is very, very beautiful; more beautiful than the alabaster models of it they sell for a few annas, and I shall believe you. But before you turn in that night, I would have you note that this day you have motored over a road as splendid as any Route Nationale you have ever seen. At distances of about every three hundred yards stood a policeman, armed with his grandfather's sword or his great-uncle's ancient musket. Never a pi-dog nor any obstacle did you meet on that

stretch of road. It was a mighty *bunderbast*, and in no other country in the world would such a *bunderbast* be possible.

After Agra, the southern road leads to Gwalior—that stronghold set on a hill—isolated, overawing, frowning on the country of the plain. Here regal hospitality will be shown you by the Maharajah Scindia, and you will be a royal guest. But what of the road? Its character has changed since we left Agra. It is red sandstone now, but its surface is still like a billiard table; it is as straight as ever, and it leads due south. On either side the country is seared and serrated; mostly it is a desert land, and no one would desire to be lost in it, for then there could not even be a mirage to



THE TAJ, AGRA

cheer the forlorn one and urge him on to new exertions. But the road goes relentlessly through it all, over hills and down to broad rivers that are crossed by special ferries or bridges of boats. For this time only the *bunderbast* has had them covered axle deep in rushes, and going across one of these strange bridges, with the boats swaying about in the stream under the unaccustomed strain, makes one feel sure that some connection will part, and that self and car will end up in the river.

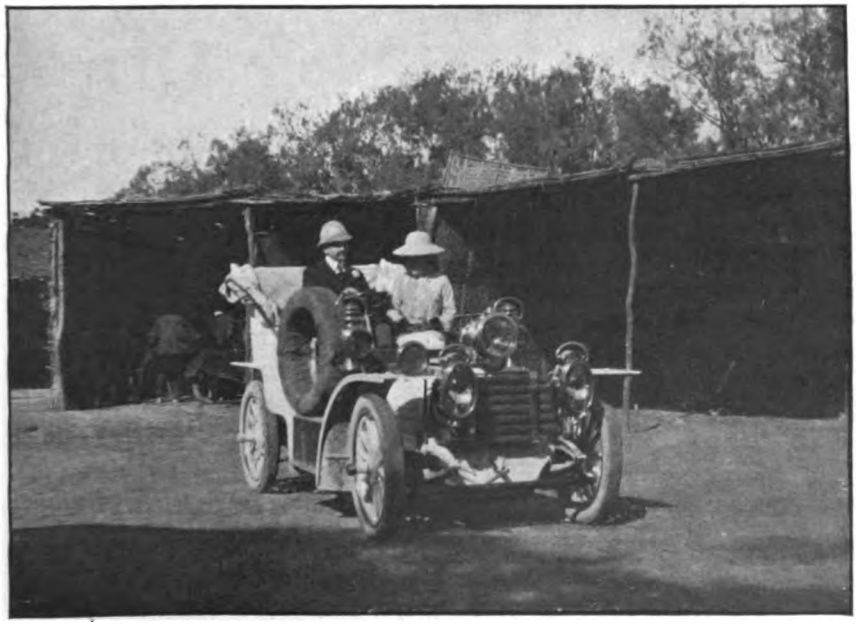
And so you will go over yet another 700 miles of this road that keeps the sun always in your face. In the evening-time you shall think over it, and at the end you will have difficulty in recalling the names of the places you have passed through. After Gwalior it was Goona, in the shikar country, and on this stretch it was that the panther

walked across the road right in front of us; then Maksi, which is so insignificant a place as to be hardly worth marking on the map—yet all that day we kept on passing ruined temples and ancient forts, but there was neither time nor opportunity to stop. You only make a mental vow to return one day with camera and sketch-book.

Up to now we had always managed to fetch up at night at some station on the line, and thither would proceed our special train, in which we ate and slept. Here again everything had been thought out, and in the most desert places we were surrounded with luxuries, even down to such a thing as a Pianola! But one night we came to a place that was fifty miles from the railway, and here arrangements had been made for us to camp. Of course for a good many of the English competitors it was an experience to be under canvas. But now they must be envious of Indian camp life. The site selected was excellent, perched high up on the river banks, and the Nerbudda river bed was quite half a mile broad. It reminded me of the jungle home of Diana Barrington, and I almost looked for her tame panther to come and rub its nose up against my leg. After that on through Dhulia and down one lot of Ghauts, and over another lot to Igatpuri, a pretty little hill station 2,000 feet up; then down more Ghauts to the Kalyan ferry, two cars crossing it at a time. It took an hour altogether to get over. Now there are only forty miles in front of you to Bombay, and then behind you lie 883 miles of an Indian road. From Comorin to the Himalayas, if you span it on the schoolroom map, is about 1,400 miles; so now you may say that you have come well over half-across India, and what is more you have seen it, and seen it intimately. Did you know your amazing England before the advent of the motor-car taught you the exploration of it? Shall you not know your India as well?

What impressions crowd into the mental picture as you go over this wonderful journey again! At first it does not seem possible to sort or sift them in any orderly manner. There exists but a mass of confused impressions, a mental chaos, that only the wearing of time will regulate and put in place. Surge up in the memory impressions of a vast country—mile after mile of it—visions of mountain scenery, wild, weird, rugged, stage-like in the sharpness of its definition against the Indian sky. Follow thoughts of folk one passed at speed, picturesque, untamed, in the outer reaches of civilisation; varied again by memories of troops on the march, of guns rolling along, of columns of wagons following; thoughts of a mad rush over the cantonment road of a big military station with the cheering soldiers all under the impression that it was a speed race; these jostle with recollections of the evening chaff over the humours

of the day's run. How, call him Jones, having lost his topee, wore a white turban, and was presented everywhere as the Rajah of Bhong, in answer to the many queries as to who the white Maharajah Sahib was. What potentate is better known now from Indore to Bombay than the genial and sedate owner of the New Orleans car, who all unseeking had this honour thrust upon him? Then one day the "traction-engine," as we called the slow but sure Beaufort, was discovered going downhill on the second speed, her owner having got bitten with a sudden mania for pace. How just as we would be turning in, the Alldays, and the "Allnight," as we called



M. DE SOREL'S 24 H.P. DE DIETRICH, WINNER OF THE GAEKWAR'S CUP FOR THE MOST RELIABLE CAR

the little Lenoir, would come romping in. Yes, on that journey pleasures were frequent, pain was rare. Laugh, and we all laughed; weep or break down, and you wept alone, but someone came back to fetch the unfortunate one.

Now what of the future of the motor in India? In my opinion it has a great future, the big car and the small one. The rich man with his big car has all India waiting for him. In a couple of months he can tour thousands of miles over the country. He can land at Bombay; from there to Calcutta he will find a trunk road 1,200 miles long; or if he does not like that, he can first go south to Bangalore and then rejoin the trunk road. From Calcutta he can

go north and west up to Peshawar by that road of roads, the "Grand Trunk." Fifteen hundred miles or more of this is there along the valley of the Ganges, taking in Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and other historic places. Then back to Bombay by the route that I have tried to tell about. He can make 5,000 miles out of a tour of this description. Steevens saw India in a month and wrote a readable book about it: the motor man could do the same if he wanted to, only he could see a great deal more, and could fill a library full of his impressions. All you want to carry in India is your food and your bedding. There are dâk bungalows at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles along all the trunk roads, and with a little warning they can provide the traveller with the wherewithal to keep body and soul together in the way of food. Anything out of the way must be carried. The petrol difficulty is overcome by having an extra big tank with exhaust pressure feed. For instance, I understand that the Fiat cars will carry fuel enough for a 500-mile run. There are dépôts now all over India where petrol can be got. Petrol costs in Bombay Rs. 1.8 (about 2*s*.), and in Calcutta, where the oil comes from Burmah, it is only about 1*s*. a gallon. But it is the small and medium-sized cars that have a great future in India. For the road officer, for the district officer, for sport, or work, or play, they will prove most valuable. There are many kinds of carburettors in these days that use kerosene, and as kerosene can be got in every little village almost, even a man in the most out-of-the-way place need not fear the petrol difficulty and the attendant expense. The question of tyres to this class of car is in course of solution, and there are now many makes of solids that are almost as good and comfortable to use as the best pneumatics. If solid tyres are going to be fitted to a car for Indian use, it is well to insist that the springs are made stronger than is the case in most small cars that I have seen out there. A great deal of stress was laid on tyre troubles in the Delhi-Bombay Trials. It is true that punctures were fairly common, but then so they are everywhere. Personally I had only two nails in my tyres the whole way, and I thought myself very unfortunate. My recollections of English motoring are not so rosy when I come to think of tyre troubles. I used to hold myself very lucky if I ever went a hundred miles without having to put in at least one new inner tube.

Let me take this opportunity of reminding English manufacturers that India wants good stuff, and that India will have none but the best. England has lost ground already. In Bombay and Calcutta one rarely meets an English car.[1] My Wolseley was looked

[1] The hint is given in all kindness, and should not be neglected.

upon rather as a curiosity, whereas I counted outside a big shop one day no fewer than eight De Dion cars, whilst Darracqs, Panhards, Clements, Oldsmobiles, and De Dietrichs were all over the place. A representative of a big French firm told me that he already looked upon India as a future market for their surplus stock, whilst I believe that only a few English firms know or care that India has such a thing as a road.

Lastly, let me assure you motor men whose licences have gone, and whose cylinders have been cracked by the frost, that once you have been there, once you have tested the "open road" of India in

12 H.P. DARRACQ, WINNER OF THE LYONS CUP, NON-STOP DELHI TO BOMBAY

the cold weather, you will hear the East a-calling you again. Only get settled down on the long straight road that leads from Here to There, you will hear in the sound of your engine the singing of those fine lines of Stewart Bowles in the "Song of the Wheel":—

Fire in the heart of me, moving and chattering,
Youth in each part of me, slender and strong;
Death at the foot of me, rending and shattering,
Light and tremendous I bear you along;
Up to the brow where the levels go wearily,
Down to the vale where the gravels give speed;
Holding it, moulding it, scolding it cheerily,
Slave to your purpose and sign of your need.

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XIII.—HIGH STAKES

BY ALMA SCRIVEN

BENEATH a cloudless sky, intensely blue, Peter Gordon was leading the way across the upper end of the Eigisch Glacier which divides the peaks of the Eigischhorn and the Schneeberg. Peter was a strong, cheery-faced boy of two or three and twenty, with honest grey eyes, and pluck and determination written in every feature. With his porter, Kauffmann, he had just accomplished the transit of the Eigischhorn, ascending by the precipitous rocky southern slope, and they were now making the descent by the glacier and the Wildig Arête.

The glacier in this region, far above the line of perpetual snow, presented many dangers. The vast mass of ice was split up into numberless seracs, many of them covered with treacherous snow roofs, where a single careless step might at any moment precipitate the climber into the depths beneath. Some of the seracs were of such dimensions as to necessitate the skirting of them, while others could be traversed by means of narrow snow bridges. In the latter case Peter would venture first on hands and knees, the better to divide the weight, while Kauffmann, standing firmly on solid ice, held the rope tightly between them, prepared for Peter's sudden

disappearance beneath his perilous path; then Peter would perform the same office for Kauffmann.

It was a risky, perhaps a foolhardy, experiment to travel on a glacier of this character accompanied only by a porter; a slip or a false step on the part of either threw the whole weight on the other. But Peter's adventurous spirit rejoiced in danger; the glorious views, the wonderful air, the almost unbroken solitude of these lofty regions, touched his spirit in a way he could not have described, while his narrow purse forbade him the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit in a safer or more luxurious manner. Kauffmann, too, had all the rashness of youth; but though he was ready to face anything, his nerve had been known to fail at a critical moment.

Suddenly Kauffmann pointed to the cleft in the mountains towards the east, and uttered the monosyllable, "Schnee!"

Peter, who was cutting a step in the ice, looked up. His small knowledge of German was unnecessary in helping him to understand Kauffmann's exclamation, as he saw the heavy clouds which were rapidly moving towards them. In their present position a snowstorm would be fraught with grave danger, for they were still a good four hours from the Schneeberg hut. In ten minutes they were enveloped in a blinding snowstorm.

The fresh loose snow on the frozen surface was an additional source of danger to every step, and moreover the blinding storm deprived them of all sense of direction. For some time they plodded wearily on, till at length Peter halted. They were standing on the brink of a chasm, on the further side of which protruded an overhanging cornice of snow.

"Do you think this crevasse has a bottom, eh, Kauffmann?" asked Peter.

Kauffmann's English was on a par with Peter's German, but his eyes brightened with assent as they followed the direction of Peter's finger, pointing down the serac.

"It's our only chance," thought Peter; and they both proceeded to untie the ropes from their waists. Peter fastened one end to his ice axe and lowered it over the edge and down the almost perpendicular wall of ice to plumb the depth. At about forty feet it touched bottom. They then drew it up, and firmly fixing their axes in a crevice, securely knotted the rope round them. Peter made the descent first. With his face to the wall of ice he swarmed down the rope hand under hand, and at length found solid ground beneath him. At this depth the lower side of the crevasse sloped towards the other almost horizontally, and allowed standing room about four feet in width. Just a glimpse of the scurrying storm was visible above.

"By Jove, we're in luck," thought Peter, and shouted to Kauffmann to follow him, which he did immediately.

It was late in the season; the storm was not unlikely to last for two or three days, and, in addition to the danger of frost-bite and the difficulty of keeping awake, their provisions would not last long.

Enveloping themselves in such wraps as they had, they seated themselves on their knapsacks.

"Now, old fellow," said Peter, "we must not go to sleep; *nicht schlafen*, you know."

Kauffmann's teeth were chattering; Peter looked at him curiously, and it struck him that it was something besides the cold that was blanching his face.

After about half an hour they heard something that sounded like a shout from above.

"There's somebody else lost," said Peter; "up you go, Kauffmann, and see what it is."

Kauffmann obediently swarmed up the rope, and when he reached the mouth of the crevasse found three men: an English tourist whom Peter had seen at the hotel below, Ringwood by name; Brawant, one of the guides of the Eigisch Valley; and a porter, Brawant's son.

In a few minutes Peter was joined by them all.

"Very glad to see you," said Peter, cheerily; "more chance of our being able to keep ourselves warm."

"Goot idea," said Brawant approvingly to Peter. "I thought also of crevasse—and then—I see the rope."

Peter and the half-frozen Englishman looked at each other. Ringwood was a tall, strong, clean-shaven man of four or five and thirty, with a pleasant if somewhat too keen expression in his eyes.

"Rather a queer experience this," remarked Peter.

"Well, it's a new one to me," replied the new-comer.

"Have you done much climbing?" asked Peter.

"First time," he answered.

Peter looked at him in surprise. "And you came over the Wildig Arête?"

Ringwood laughed. "I've kept a cool head in worse places than that," he answered, carelessly. "Now, I expect you know more about mountains than I do; how long do you think we can stand this?"

Peter shook his head. "I can't say at all," he replied. "It's better not to think about it. My fellow is rather a rotter, unluckily; I'm afraid he may give in."

"Well, I'll answer for mine," remarked the other, "though I met them to-day for the first time."

"Oh, the Brawants are splendid chaps!" said Peter.

Ringwood produced a flask out of his pocket.

"Have some?" he said, offering it to Peter.

Peter shook his head.

"I've got my own," he said, "but I'm saving it up."

Ringwood laughed and took a pull.

"'Sufficient unto the day,'" he remarked, and replaced it in his pocket.

There was a short silence. The three Germans were talking together in low voices in their own language, while Peter drummed his feet on the ice to keep the numbness out of them. Night was approaching, and with it the dreaded snow-sleepiness was beginning to dull their senses. As they sat, their eyes wide open and unnaturally bright, Kauffmann was the first to succumb to the fatal influence. His head fell suddenly forward; Peter and Brawant each seized him by a shoulder and shook him into wakefulness. Ringwood turned to Peter.

"I'm feeling rather like that myself, aren't you?" he said. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to have a game of cards, if we had a light, would it?"

Peter laughed. "It would be a very good one," he replied; "but where are the cards? I've got a light."

Ringwood, without a word, produced a pack from his pocket.

"That's ripping," said Peter. "I've got a lantern and a couple of candles."

"Do you know écarté?" asked Ringwood.

"I know something about it," said Peter, putting one of the candles into the lantern and lighting it as he spoke.

Ringwood, with practised hand, threw the low cards out of the pack, while Peter balanced the lantern between his knee and the side of the crevasse.

"What about stakes?" asked Ringwood.

"Oh, anything you like," replied Peter, carelessly. "Shall we play sixpenny points?"

Ringwood gave him a lightning glance.

"Oh, all right," he said, in a tone of indifference.

They began to play. At the end of the first deal, Ringwood cast a discontented glance at the lantern.

"I can't see anything by this infernal flicker," he said. "Can't we do better than this?"

"Brawant has another lantern," responded Peter. "Eh, Brawant?"

Brawant, who had drawn close, and was watching the game with interest, nodded and lighted a second lantern.

Peter won the first two games, and at the end of the second Ringwood yawned palpably.

"Don't go to sleep, man," said Peter, who was beginning to feel very wide awake.

"I don't think these stakes will keep me awake long," replied Ringwood, with a smile.

"What do you want to play?" asked Peter.

"I don't mind in the least," replied Ringwood, cheerfully; "but I should think we might raise the stakes to half-a-crown. You see, I generally play for fivers even when I haven't got to keep myself awake."

Peter's face lengthened.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything like that," he said; "but we'll play for half-crowns, by all means."

Peter won the two following games, and again Ringwood yawned. The next suggestion that the stakes should be raised came from Peter, and Ringwood began to play with more interest.

Young Brawant and Kauffmann were now also watching the play. The elder Brawant, who had grasped the principles of the game at once, explained them to the other onlookers in a few low, guttural words. Again Peter won.

"You have the devil's own luck," remarked Ringwood, as he shuffled the cards.

Peter made no answer; he was in the first stages of the gambler's fever, and he picked up the cards with hands trembling with an excitement altogether new to him. By the end of the next game he had won £50; and then the luck turned. His excitement increased as his winnings disappeared. Again and yet again the stakes were raised, each time the suggestion coming from him. Brawant suddenly laid his hand on Peter's arm.

"He play too goot for you," he said, slowly.

Ringwood's face flushed a little.

"We'll stop if you like," he said, watching Peter as he spoke.

Peter turned his excited eyes on Brawant.

"Nonsense, man," he said, "I shall win it back; it's all a question of cards."

Brawant said no more, and the game went on in tense silence. It was a strange scene—the five men buried in the depths of the ice, all kept from the sleep that must have been death by the excitement of the man who was losing all, and more than all, he possessed. The first rays of the grey autumn dawn found them still playing.

Suddenly there was a shout from Brawant. Peter was dealing

with shaking hands and took no notice, but the others looked up hastily. Through the crack that intervened between the lower side of the crevasse and the cornice of snow, a glimpse of blue sky was to be seen. Ringwood rose stiffly to his feet, looking at his score as he did so.

"You owe me £2,250," he said. "I'll give you your revenge another time if you like."

Peter gazed at him with scared eyes; the fever was already gone, leaving him with a sudden strange sickness at heart.

£2,250! It meant ruin; nay, it meant more than ruin, for he could never pay such a sum; it meant disgrace! With a great effort he pulled himself together, scrawled I O U on the paper which recorded his losses, signed his name, and handed it to Ringwood, who pocketed it in silence. Then, one by one, they scrambled slowly and painfully out of the crevasse.

* * * * *

The storm had passed; the rays of the sun, not yet visible above the mountains, had just reached the highest peak of the Schneeberg range, and were bathing it in crimson splendour. Save for that one spot of burning colour the whole world looked utterly desolate. Brawant turned to Peter, who was staring before him with unseeing eyes.

"It would be safer," Brawant said, "one rope for all to use."

Peter started, and nodded assent. As soon as the rope was tied round them—an operation which in their benumbed state took some time to perform—they moved slowly and stiffly towards the edge of the glacier. Every motion caused them intense pain as the blood began to course freely in their veins, but Peter welcomed the physical discomfort as a relief to the mental agony which tortured him. Nearly a foot of fresh snow had fallen. Brawant, who was leading the way, sounded the ground with his ice-axe before every step, and the party, plunging nearly up to their knees, progressed very slowly. When they reached the edge of the glacier the sun was already high in the heavens, and they rested a minute or two to put on their smoked glasses before continuing their route. A steep snow slope had next to be crossed before they reached the Wildig Arête.

Brawant examined the state of the ground anxiously. Only about six inches of the new soft snow rested on this slope.

"We shall have to cut steps in the lower hard surface," remarked Peter. "There is not enough fresh snow to provide foothold. I think I'll go in front here, Brawant."

Brawant glanced doubtfully at him; but Peter had apparently recovered himself; his mouth looked firm, and his voice was steady.

"I must be doing something," he muttered. "You don't object, do you?" he asked Ringwood.

Ringwood shrugged his shoulders. "You know your work, I suppose," he said.

"Oh, he knows," Brawant said, and the change was made.

Peter was certainly steady enough, and cut the deep, safe steps with a sure hand. Ringwood watched him with a feeling of vague surprise. The excitable boy, who had so completely lost his head in the past night, was not to be recognised in the firm, active figure before him, whose every movement showed courage and self-possession. Ringwood, though the word "fear" had no meaning to him, was gifted with a vivid imagination, and pictured the effect of a single false step: the first slip, the slide at lightning speed down the smooth slope, and finally the crash from precipice to precipice beneath.

At length the snow slope was passed and they reached the Wildig Arête. This arête was a razor-like ridge of rock; on the western side, a long, steep slope of solid ice ran down to meet the precipices of the Schneeberg, while on the eastern side there was a sheer drop of several thousand feet on to a glacier. The ridge was level—given a steady head, there was no particular risk in crossing it under ordinary circumstances, but now as they emerged from the shelter of the mountain they encountered a terrific hurricane raging from the east at right angles to the ridge.

"Are we going to cross it in this?" Ringwood asked.

"It's all right," Peter explained. "We shall have to lean against the wind and we shall be as safe as on a calm day."

Peter had resolutely put from his mind all recollection of the night's experience—it was in the past, and it lay like a dark shadow over the future; but the present was his to enjoy with all the young, healthy vitality that found an additional zest in every danger. They again changed their order on the rope to that in which they had crossed the glacier. Brawant led the way, followed by Ringwood; then came Kauffmann, Peter, young Brawant bringing up the rear. The wind was so strong that only by leaning over the abyss at an angle of some forty-five degrees could they keep their balance.

The knife-like ridge was almost crossed—indeed, Brawant's hand was already on the solid rock of the Schneeberg slope—when suddenly, without any warning, the wind dropped. Peter and the three Germans were at once instinctively erect. Not so Ringwood! Failing to adjust himself to the new conditions, he fell headlong over the precipice. Kauffmann, instead of holding tight the short coil of the rope which he was carrying in his hand, let it go; Brawant, though in an absolutely insecure position, managed to

sustain the sudden weight of Ringwood, and literally before the jerk of the rope, which would undoubtedly have been fatal to the whole party, came on Kauffmann, Peter flung himself over the other side of the ridge, trusting entirely to the strength of the hemp. Kauffmann was thrown violently to his face, and young Brawant was dragged over the edge by Peter; but they both had their axes in a moment into the surface of the icy slope, and regained the ridge without assistance, while the elder Brawant drew Ringwood back into safety.

Ringwood's face was rather white, but in a moment or two his colour returned. He walked steadily forward to the rocks and then spoke to Brawant with his usual easy laugh.

"By Jove, that was a close shave! How was it that we didn't all go over?"

Brawant, with a keen glance at Ringwood, pointed to Peter.

"He threw himself over the other side," he said. "He saved your life—he saved us all."

Ringwood's cheeks flushed, and he looked at Peter's white set face.

Peter took no notice of him; the danger over, shame and despair were once more laying their grip on him. As his eye roved over the landscape of dazzling whiteness, he strove in vain to see some escape from the darkness that held his spirit. It seemed to him that there was but one way of eluding it. For a moment he closed his eyes to shut out the beauty of the world he loved, and something like a groan broke from his lips.

The rest of the way presented little difficulty; the party descended in almost complete silence; in a couple of hours' time they gained the Schneeberg hut, where they unroped, and by three o'clock in the afternoon were nearing Eigischwald.

Ringwood suddenly addressed Peter:

"Look here, perhaps you have some difficulty in paying that money? You saved my life and——" As he spoke he drew the I O U from his pocket and handed it to Peter.

Peter did not take it; he started and laughed harshly.

"What difference do you think that makes?" he said. "Do you think I am going to live without paying my debts of honour?"

The words were boyish, but the glint in Peter's eyes was not.

"Don't be a fool!" said Ringwood, with a half-contemptuous smile on his lips.

Peter made no reply, but walked on in silence. There was a shadow on Ringwood's face.

"Curse the young fool!" he muttered. "What is he going to do? Sell up all his people, or shoot himself?"

Peter gave him no further opportunity of speaking to him, but as soon as he reached the hotel went straight up to his room. He locked the door, and flinging himself on a chair, buried his haggard face in his hands. £2,250! He tried to think—to find some way out of the net that bound him; but there was none! He rose slowly, unlocked his dressing case, and drew out a small revolver.

Still he paused. His thoughts turned to his mother; he must write to her; she should know that in spite of his miserable weakness he had nevertheless in his last adventure played a man's part. It might comfort her a little; and he sat down and wrote her a long letter. There was nothing more to do. He closed the letter, and quietly raised the revolver.

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" he cried, impatiently.

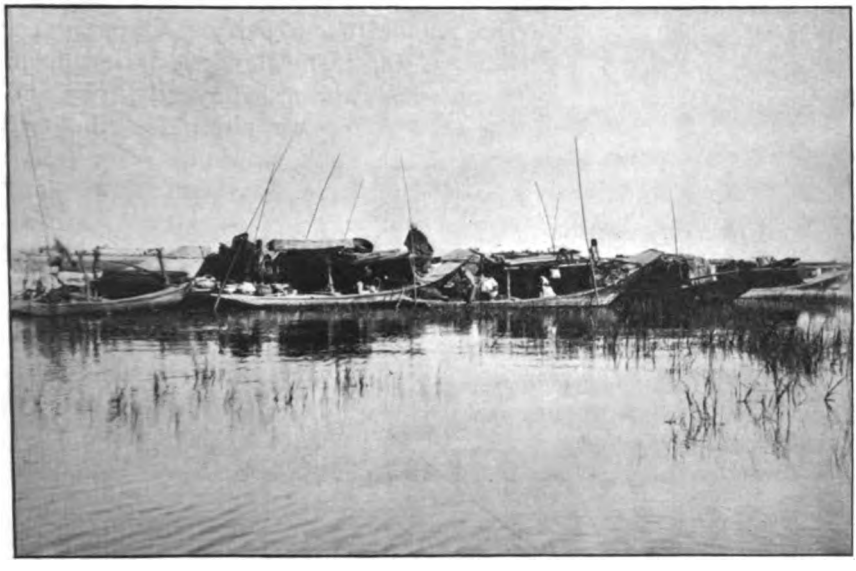
"A letter for M'sieur."

Peter crossed the room, took the letter, and relocked the door.

He tore open the envelope, drew out the contents, and then stood very still.

They consisted of his I O U, and a single card—the king of hearts.

On the back of the card a broad red line had been drawn in a circle. It surrounded a small, almost imperceptible cross, and below were the words, "I was cheating."



THE PUNTS AT THE VILLAGE

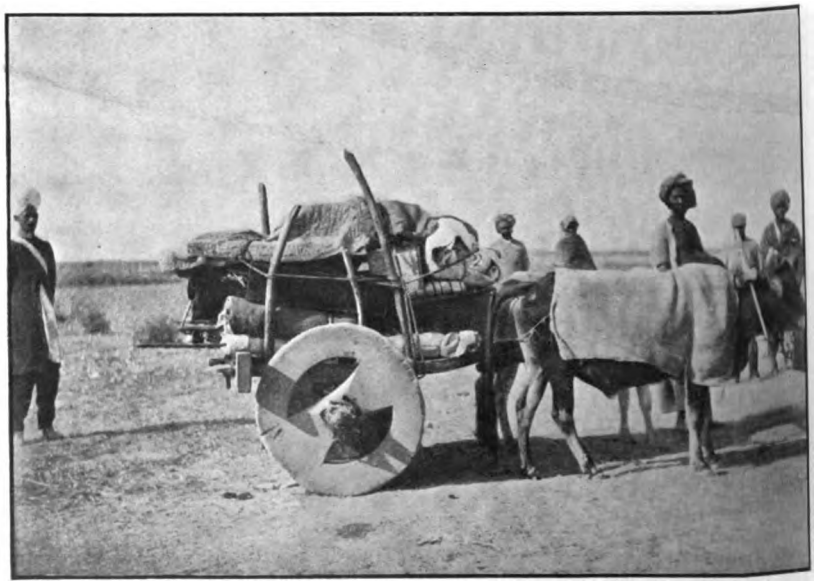
A WEEK ON A SIND JHEEL

BY CAPTAIN W. B. WALKER, ROYAL ARTILLERY

DAWN was breaking as we left the station on the camels which had been sent under charge of a native officer to meet us. Sending our personal baggage round by the road, and taking only guns, we started across country through high jungle grass. Presently the sun rose a glowing mass, and the Indian day had broken: bird life woke with the sun, partridges calling, countless minahs chattering, green parrots screeching as they flew past, doves and blue jays fluttering about in hundreds, whilst an occasional jackal slunk away from the village where, prowling in search of food, he had made night hideous with his unmelodious voice.

After a few miles of this jungle we reached cultivated country, and saw evidence of our proximity to the jheel in large flights of geese, duck, and other water birds passing to the cornfields for their morning feed. In rather over an hour we reached our camp, which had been sent on a day previously with the necessary establishment; breakfast was awaiting us, not to mention half the inhabitants of the neighbouring village, fifty pariah dogs, and our three shikarees.

Whilst the others are discussing breakfast, getting out shooting kit, etc., let me introduce the reader to our party. Captain D., happy as a schoolboy at getting away for a much-needed rest from work; B., irresponsible as the usual subaltern, happy-go-lucky and keen as mustard; and myself. Our camp was pitched some two hundred yards from the water's edge, which, nowhere more than three feet deep, was here so shallow that our punts had to be kept at the village about half a mile distant; and glad indeed were we that it was so far; it is impossible to imagine a more evil-smelling, filthy place, consisting as it did of grass huts, in which human beings, donkeys, ponies, sheep, cats, and dogs all lived together.



OUR BAGGAGE

At the landing-stage wrinkled hags were cleaning last night's catch of fish, surrounded by herons and cormorants, which walked about amongst the dogs and people fearlessly picking up the tit-bits.

Each getting into a punt similar in shape to those one finds on the Thames, and poled by our shikarees with long bamboos, we set out for the open water, and were soon in the thick of the duck, which were literally in thousands, but rising at long ranges. Getting a bird here and there whilst crossing this open water we reached some large patches of withered lotus leaves; here the birds rose very much closer, giving beautiful shots. It was stealing along through these lotus patches, the gunner crouching in the bow, and the shikaree

squatting in the stern poling quietly along, that we bagged most of our geese, mallards, and pintails, which in the open would never allow one to approach sufficiently close to get in a shot. But the prettiest shooting of all was the driving. If we reached an open piece of water where the duck were more than usually plentiful, we ran the punts under cover of the clumps of reeds growing in the jheel, and sent one or more larger boats to drive the birds over the guns; then indeed the fun began, fast and furious, and we really wanted two guns each, which we unfortunately had not got.

The shikarees knew all the birds by their English names and were at times most useful owing to their wonderful eyesight; if one were going to fire at a gadwell (the commonest species of duck on

THE CAMP

the Munchur jheel), they would hurriedly say, "Do not fire, sahib, a mallard is coming after him," and one reserved one's shot for the better bird. It is very hard to distinguish one duck from another at any distance when flying straight at you, but the shikarees seemed to have no difficulty whatever in the matter, and could almost always tell you that such and such was a mallard, shoveller, red-headed pochard, cotton teal, or whatever it might happen to be. Great emulation of course existed as to who should shoot the greatest number of geese, but D. established a good lead the first day, which he managed to maintain throughout. His shikaree, an excellent man, who knew all the best places for mallard and geese, having poled him to within thirty yards of a big flock in some

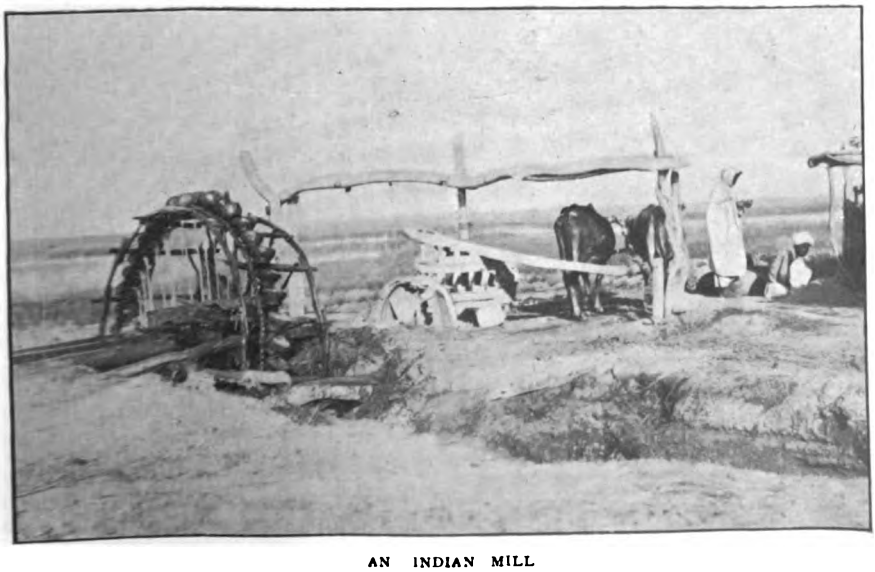
rushes, as they rose D. let fly into them with a right and left of No. 5's and slew four. These were bar-headed geese; we got grey-lags on other occasions.

Dotted all over the jheel were boats occupied by natives employed in fishing in a most primitive fashion. A man armed with a long bamboo on one end of which was nailed a piece of flat board propels the boat by an occasional stroke, and then raising the pole above his head brings the board down with a tremendous splash on the water; should a fish happen to be lying near where the splash has occurred he darts from his weedy cover to another spot near by,

THE START

whereupon the fisherman, picking up from beside him a conical-shaped net, plunges it down over the fish. They catch about forty fish a day in this manner, weighing from three-quarters up to two pounds each, though occasionally very much larger ones are taken in the seine nets, and make about a rupee a day by selling them. The seine net is used with great effect. Having laid one out in a large semi-circle, its joint owners advance in line, driving the fish towards it by splashing the water, sounding drums, cymbals, and conches. When the line has advanced close to the net the ends of the latter are drawn round to close the circle; this movement being

SOME OF OUR SHIKAREES



AN INDIAN MILL

completed, the fishermen jump inside the ring of the net, and the terrified fish rushing round are caught in the meshes; the men then dive, remove and bring up one in each hand, throwing them to their women-folk in the boats, who kill and store them.

The duck are also taken in thousands as follows :—A net about half a mile long is suspended on poles some ten feet high, the lower portion of it being looped up at intervals so as to form bags; and during the day the duck are gradually driven away from other places to the vicinity of the net. When it is quite dark several boats coming behind the birds make them swim towards the trap. As soon

TWO OF THE GUNS

as the main portion ot the flock is about a hundred yards from the meshes the natives light and swing about torches of pine-wood. The duck, terrified, rise, fly into the net, and striking it, fall into the looped-up pockets. In a good drive two hundred or more birds are taken. These are disposed of to the local bunniah (who rents the netting) for a halfpenny apiece. The netters are allowed to retain about 40 per cent. of such birds, the bunniah buying the remainder at this nominal rate. Curiously enough the natives prefer coot to duck, and were always saying to us if we got within range of a big bunch of these birds, "Arhi maro, sahib, arhi maro!" (Shoot coot,

sahib, shoot coot!) If the bird was shot dead it was useless, as good Mussulmans will not eat anything in which life has been unless its throat has been cut and blood has flown. In this respect I do not think our shikarees were very particular if no one saw them. I noticed several coot whose throats, after cutting operations had been performed, appeared singularly dry. It is a curious fact that even a second after death has taken place not a drop of blood will flow. Immediately the operation had occurred the bird was plucked, rent asunder, and cast into the cooking-pot in the large boat which

FOUR GOOD SPECIMENS

accompanied us. This large boat was a great institution. Originally intended to carry spare cartridges, lunch baskets, and drinks for us, it actually carried a huqqah and the cooking-pot of enormous dimensions in which a stew of arhis, rice, and other foodstuffs simmered all day. Round this were assembled the shikarees, when off duty, and at all times a vast concourse of their relations, who, like children at a bran-pie, plunged their hands into the pot for what they might get. I was the only one who went after snipe, and on that day had capital sport. The snipe lay in osier beds about

five feet high; two beaters went through these whilst I walked along a bank at the edge, and took the birds as they topped the osiers; one found them also lying out in the long grass round the edge of the jheel.

We always came back to camp for lunch, after which we counted out the bag, had the birds tied up, labelled, and loaded on camels for dispatch to Quetta. I say we, but it is perhaps incorrect, as B. was a confirmed offender in this respect, even from the first day, when he came back at 5.30 p.m. When we asked where he had been, he said he had met three other men shooting. Had he

A GOOD BAG

shot with them? Oh, yes, they had had one drive . . . but they had a splendid lunch . . . cold partridges, snipe, duck, beer, limes, hock, and salad . . . three kinds of salad; the salads were splendid. We could get no further information out of him on this subject. After tea we generally went out for a shoot in a large stretch of reeds opposite our camp, and had an hour when birds were flighting. We got chiefly teal, and by snap shooting at that, too, as they went in and out amongst the rushes. The bags in the evening were hardly commensurate to the amount of powder burnt.

In addition to the kinds of duck already mentioned, we shot widgeon, cotton-teal, blue-winged teal, white-eyed, red-crested, and black-headed pochards, plover, pigeon, and quail, as well as several coarse kinds of water birds for our shikarees. The total bag was 631 duck, 25 geese, 82 snipe, 119 others.

The shikarees had asked us to keep all the empty cartridge cases instead of throwing them away, as they wished to take them to their own villages for their children to play with; but the children of the local village used to beg so for them that we threw a handful or two amongst them as the boats approached the landing stage.

THE END OF THE DAY

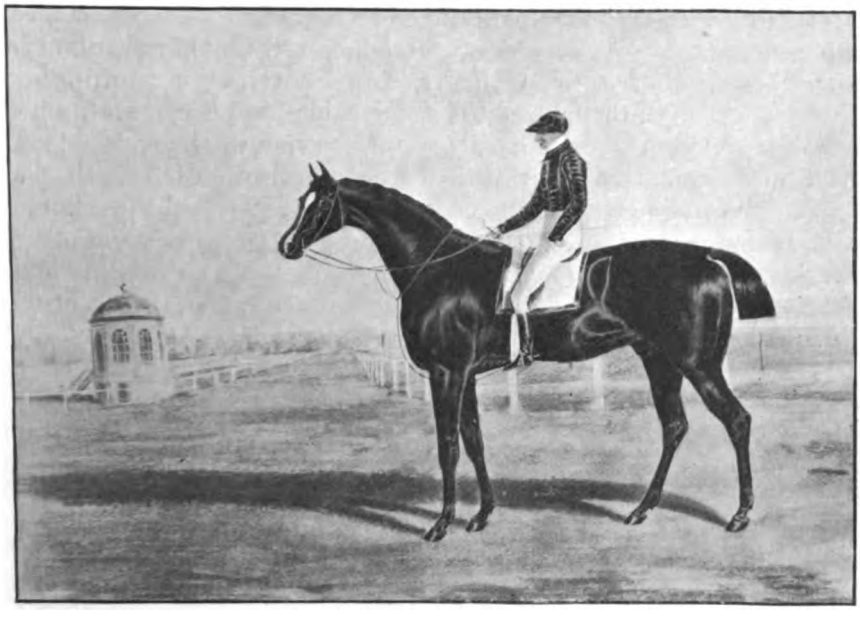
Frightful scrambles ensued, and the victorious ones emerged with "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes," or rather cartridge cases answering the same purpose, of course dripping from head to foot with oose and filthy mud, whilst others filled their cases with the oose and quaffed it as if it were nectar. Fortunately they wear no clothes, so cannot spoil any, and apparently filth agrees with them internally as well as externally.

A great fund of amusement was B.'s camp equipment. It consisted of a 21 lb. tent which he was under the impression one could stand up in inside; it actually stood 3 ft. at the ridge-pole.

He was also possessed of an iron truckle-bed weighing about two hundredweight, which, under ordinary circumstances, we should have been quite unable to get inside the tent, but which through D.'s and my united endeavours did get there, together with much other matter, while B. was eating those wonderful salads on the first day. A kit bag stuffed with cartridges, gun-case, a tin of shortbread, and a cup completed his outfit, if one does not also include a fur-lined coat, which hardly seemed a necessity with the thermometer standing at 98 in the shade.

The whole arrangements of the camp went like clockwork. We had merely to give a hint of anything we required, from a sheep to an egg, and it promptly appeared. This and our heartiest thanks were due to a friend of D.'s living in Sind, who had warned the head-man of the village to look after our requirements, and had picked out the two best shikarees on the jheel for us.

We were a very despondent trio as our train, leaving behind the green and fertile country, crawled at snail's pace up the Bolan into barren Baluchistan, especially as a year is a long time to look across to a repetition of our week's shoot in Sind.



ST. PATRICK WITH BOB JOHNSON UP

PORTRAITS OF TURF CELEBRITIES BY HERRING

BY LILIAN E. BLAND

On looking over photographs representing horses of the present day, and comparing them with the old prints of sporting celebrities, one is forcibly struck by the sameness and lack of character in the modern work, in which as a rule the horse is standing in a conventional attitude. Of course, the camera lens draws true to life, although the photographer can alter that "truth" considerably, giving prominence to good qualities, and hiding any bad points. I have, for instance, taken four consecutive snapshots of a horse from various positions, the result being four totally different animals; and this is one reason why I think the old prints, although open to criticism in some respects, give one a better idea of the horse portrayed than any modern photograph. It is with the kind assistance of Mr. S. B. Darby, of Rugby, a well-known connoisseur of old prints, that I have been able to write this article, as he knows the history of every horse and jockey down to the more minute details.

It is interesting to compare the old type of St. Leger winners with some of those one sees now contending for our big events, and to speculate on what the Chifneys, Bill Scott, Ben Smith, and others would have thought of the fashionable American seat, when they rode so long that they hardly seemed to rise in the saddle!

Chifney senior, at any rate, had a good opinion of himself, and at the youthful age of eighteen said that he "could ride horses in a better manner in a race to beat others than any person I ever knew in my time," and probably few differed from his opinion. The jockeys then were apparently not particular in their get-up, which is described as peg-tops, brown breeches, white stockings, and

FILHO DA PUTA, JACKSON UP

short gaiters. Chifney also sported a ruffle and frill whenever he "took silk," while love-locks hung on each side beneath his jockey's cap. Are there many men now who could rival Ben Smith's pluck and loyalty when, a horse having broken his leg with a kick, he refused to dismount, and won the race, as he deserved, on the Duke of Hamilton's Ironsides?

Endless are the anecdotes about these jockeys, their gameness and endurance. Frank Buckle thought nothing of hacking ninety-two miles to Newmarket and back to ride trials.

It would be a lengthy proceeding to give an account of all Herring's works. He was at one time a well-known coachman of the London and York Highflyer, but he gave up the reins for the

paint brush, and his first study in anatomy was the fractured leg of Spartan. His series of St. Leger winners began in 1815, but they were copied with slight alteration from other artists' paintings. Thus his portrait of Filho da Puta was evidently taken from Ben Marshall's fine mezzotint of this horse and Sir Joshua on Newmarket Heath before the great match.

Filho is described as 16 hands, fine-tempered, leggy, and near-sighted, and he is depicted with coarse hocks, which a noted veterinary surgeon once told Mr. Darby were inherited in the shape of spavins by nearly all his stock, which in those times meant good

JACK SPIGOT WITH BILL SCOTT UP

business for the firing irons. Filho's St. Leger was a remarkable one, from the fact that at the close of the betting the first four horses were exactly placed. Croft was very confident of winning, and his owner, Sir William Maxwell, in the exuberance of his spirits smashed all the pier glasses at the "Reindeer," and "longed in his rapture for more." An amusing story is also related about the colt's name, which was a puzzler to two youths, one of whom backed Filler, and the other Pewter, and when the winner's name was shouted there ensued a battle royal, each claiming to have won, until the police interfered and explained.

Before the match with Sir Joshua, Croft, owing to ill-health, asked John Scott to take charge of the Northern crack, and the

latter, true to his methods, wanted to run the horse rather above himself. Unfortunately Croft, when he came to Newmarket, thought the colt had not done enough work, and sent him along again, which, as John remarked, "cooked him." The horse lost some lengths at the start by rearing up, and could never quite catch Sir Joshua; but the match was the making of Scott, as Mr. Houldsworth bought Filho for 3,000 guineas, and took the young trainer with him to Mansfield.

The first horse that Herring painted from life was Jack Spigot, winner of the St. Leger in 1821. He was a grand foal, but his dam took to galloping in the paddock, so Mr. Powlett got a tenant to allow his mare to bring up the colt, and wanted to christen it "Jack Faucet," after the farmer. The latter objected, however, on the ground that it was certain to win the Leger. "Well, John," said Mr. Powlett, "a Faucet's nothing without a Spigot," so Jack Spigot the colt became. After the race the colt took such a dislike to Bill Scott that he would never let him come near him again, and went quite mad even if he heard his voice. The first ten horses that Herring painted, from Filho to Jerry, in 1824, were published by Sheardown & Son, of Doncaster, and the artist is supposed to have superintended the colouring. Only a limited number were printed for subscribers, and they were brought out in atlas folio, engraved by Sutherland.

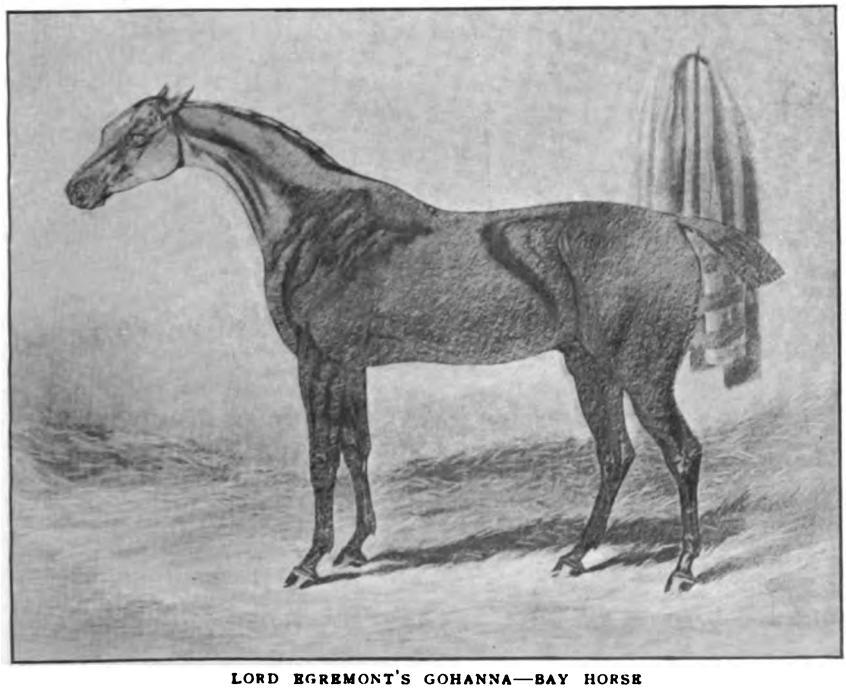
From 1825 Herring painted the winners of the Derby and St. Leger for Fuller & Son, who published them each year down to the middle of the forties. The subscribers' prints have a Minerva's head stamped on the margin. Herring also painted a series of stud horses, Lord Egremont's Gohanna being the first; and a few Oaks winners by the same artist were published by Moore. At a later period Fores published some prints of racers and stud horses.

Unfortunately, many of the old prints have lost some of their value by having been mounted on linen and varnished in the days when glass, I believe, was expensive.

Herring never flattered his horses, and, if anything, rather exaggerated their faults. In his pictures, Barefoot and Ebor are too long in the back; Reveller looks more the type of a harness horse; Launcelot, Bill Scott up, with a strong double bridle, is more the style of a Leicestershire weight-carrier than a St. Leger winner. This horse had enormous speed, and pulled even harder than his brother Touchstone, with his head right into his chest, and hardly anyone could hold him. Jerry and Matilda resemble polo ponies; and, as a matter of fact, the latter was only 14.1½ when she was taken up as a yearling. John Day described her when first foaled as looking "about the size of a buck rabbit, with a black-list

stripe down its back." She was the first of Mr. Petre's memorable St. Leger trio.

Lord Jersey watched Herring painting Bay Middleton's portrait, and remarked on the length of the horse's head. "Yes, my lord," replied Herring, "if he hadn't had so long a head, you would not have had so long a horse." In Bay Middleton three heads exactly measured his length, and according to this artist the rule of three heads worked out 99 times out of 100; but as far as I can remember from my student days in Paris, a horse's length generally worked out at about $2\frac{3}{4}$ heads, and a well-made horse would stand in a square,

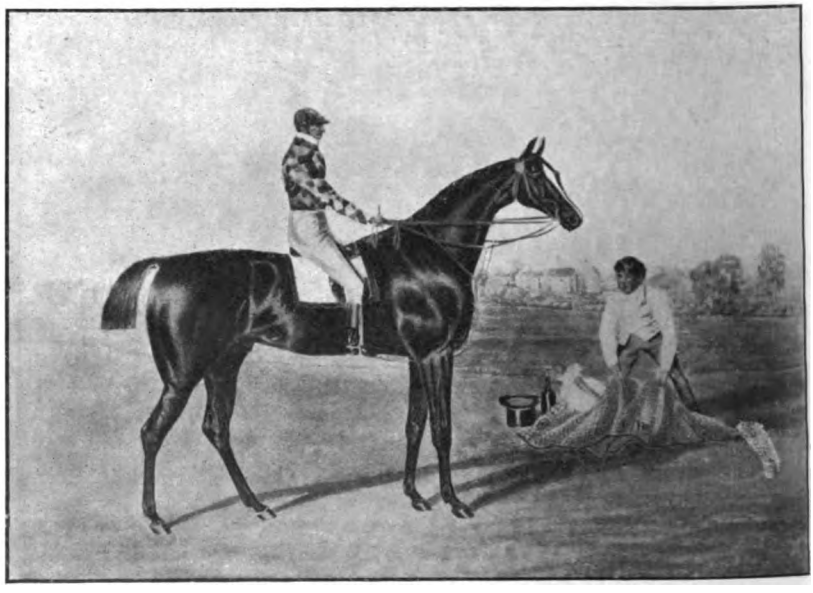


LORD EGREMONT'S GOHANNA—BAY HORSE

i.e. equal height and length. Perhaps of all his portraits his *chef d'œuvre* is The Duchess, a beautiful bay mare with black points. Ben Smith is up in Sir B. Graham's colours—yellow, blue sleeves, blue and yellow striped cap. This mare won the St. Leger in 1816. Almost equally fine are some of his Derby winners, and Queen of Trumps and Crucifix, the latter described as very narrow in the chest, and suffering perpetually from speedy cut. The harlequin colours of Mr. Watts were frequently to the fore; amongst others he owned Altisidore, Blacklock, Barefoot, and Rockingham.

One of the rarest coloured mezzotints is of the celebrated Doctor Syntax, who won for his owner, Mr. Riddell, over twenty

gold cups and plates. The "Doctor," as they called him in the North, was barely 15 h., mouse-coloured, with such a velvety coat that people used to say he had no hair except on his mane and tail. A slight canter would bring out the veins in a network. From a two-year-old he never would stand the touch of whip or spur, but Bob Johnson could get every ounce out of him by merely stroking and talking to him. Like his daughter Beeswing, he did not care to carry more than 8 st. 11 lb. He won the Gold Cup at Preston for seven years in succession, and the Guild made so certain that he would win it the eighth time that they had prepared gilt shoes and



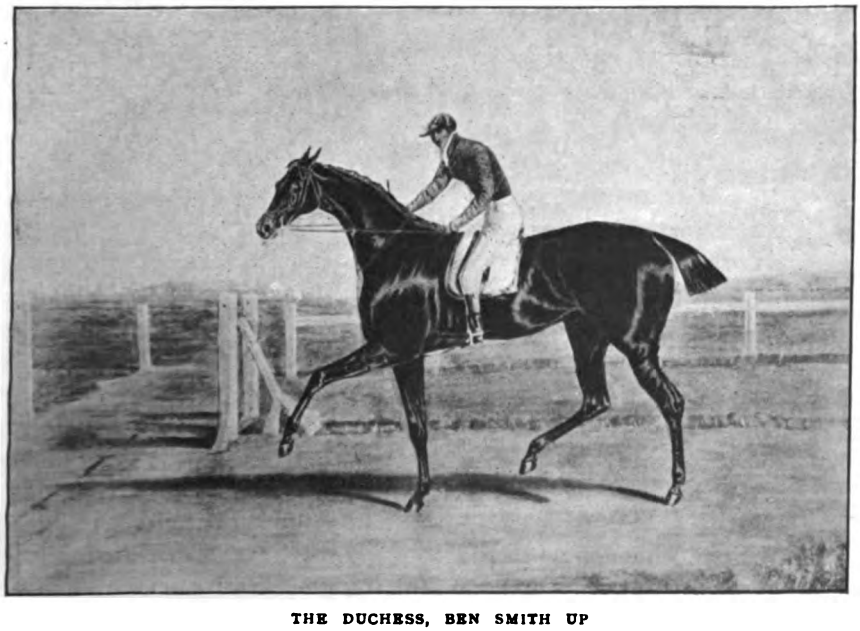
BAREFOOT, GOODISON UP

a procession in his honour. Unluckily he was only able to divide Reveller and Jack Spigot.

Bill Scott bought Sir Tatton Sykes as a yearling for £100, and the colt was described as one of the ugliest and coarsest little creatures that ever breathed Yorkshire air. On the real Sir Tatton coming over to inspect him, he said: "Dear me, Mr. Scott; how his head grows!" Bill fervently asked him to "Look at his hocks! these will take him up the hill on the Surrey side!" The colt was trained by his father and William Oates, and despite the latter's recollections of Lottery he said he had never ridden anything like him. Of course he should have won the Derby, but Scott lost his temper, and, while he was swearing at the starter, the other horses slipped away before he realised it. He rode him later to victory

in the St. Leger, but he was so weak from wasting that half-way up the distance he dropped forward on to his neck fairly exhausted, and it was a wonder that the colt, who wanted plenty of riding, got home at all. After the race he made an appointment with Mr. Herring to be painted at "five to-morrow morning, sir."

Mr. Robertson was, I think, unique in one respect, for the *first* horse he ever owned, Little Wonder, won the Derby in 1840, a rank outsider. Macdonald was up, and Bill Scott, who had backed his own mount heavily, called out in the race: "One hundred to

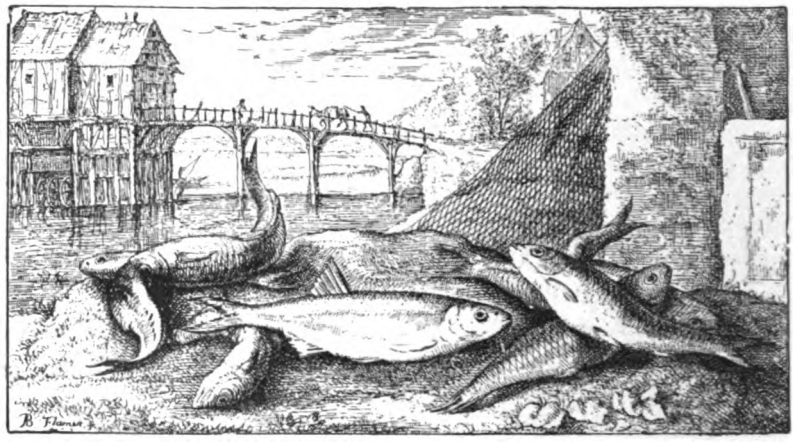


THE DUCHESS, BEN SMITH UP

stop him, Mac!" But the latter only replied: "It is too late now, Mr. Scott; you should have spoken before."

These illustrations are copied from some of the old prints that are occasionally passing through Mr. Darby's hands. Unfortunately they give no idea of the colouring, which in the originals is wonderfully fine and clear and very true to detail; the tints are a harmony in tone, mellowed with age, whereas the reproductions are crude in colour, and of course the old plates are very much worn, and the reproductions have not the same finished detail.

The old coloured prints in good preservation are worth from £7 to £10 each, and the uncoloured prints from £3 to £4; this, of course, means on Whatman's paper with watermark and date, untrimmed margins and full reading titles.



SOME FISHING NOTES

BY EDMUND F. T. BENNETT

THERE are many kinds of fishing stories, and people who do not fish are always ready to believe none of them. For instance, an angler hooks a perch by the eye, and catches the eye only, but on casting into the same place with this very eye as a bait he actually catches the fish with its own eye. Now comes the cross-questioning. Where did the worm which was on the hook go? Why did the fish seize a bait the like of which it could never have seen before, and could only see now with its one remaining eye? Fishermen, however, get beyond disbelief in anything, for they see so many unaccountable things that they are surprised at nothing. Some of the old fishing stories are a bit difficult, and we should like to have more proof that a pike has been known to catch a horse by the nose when drinking near its holt. But let even the unbelieving modern take a header into an out-of-the-way pond in which he has seen the big pike, and perhaps he will not feel quite so much at his ease as if he had not seen that same fish. Fishermen are patient people, and listen to stories and theories about fish and fishing which do not always appear to the layman as probable or possible. As every fisherman is ready with stories and theories, the following may be of some value to the stock of information which yearly accumulates on the subject.

At Clifton Mill, near Rugby, on a hot summer day, I was looking into a pool with some schoolfellows, when a small jack of

half a pound or so dashed down stream, and one of my friends shot a stone with his tweaker and killed the fish. This pool was in an overflow of the mill dam, and consequently well below where we were standing; the fish was darting through the shallow at the end when the stone struck the water, and at that instant it turned belly up and was carried on by its impetus, though dead, for a few yards. There was no mark whatever on the jack, so the concussion of the stone on the water was transmitted directly to the fish and killed it. This seems an improbable story, but if anyone does not believe it let him get a friend to slap the water above his head with an oar, when he is coming up after a dive, and is about two feet from the surface, and he will practically experience what a friend of mine did from the thoughtless action of another man, and be nearly stunned by the blow, or perhaps be less lucky and be quite stunned.

On two occasions I have seen a fish swim at full speed high and dry on to the land. The first was when fishing in a curious little out-of-the-way loch near Forres. I had caught a few trout, and was surprised at the action of one near where my fly touched the water. This fish was swimming quickly round and round on the surface, and then made straight for where I was standing and ran itself up on to the sand at my feet. I saw a peculiar trembling of its side, and was immediately reminded of a trout I had caught in Yorkshire some years before, which I had sent to London for examination. So I killed this fish at once and cut it open; and there sure enough were the enlarged pyloric appendages, as Frank Buckland called them; but to my eye, as in the Yorkshire fish, they seemed to be maggots feeding on the alimentary canal of the fish, and thriving greatly on their diet.

But I must hark back to this Yorkshire trout. My brother and I went out to fish the Codbeck, near Thirsk, but found the stream in full flood, and water well out on the fields. Fishing being impossible, we set out to walk home, and when passing a narrow road-ditch I noticed the wave of something going through the water. Plunging my net in, a trout of about three-quarters of a pound was caught, and as I was about to return the fish to the water I noticed a peculiar tremor passing along its sides. Both of us were so struck by the phenomenon that I cut the trout open and decided to send the creature at once to the best authority on fish, from whom I received the explanation given above. Among all the trout I have caught these two instances of a peculiar tremor in the sides are the only ones I have ever noticed, but doubtless others have been recorded.

When fishing in the Dovey, below Machynlleth, a silvery white-trout rushed ashore to my feet. The action of this fish was entirely

different from that of the Forres brown trout, but I thought that this was surely another case of Frank Buckland's theory. I found, however, that this fresh-run sea-trout was covered with lice, and that instead of throwing itself out of the water with that whirring noise which is so often heard, and splashing in again, it had been goaded to the madness of suicide ashore.

Scotch worm fishermen fish for trout in a way that would horrify those who are accustomed persistently to look upon this fish as very shy of men. I saw a party of three miners fishing a small burn, splashing about, and apparently taking no precautions whatever either to hide themselves or avoid frightening the fish. Each man would fish quickly down stream till he caught up his friend, then walk past him and splash into the river a few yards below. Yet they all caught trout. The passage of these anglers certainly had the effect of frightening the fish for a time, but I had some sport myself soon after they were gone, the river being in good order for the fly. Now the question comes, How long do trout take to recover from such a rough visit? This is by no means easy to answer, but it does seem probable that rough fishing does not necessarily spoil the chance of finer fishing being successful; even on the clear southern rivers trout become accustomed to the movements of fishermen, and quickly recover their appetites, perhaps after one of their number has been making a great fuss to get free from the hook fast fixed in its jaw.

Trout do not swim about in shoals, and consequently show an individuality which is not seen among those fish which do move about in shoals. Every trout seems to be directly affected by its surroundings, so a dark-coloured one will become light if lying on a bright gravelly bottom, and again become dark if it takes up its station in a dark place. The trout, too, will feed in a different way in each place it finds itself in, simply because its food is brought to it in a variety of ways. This being so, fishermen must fish for this most excellent creature in a variety of ways. It is most amusing to hear the recipes anglers have for catching trout, but the most wonderful development of fly-fishing is the prohibition of the sunken fly on some waters. Of course a club is at liberty to make any rules it pleases, but when all its members are compelled to fish in exactly the same way fishing must lose a great deal of its interest, and tend to become a game of skill regulated by rules. Let us hope that the man with the whistle will not appear on the scene, and further interfere with that freedom from supervision which to the angler is an important part of his recreation.

Trout lie in some positions where a dry fly is quite useless, and in others where the same must be said of the sunken fly, and again

the fish will prefer the dry to the sunken on one day, and the opposite on another. All this has been noticed time after time by fly-fishers, and we seem to be approaching a period when an effort will be made to treat our highly civilised rivers in such a way that fishing on them will require a greater amount of observation than is now demanded, but is only necessary in those waters where nature has been left very much to itself.

Weed-cutting has been reduced to a science, for clearing an overgrown river is as necessary as clearing a field of its crops. There is, however, one notable difference in the two cases, for the field's first duty is to produce crops, and the river's to produce fish. If we treated fields so that they would harbour game our present system of farming would have to be entirely altered; but rivers should be so dealt with that fish could find not only safe harbourage, but food produced in abundance naturally. We might even hope that the stock of fish would be kept up without depending so much on artificial means for the supply.

Such treatment would upset many pet schemes which are now in operation, for instead of rivers being continually worried by manual labour, pools and shallows might be formed by the action of the water itself directed by movable obstructions.

Let us suppose that a deep pool has a shallow below it which has so silted up that there is no lie for fish. It is evident that a dam placed across the shallow with an opening in the middle would quickly scour out a channel for fish to lie in, and the expense of such treatment would be very small compared with the laborious and often ineffectual methods now in vogue.

Weed-cutting in the actual channel of a river should be avoided as much as possible, and intelligent direction of the water itself will prevent that overgrowth which so often covers the entire bed of the stream. Sluggish streams cannot be dealt with in this way, because it is impossible to get the necessary rush of water to scour the bed, and clearing away weeds must be done by manual labour.

The action of trout in a river which is not too much improved always appears to be different from that of fish which are too much looked after and too much protected. Fish seem to deteriorate if not hunted, and when the otter, heron, and pike are never seen on a stream care should be taken that the angler's difficulties be not so minimised that the trout become tame, and every kind of fish refuge should be saved.

Some of the wildest trout I have ever caught have been in a river perpetually fished in every sort of way by crowds of anglers. These fish had become so accustomed to the sight of men that they seemed to have a sort of friendly disregard for their presence, and

would rise in a most aggravating way all round one's fly and never touch it. When a spate came on the workmen in the town appeared in force, and caught enough trout to make one think the river must have suffered as a sporting ground. But not a bit of it; there were lots of fish always rising when the water went down, and the only way I can account for this is that small trout were washed down from the upper reaches, and quickly became large fish in the more roomy waters in which they found themselves, so when a trout was caught another was ready to take its place.

Close to the town were many good trout, and most anglers had a try for them before they started seriously to fish, because trying for these hardly seemed a serious matter, as they would so seldom take one's fly. One blazing hot day as I passed along, intending to fish a mile or so from the town, I saw some of these fine fellows feeding steadily. I could not pass them as I meant to do, but set to work on them at first in my usual unserious mood. One fish at last appeared catchable. My first cast fell a little too near him, and the dry fly only attracted his attention for a moment. The next cast, however, was rightly judged, for the fly settled on the water at the proper distance above him and slowly drifted down. There was the quiet rise without splash, and the fly disappeared between the white jaws as the fish sank to its station. It was interesting to observe that this highly-educated fish did not realise that the fly had a hook in it, but shook its head to rid itself of something it did not want. Well, this was a pounder, and five others of about the same size, or over, made up a very good morning's basket. This part of the river was a long dam, except in floods it was very slow-running, and there was a pleasant feeling of triumph in catching fish all along this reach, because they were a very clever company. Even a dry fly had no charms for them sometimes, and one day every fish seemed to be rising, but the most beautifully placed fly was disregarded. When this happens, as it too often does for the fisherman, the question is, What is to be done to catch fish?

The best authorities have given their views on what a trout thinks about; but the colour theorist, and the other man, are both proved to be wrong on some days, and notably on a day when nothing will tempt fish to take one's fly. Two of us toiled all day among rising trout, and not merely rising, but feeding; we tried every imaginable fly in every possible way, but caught none until the very end of the day. Now, this trout was feeding steadily, as so many others were, and the flies were taken down like clockwork. Three flies went past it, one artificial, but they all looked the same on the water, and yet the natural flies on each side of the sham one were taken. Another and another try with the same fly; again the sham

and the natural floated down; the natural disappeared, and at last the artificial, and the trout was caught. But what induced this same fish time after time to refuse the sham, and at last take it, under precisely the same conditions, who shall say? It may have been that the slightest tremble was imparted to the successful cast, which at last deceived the fish; but never was there a more disappointing day for an angler, because the river seemed to be alive with trout gone mad for food.

The wild man's instinct sometimes directs the fisherman to use the only possible fly in his book, and I had that fly one day, but have no sort of explanation except this as to why I put it on. It was a hideous big thing, made by a little boy out of a buff hen's hackle; the very sight of it ought to have frightened away all the trout in the clear low summer water; and yet it was the right thing to catch fish with, for the perfectly tied flies of all kinds had done nothing. Another hideous fly I remember using as a boy in Ireland, tied by a man who perhaps had never tied a fly before. I saw the white duck's feather laid on to the green-silk-covered hook, and because its set did not please the tier the feather was made fast to the hook, near the bend; but to my great joy it got me a good trout.

A wise fisherman once told me that he had carefully noted the powers of wet and dry fly, and on his river he had come to the conclusion that the wet and dry man would catch about the same number of fish in the season. We know that trout will refuse to be caught when feeding on some particular fly, even though the imitation is to our eyes perfect; but fish even at such a time will take almost any fly if thrown on to the opposite bank, and dropped from there into the stream, for the instant it touches the water it is seized. One such case among many I remember at Bakewell, and when shaking backwards and forwards in a small pool at the side the fish I had thus caught, quantities of apple-green flies were washed out of its gills, but the fly which caught it was in no way like these.

Many anglers talk of fish being put down for the day, or for half an hour, and so on, but this seems to be only a fancy which has been passed on from one man to another, and believed to be a fact. Now let no fisherman think a trout is put down for any length of time, for patience will soon show that the fish very quickly recovers from fright, and is ready to be tried for again. Of course the creature may be so terrified that it will dash away, and possibly take up a new station for a time, but generally speaking it will be seen quietly returning to its favourite haunt, and if properly fished for be caught at last. There are always some celebrated trout in every river which can only be caught either by accident or by some very clever fishing.

To most, however, it is a waste of time to set to work to catch one particular fish, but from a naturalist's point of view the time is well spent, for the way a trout really feeds can only be found out by patient watching.

In a perfectly still mill-dam the trout cruises about, never going very far from some favourite hiding place, and if you stand perfectly still you are soon treated as some object from which no danger is to be apprehended. Mark the course the fish takes, and you will get your chance to lay your dry fly in its way when its head is turned from you, or when it is rising at a natural floating fly. In such water the greatest delicacy of casting is required, and fish may be made shy very easily by any sort of roughness, and take longer to recover their spirits than in any other sort of place. If you do hook one drag him away at once from his feeding ground, for there is sure to be another not far off, and get him into your basket as soon as possible.

A trout feeding in a stream between two branches may be fished for for any length of time, and if the one cast that can kill him be made he is pretty sure not to refuse. I got two trout so protected one day after laying siege to their strongholds for a very long time. Bungled casts did not frighten either of them, but in each case the one right cast got the fish.

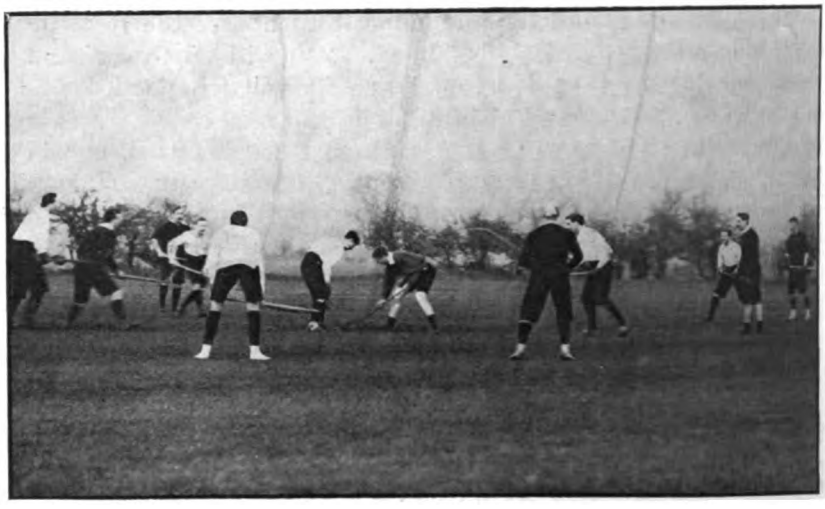
There was one pool in a certain trout stream out of which I could not take a trout either by up or down stream fishing, and many was the day that I tried to do so. The bank behind one was high and had trees on it, and the bank in front was also well wooded. The only way to cast seemed to be almost up or down stream, but neither way was any good. One day I sat down directly opposite the rising fish, and no doubt the bank behind me prevented the trout from being alarmed at my presence. The pool was perhaps eight feet deep where the rapid into it ended, and was not more than fifteen yards across. I found it possible to wade out two or three yards, and to continue my observations. The trout were still rising, sometimes less than the length of my rod away. I now let them get accustomed to the rod over the stream, but the branches of the trees made the rod appear not very unnatural, I suppose, to the fish. With great care I tossed a single dry fly on to the water, and at once got one of these fish. I always fished this pool afterwards standing in it quite near the rising fish, which at first sight seemed to be the most impossible place for sport of any kind.

It would be possible to describe many other places and the various ways in which trout feed in them, but long study of these fish has allowed me to form a few conclusions about artificial flies, their colour and their shape.

I am sure it is much more difficult to choose the right fly to use if it is sunk, than if it is floated. You will go to a river and show your dry fly to a local man, and he will tell you it is no use in that water. Don't mind him, for if you offer a floating fly well, of almost any shape, colour, or size, to a feeding trout it will at least dash at it. If on the other hand you are a wet fly man, and a down stream fisherman, listen to the local authority, for he is pretty sure to know a thing or two about his river. I am constrained to think that a trout cares very much about the size and colour of a fly under water, but cannot trouble itself to study the floating one in the same way. You may go to a dry fly river in the south of England and have the best of sport by floating pure Scotch, Irish, or Welsh flies, but it is quite probable that if you sink these same flies you will not have sport, whereas if you sank, say, a Derbyshire pink and white bumble you would catch fish.

But after all can we do better than the Japanese man, who will stand on a stone over a pool, and make his fly flit about in the air, touching the water here, and then there, until the fish is induced to believe that a good rise of fly is going on? Try this way and every way, and still there are other ways to fish by floating or sinking your fly, and plenty still to find out, not only in fly-tying but in rod-making, not only in up and down stream casting, but in cross stream casting also.

And lastly we have to find out how to make rivers keep themselves clean, how to help fish to increase naturally, and how to encourage a natural supply of food for our spotted friends. Surely fishing offers more than most sports in the way of the best health-giving recreation, and every possible effort should be made to protect our rivers, and see that their management is in competent hands. As for fishermen and how to manage them, being myself one, I can only say "Aweel," which may mean a great deal or very little, so no opinion need be given.



I. AT THE START

MODERN LACROSSE

BY C. E. THOMAS

IT is not a difficult matter to trace the history of Lacrosse as a recreation of the pale-faces, but the Indian genius who first evolved the pastime from which has grown the most graceful of modern ball games remains unhonoured by English players. Perhaps he figures in the folk-tales of the Sioux, the Chippeways, or some other tribe who played the game, but to us he is merely an object of such indefinite worship as is the equally bold originator of rowing, to whom Mr. R. H. Forster, a water-poet, pays tribute :—

> But worthy of honour was he, because
> He was father of rowing, whoever he was.

In lacrosse, as in rowing, the prehistoric effort was particularly notable, for a new line was struck out. The first man to navigate a stream by means of a bundle of reeds was boldly original. So was the man who soared above the primeval instinct to obtain recreation by kicking an enemy's head about (presumed in some quarters to be the origin of football) or of hitting something inanimate with a club —whence we have cricket, hockey, and golf. He caught something and carried it until dispossessed; and, considering that the process of dispossession is sometimes painful even in these enlightened days,

the early effort must have left its marks on the devotees of the game in the "High and Far Off times." So much so that a process of punning deduction may lead us to believe that the father of lacrosse came from the Chippeway tribe.

Whatever the actual origin, certain it is that lacrosse started with the Indians, that the tribal contests were suggestive of warfare rather than of sport, that teams were unlimited in numbers, that the field of play was anything up to a mile in length, and that the squaws had an inconvenient habit of switching the players as an inducement not to hold the ball too long, but to pass hard and quickly.

But we have improved all these things, and little remains of the

2. CLOSE CHECKING

original Indian game, save the weird war-cries some teams consider necessary when calling for a pass. There is no warfare now, despite the contention of scoffers from other games who witness a hard-checking match when no referee is present, and pretend that the main object of lacrosse is to hit the man who has the ball somewhere, preferably on the head. We have limited the field of play, although wanderings on the wing and behind goal are not unknown when the comfort of players of games on adjoining pitches is not interfered with. The squaws, too, merely sit in pavilions and applaud, and the switching is done by the Press, the members of

which, however, are lenient to our faults, for the claims of a fascinating amateur pastime pale to insignificance in this country before those of a professional sport which attracts big gates.

In Canada the game was first played by the whites in the '50's, and not being above receiving lessons from all blacks, the Canadians took lacrosse to their hearts until it became the national pastime, and developed professionalism with the glorious attributes appertaining thereto.

The celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the West London Club this year reminds us that lacrosse has had plenty of

3. SHORT PASSING

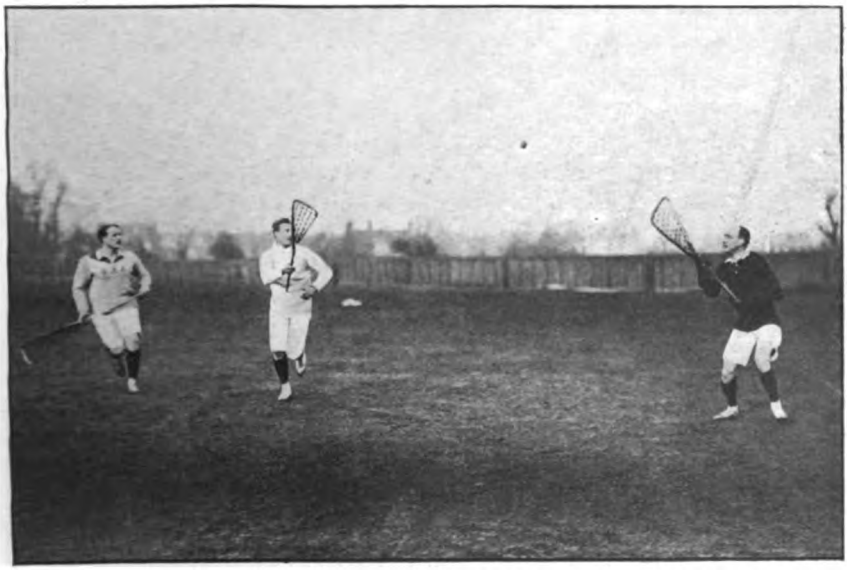
time to take root in this country, where it was first introduced in the '70's.

The plant is full of life, although its growth has not been rapid. The sturdiest branch is in the Manchester district; Lancashire and Cheshire are the county flowers, and there is a budding blossom in Yorkshire. The second notable branch is in the London district, smaller, but with more county blooms, in Kent, Essex, Middlesex, and Surrey, and fine flowers at Oxford and Cambridge. A third branch, an offshoot from the London one, is in the Bristol district, very sturdy, and throwing a sprig or two into Wales; while a fourth branch which is being carefully tended is in the Midlands, where much good might result if Birmingham acted up to its preferential

faith regarding the colonies, and helped to nurture the Canadian plant.

The North of England Lacrosse Association handbook contains this year the names of thirty-eight clubs, in addition to eleven schools; twenty clubs are affiliated to the South of England Lacrosse Association, these including Bristol and Wills' of the West, where there are seven clubs playing regularly, while the Midlands have three clubs in all. A strong start at Cardiff this season gives hope of the game in Wales, and a revival in Ireland would be very welcome.

Although the Manchester and London districts are agreed



4. LEARNING COMBINATION ON ATTACK

in their enthusiasm over a game which gives the fullest opportunities for the exercise of skill, pace, and endurance, they differ in regard to the programmes they arrange. In the North, League matches predominate, and are considered necessary to the salvation of the game. In the South they were tried and found wanting, and men are content with ordinary games and a knock-out competition—the Flags—in the latter part of the season. The North say that League games make men keener and teams keep together better when they are played; the South reply that League matches supply a false incentive, and lacrosse can stand on its own merits. The North retort that it is a rare thing for the South to

beat the North, and Leagues might give the South a better chance. The South point out that the North have in any case a far larger band of players from whom to select a team. Here are the two sides of a question which will not be settled by any argument of mine, and if both divisions are satisfied there is no necessity for acrimony in the notes of lacrosse writers at a loss for a subject.

The game is soundly governed in this country, and as it is delightfully free from rules and penalties the controlling bodies are not greatly exercised in mind regarding doubtful points. Lacrosse men are not cursed by too much whistle, and it is one of the few

5. "PLAY"

games which can be played in a fairly satisfactory manner without a referee. This is, of course, due to the absence of an off-side rule, which is all that the spectator need know about rules, and explains the position of the field of twelve a side, with the first attack man right on to the goal he is attacking. Naturally such a formation leads to heavy scoring, and reporters of games might reflect on this when they describe a 10 to 5 victory as an easy win; it has probably been a very hard fight from start to finish, with one attack only slightly the better, and both defences somewhat outclassed.

For the benefit of the uninitiated the following diagram is given to show lacrosse positions, *A* being members of one team and *B* their opponents:—

| *A*. Goal. |

A. Point.
B. 1st Home.

A. Cover Point.
B. 2nd Home.

A. 3rd Man.
B. 3rd Home.

A. Defence Wing.
B. Attack Wing.

A. Defence Wing.
B. Attack Wing.

A. Centre.
● Ball.
B. Centre.

A. Attack Wing.
B. Defence Wing.

A. Attack Wing.
B. Defence Wing.

A. 3rd Home.
B. 3rd Man.

A. 2nd Home.
B. Cover Point.

A. 1st Home.
B. Point.

| *B*. Goal. |

With a defence paired with an attack right up the field, lacrosse is in a great measure a man-to-man contest, eleven duels in constant progress, and the goalkeepers taking a hand on occasion.

The first photograph gives a good idea of the "pairing," showing as it does half the field, with the centres facing.

The duels were very marked in the days when a defence man's great object was to throw the ball hard and far somewhere among the homes; then point, cover, and third man often practically sat on their respective opponents and the ball went to the goalkeeper. It was excellent defence in those days, but not so noticeable now, except when there is a bright particular "star" in a team to be

kept quiet, and his checker has orders practically to confine himself to this duty. The photograph "Close Checking" was specially taken to illustrate this, and the ball is coming to the player in the dark jersey.

In the old game men kept in a great measure to the positions as shown in the diagram, and attacks played defences' own game by not wandering much, while a good dodger was considered a brilliant attack. Now attacks more often than not "buzz" down on goal in a body, with the wings wide, and are constantly moving in and out to trick their opponents, while instead of long shots at goal there is a continual passing and repassing of the ball at close quarters, until

6. TRYING TO DODGE

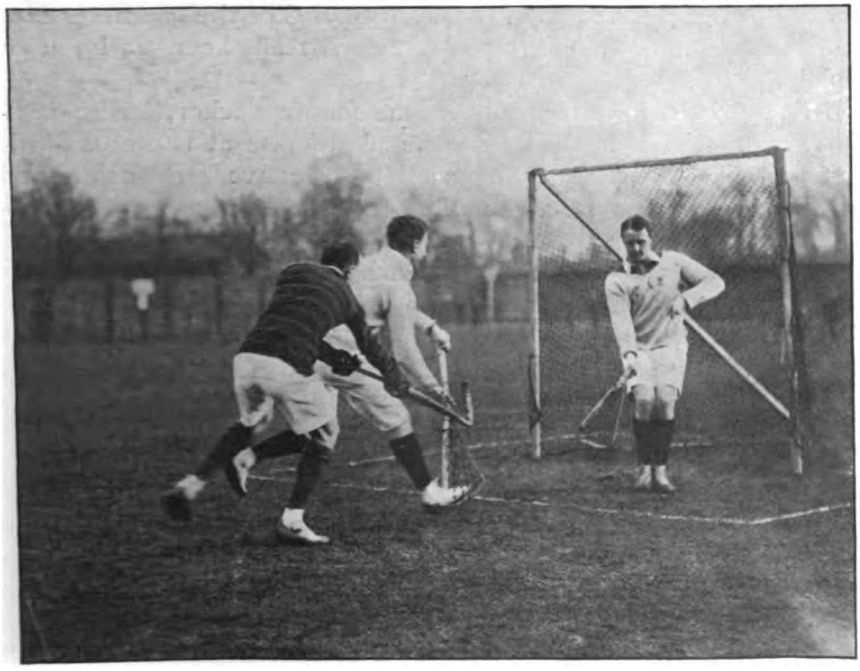
a man is well placed and sufficiently clear of opposition to shoot with good chance of success. Defence wings and third man, too, assist in forcing the attack, while defence men often work the ball up by short passes instead of long throws.

There are many more bright incidents in the modern open game than in the old, while there has been a remarkable improvement in crosse-handling, the main feature of the game, in the last few years.

The improvement in modern lacrosse, both from the point of view of player and spectator, is entirely due to the valuable lessons

learned from the members of the Toronto team who visited England in 1902. The Canadians revolutionised English play, showing us quickly that our old-fashioned methods were useless against modern tactics; they taught us the science of backing-up and short passing both on attack and defence, and, in fact, gave us an inkling of the real possibilities of lacrosse.

That they beat us all round is a matter of ancient history, but they did it with new weapons, and introduced to us a more baggy, more handy, smaller and lighter crosse. Bagginess, when the new crosse is in action, is shown in some of the photographs in the article.



7. A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK

After a little preliminary hesitation we were all converted and altered our rules to admit the new weapon. Now if perchance we lay loving hands on one of the old-fashioned clumsy implements with which we performed doughty deeds of old, it is but to wonder how we could ever have played with such a stick.

With the stick now in general use it is natural that the game should have improved, for catching is much easier, manœuvres are thereby facilitated, and lacrosse gains in pace and brightness. The new crosse has, in fact, greatly simplified the elements of the game,

while it has added to the skill of match play, and the novice who troubles to practise can by its aid more rapidly make himself a useful member of his team than in former days.

The novice must always find lacrosse harder than other games, for anybody can kick or hit a ball in some fashion, but crosse work is an art more difficult to attain. Most of our recruits have to be taken raw, for schoolboy players are unfortunately rare, and sometimes members of the awkward squad do not survive that first afternoon's practice undertaken at the instance of some enthusiast. It is admittedly annoying to find that several feet of netting is not sufficient to hold a small rubber ball, and that the ball when placed in the net and thrown does not travel always as the mind of the novice thrower would direct. But the A B C of the game is now enormously simplified, and the man who is really keen will get on rapidly.

Lacrosse is, however, not a game for a "slacker," who considers his Saturday match sufficient, and wonders at the end of his first season why he is only a second team reserve. Practice, and constant practice, in crosse-handling must be indulged in by the man who wishes to be of any real use to his side, and lacrosse elements can be mastered by individual work. Practice by two or three men is better, but a few minutes' play daily against a wall, throwing the ball at the wall and catching it, is invaluable. The ball comes off at strange angles, and gives opportunities for many varieties of catches. Should the wall contain windows the progress made in accuracy may be gauged by the decrease in the amount of the weekly bill from the glazier.

As the novice becomes proficient he should concentrate his efforts and chalk out a small space at which to aim; eventually a single brick will do, and when he hits it three times out of four he will be within measurable distance of becoming as expert as a famous attack who killed a fly on the wall of a hostelry; it was the only fly on the wall at the time, and its remains are reported to be still preserved as evidence of deadly shooting powers. If wall practice or combined work is not possible, no novice should let a day pass without a few minutes' manipulation of the crosse, even in a room, getting accustomed to the feel of the ball in the crosse, tossing the ball, catching it, and so on. The "slacker" can find any number of excuses for not practising daily, but the enthusiast will make opportunities which will prove of the utmost value to him and to his club when Saturdays come round. He may be cheered by remembering that the best players only keep up their proficiency by constant crosse-handling, and that it is in no respect *infra dig.* to practise whenever possible—a point which players of other winter games may

take to heart, particularly with the example of New Zealand expertness in the elements of Rugby football before them.

The fact that so few schools play lacrosse makes the task of gaining recruits very difficult, particularly in the South, where we have only The Leys and St. Dunstan's College. It is to the schools that the authorities of the game should turn their keenest attention when they are making efforts to add to the number of clubs playing. Some men might, in their justifiable enthusiasm for lacrosse, advocate its adoption by schools as their only winter game. I do not go so far as that, but consider lacrosse an admirable game for the

8. "WELL BODIED"—THE FATE OF A DODGER

second half of the winter, following on a term of Rugby, than which there is no better game to turn out good lacrosse recruits. Nothing knocks the true spirit of sport so thoroughly into boy or man as Rugby, and there is a good deal of give and take in lacrosse, when checking is vigorous and close, in which a Rugby player would revel, and refrain from yapping if he received a knock.

Some points claimed for lacrosse for boys, and publicly advocated by such authorities as Mr. J. C. Isard, of The Leys, are the desirability of a change of game after Christmas, when football interest is on the wane; the advisability of keeping from football

injuries in view of athletic sports (preparation for which is aided by the wearing of light rubber-soled boots instead of heavy football boots); and the more gentle treatment of grounds when lacrosse is played (in view of the cricket season). These are reasons of practical utility, and take no note of the fine points of lacrosse as a game which is full of skill and faster than any other, giving manifest advantage to boys with their daily facilities for stick-handling and general fitness as compared with the ordinary week-end sportsman.

9. LADIES' LACROSSE—POSITION IN CARRYING

However changeable English people may be in their political opinions, they are very conservative over their games, and the day is doubtless far distant when lacrosse will attract £1,000 gates in this country, or its legislators will be compelled to deal with professionalism. At present it fortunately remains a purely amateur pastime; but Canadian experience, the decent gates in the North, and occasionally at important matches in the South, show that it contains every element of popularity. The only drawback is the small ball, the flight of which is at first difficult to follow; but the

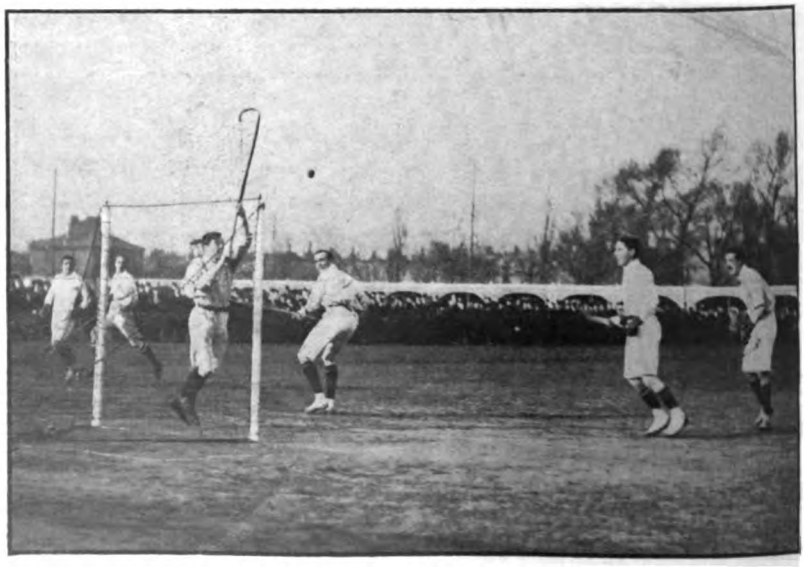
skill in crosse-handling and manœuvring, and the pace of the game, make matters very lively for spectators, who if they became more numerous would doubtless be accommodated on raised stands, the best point of view being slightly above the players.

The pace of the game makes it difficult to give an adequate idea of lacrosse by snapshots, but I have been fortunate in having access to a great number, and No. 4 illustrates excellently some points in my notes. The others were specially taken, and in Nos. 5 to 8 the photographer has succeeded in getting capital results from good models (three of the Champion team of the South, 1904–5). No. 5, "Play," shows the positions immediately on the word

10. LADIES PRACTISING THROWING, CHECKING, AND CATCHING

being given, and is not "faked" in any way—note the position of the ball. No. 6 shows a tricky attack, with his crosse held tightly to his body, attempting but failing to dodge round his opposing defence, and the goalkeeper awaiting the result. No. 7 gives a variation in which the attack has got past, and flicked an underhand shot through just before his crosse is checked; the goalkeeper has tried to stop the ball, but failed. No. 8 is a warning to dodgers. The man on the ground has been smartly body-checked and fallen; his opponent is not executing a war-dance for photographic purposes, but his position is quite natural, and the ball was not placed where it is, but fell as the holder of it dropped his crosse.

It would be discourteous in dealing with modern lacrosse, to omit reference to the ladies, for the lighter and handier crosse now in use has made the game possible for them, and by omitting the violent body-check they have developed a game which by its grace of movement should in the future appeal to them very largely. At present ladies' lacrosse is mainly confined to schools and colleges, and there are many teams now playing in the South, some of whom show really excellent form, particularly in neat crosse-handling and accuracy of short passing. As an outdoor physical exercise for ladies I consider lacrosse to be unequalled; but this may be pure prejudice. Perhaps, however, a reproduction of two photographs taken at Mme. Osterberg's Physical Training College at Dartford Heath may help to prove the contention that lacrosse is a graceful and healthy game for ladies (Photographs 9 and 10), as it is a fine, fast, vigorous game for men, containing manifold opportunities for unlimited pace and skill, and for the perfect combination which makes for the success of all first-class team games.



II. SAVED

COUNTRY LIFE IN CANADA ON £200 A YEAR

BY "CANADENSIS"

MR. PERRY'S papers on "Living for Sport on £156 a Year" prompt me to send you a chapter of my own experience, gleaned in a more distant field. I have no hesitation in saying that anyone with a very moderate competence can have a delightful time in Canada provided he has the qualifying tastes for sport and an outdoor existence. I would hasten, however, to sound a preliminary note of warning that a man should carefully weigh his own resources before he embarks on an unfamiliar method of life, for to one who for a long period has been accustomed to the regular hours of business there may be danger in an abrupt change. However, granted the above income, granted also an inclination for the open air, a man might do far worse than come out to Canada and establish himself, as I have done, on a modest little farm.

Here he may find interesting outdoor work all the year round, a little inexpensive sport, and altogether lead a happier and safer existence than in being perpetually tossed about in the risky whirlpool of what is called business. Should he fancy a paying outdoor occupation without severe manual labour there are cheap farms, notably in the beautiful Annapolis Valley, a natural apple orchard its entire length of 100 miles, where if he can set out grafted saplings and wait a dozen years he can easily clear £1 per fruit tree each year (augmenting each year after), and easily manage an orchard of from 200 to 500 or even 1,000 trees.

There may be some to whom the life of the watering-place, be it cheap or expensive, proves irksome when indulged in for any protracted period, notwithstanding attractions of golf, cricket, lawn tennis, and mild field sports; say, a class of men accustomed to a more strenuous life, and who enjoy "roughing it" a little. A member of such a class, from no fault of his own, may find himself at middle life thrown out of his line of work with no similar avenue open. Should he have retained or saved a modest competence, in some comfortable Canadian farm-house he may find a life not unsuited to the English temperament.

To borrow a saying of Hookham Frere's, "I love a country where the Almighty has kept large portions of land in his own hands." The farm which I occupy is within six miles of a city of 40,000 inhabitants; yet it is environed with wide tracts of forest and wastes which are too unproductive for tillage. These are watered by scores of trout streams and studded with lakes—big and little. Hence I can, during the season, enjoy good fishing *ad lib.*, while

with the gun I can pick up almost any autumn day three or four brace of cock and snipe, and a ruffed grouse or two. One can keep a pair of beagles for hare-hunting, a foxhound for running wild-cat, a pointer for warm-weather shooting, and a setter for the late fall. I have also a working horse and a roadster, a couple of cows, a few hives of bees, and a poultry yard. I grow all my own hay, besides lots of garden stuff, the surplus of which goes to pay my grocer's bill. My farm cost £350. I pay a man and his wife £40 a year to look after me, and they make me exceedingly comfortable. For ploughing and hay-making I hire extra help. I spend one or two days out of each week in the city, and can thus look over all the English periodicals at the club, and keep in touch with my friends, who often pay me a visit and sometimes profess to envy me. One intimate friend spends each week-end at the farm. Out of my £200, after meeting all expenses I have sufficient left for a little travel each year.

This is a slight sketch of a manner of life which may suit some tastes, and which my experience has proved to be delightful. Farming, gardening, studying, and writing fill up my vacant hours, so that I can welcome equally foul weather or fair.

There is a great fascination in living so close to nature, in watching the procession of the seasons. Each has its own peculiar charm. Even "torpid and taciturn winter" has its keen outdoor enjoyments: skating on the frozen lakes, snow-shoeing on the powdery white wastes, sleighing on the highway worn to a slippery smoothness by the winter's traffic. Winter is the season for felling trees and filling up the woodyard.

The return of spring, however, is always eagerly looked for. The first note of its coming is sounded by the wild geese, passing over high in the air, bound for their breeding grounds in Baffin's Land or Hudson's Bay. Soon after on some warm evening the drumming of the breeding snipe is heard over the lonely marshlands; a woodcock is seen feeding at the brookside; the faint croakings from little wayside pools tell that the softer airs are reviving the torpid reptile life; then little green spears are thrust upwards in the russet fields, and the migrant birds swarm over the bare pastures. Now the plough is brought out and planting is presently in full swing. All thoughts of sport are laid aside until seeding time is over. By this time the trout are once more in good condition after the glut of the may-fly; and excursions to the lakes with little portable canvas canoes are in order.

The advent of summer brings many tasks on the farm, a ceaseless warfare against the weeds which if let alone would soon destroy all prospects of a crop; yet there is room for a few days on a salmon

stream, and a picnic party now and then. Delightful is the progress of the summer season. All the countryside becomes adorned with purple masses of Rhodora and the crimson plumes of the Kalmias. The forest glades throw gusts of perfume in the face of the wayfarer. The Linnea vine, the wild cherry, the budding firs, the "balm of Gilead" poplars, load the air with their heavy-scented fragrance. Of all summer tasks the gathering of the hay crop is the most important.

Autumn is a season of prolonged and varied enjoyments. The pleasures of garden, farm, and wood may be alternated. There is a loud call to the forest and the fields. Game is at its prime. Shall it be a few days' snipe-shooting with your trusty old friend, the boon companion of many outings which lie fair in the memory? Or shall it be a plunge into the forest with a native Micmac Indian as your guide to try for a pair of moose antlers for your study walls? Or a search on the hills covered with berry-bearing shrubbery for his majesty the bear? Exactly as taste and inclination may dictate.

After the Canadian autumn then comes the marvellous "Indian summer"—a brief term of truce to the encroachments of the colds of winter.

The wheel of the seasons has now come full circle. We are back again to the time of the blazing log-fire, and the long quiet evenings over a book. The wild flurry of the winter drift against the pane is little heeded, while the sputtering logs on the ample hearth are no bad substitute for the gaudy sunshine of summer.

I have briefly tried to outline the attractions of a mode of life—which may appeal to some men, certainly not to all—within the reach of very moderate means. Many men in America who devote their lives to literary effort have chosen a similar method. I find it a beautiful and pleasant existence, combining as it does ample opportunities for reading, sport, and outdoor occupation in farming and gardening.

There is a wholesome blend of work and play. Undoubtedly there exists in Canada some subtle charm which strongly attracts the old-country man. It appeals to many as the most attractive of all the Colonies. India, "the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown," is seldom regarded as a permanent home. South Africa is a good place to make money in to bring home to spend. Australia and New Zealand are too remote in the estimation of many, and generally speaking the climate is too arid. Canada is the nearest Colony; its climate and natural features most nearly resemble those of Britain. Its huge forests, great lakes, and noble rivers, its rolling prairies and majestic mountains, lend it a flavour of romance. Most Englishmen when they know it well love it well.

WILD TURKEYS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

BY COLLINGWOOD INGRAM

In their vernacular the Australians have adopted a very loose nomenclature for the natural objects which surround them. As a general rule the names have originated from a vague outward resemblance to things that were once familiar to their forefathers in the "old country," as they still call England. We have learnt to believe that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but occasions may arise where it is altogether undesirable, and this is certainly so with regard to terminology. The duplicity of a name will almost invariably be misleading. In this way the Australian Bustard (*Eupodotis australis*) will for all time be wrongly known as the Wild Turkey, and it would be futile therefore to write of the bird by any other appellation.

Rather larger than the species that once inhabited the British Islands, its habits somewhat resemble those of the Great Bustard (*Otis tarda*), and need not be referred to here in detail. With the increase and spread of civilisation, like their European cousins they are rapidly reducing in numbers, and it is to be feared at no distant date they will become entirely extinct in the populated districts. I have been informed that this sudden diminution is not wholly due to the persecution of sportsmen, although doubtless they may be credited with a share in the business. Upon a certain station that came especially under my notice in South Australia their sudden scarcity was found to be contemporaneous with the poisoning of rabbits by a specially prepared pollard, and the eating of this food may possibly be taken as the principal cause of their fate. Perhaps another factor may be the comparatively recent introduction of foxes into the country.

Being partially migratory, under certain conditions the wild turkey moves down towards the coast and feeds by the lower reaches of the River Murray and its delta lakes, where it is attracted by the greener grass of the less dry climate.

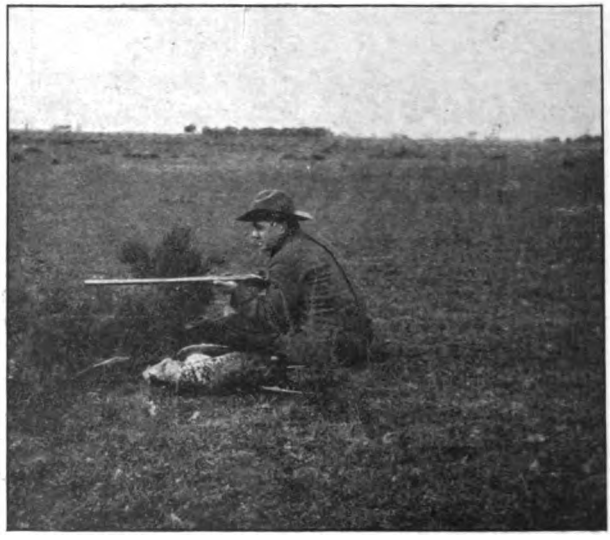
It was on the shore of one of these lakes that I had my first experience of Australian shooting. With its flat and open features this district put me much in mind of a typical landscape in Argentina, and oddly enough this peculiar comparison was further intensified by a superficial resemblance between many of the birds; the black-breasted plovers had a cry very similar to that of the ubiquitous *teru-terus* of the River Plate; the bustards flew with a slow beat of pinion like the crested screamers; and the ducks plied to and fro across the water in the manner of the restless mobs that fly between the shallow *lagunas* of the far-away pampas.

The morning of our first expedition, we started early after

WOOD'S POINT, RIVER MURRAY

breakfast. The guns left the sheep-station in a small buggy and proceeded slowly in the wake of two beaters, who were riding upon horses, scouting a little way in advance. To a stranger it appears curious that a couple of men should be sufficient to do what is necessary to secure sport; but I understand that their intimate knowledge of the country and the flight of the birds renders them nearly always successful in driving the turkeys over a required point. With respect to this work, one man in particular—a long, rufous-haired Colonial—possessed almost a genius, and locally it was said that he could manage the bustards as easily as he could a flock of sheep.

We travelled several miles before we came to the most frequented ground, and then three birds were seen and marked down by the two outriders. A halt was consequently called, and after some discussion a definite understanding was finally arrived at and we went our several ways. The first beat was not productive, but it gained one important object in driving the birds to a favoured headland which at this point projected into the lake. With renewed care to avoid mistakes a second drive was arranged, and we again took up our positions in the form of a wide semi-circle. We were placed equidistant from one another in what is colloquially known as a "hide." Some of these "hides" were natural, but others had to be hurriedly erected by gathering together either lumps of



WAITING FOR THE TURKEYS

grass or loose bunches of samphire, and building them up in the shape of a low butt. Personally, upon this occasion I took my place behind a dead and partially dislimbed she-oak, where, without any shelter, I had to remain crouching for some time in the cold bite of the wind. In the chill of that breeze there was every prospect of the long-wished-for rain, and indeed soon it sputtered down upon us as cold as a moorland shower.

But I had not to wait very long, for soon the turkeys began to rise from the plain-land in front. First one and then another mounted into the air, until seventeen in all came flapping slowly in the direction of the ambushed guns. Those who have been fortunate enough to participate in a grouse, or even a partridge, drive, in a

sense can appreciate the glow of expectancy that accompanied the approach of these huge birds. Beating up with a side wind, their flight proved to be very erratic, and several broke away wide of the guns along the shore of the lake. The first impression that they were moving low, and not very swiftly, soon proved incorrect, for as they came nearer it became evident that they were really flying higher than their custom, and at a considerable speed. As they passed overhead, therefore, making an awkward lee-way with the wind, it was not surprising that our shots had little effect upon them; and although we could distinctly hear the lead rattle against their feathers, only one fell to the ground, while the others went on without much apparent discomfort. The game was now so scattered over the country that only one other drive could be organised, which resulted in a single addition to our bag, but later another wounded bird was picked up, making in all a total of three.

Although this ended our day's sport with the Australian Bustard, several hours of light still remained, so it was decided to use them along the lake-side in pursuit of duck, and despite their cunning we succeeded in taking a few from the hundreds that were feeding upon the water.

The flesh of the wild turkey is very excellent eating, and the bird's reputation as a comestible is by no means undeserved.

AFTER DUCK

BOOKS ON SPORT

SCHOOL AND SPORT. By Tom Collins. London: Elliot Stock. 1906.

Mr. Collins—grandson and great-grandson of old members for Warwick—was lately head master of Newport (Salop) School, and we should imagine that the boys who found themselves in his charge were lucky. A man's character may often be judged correctly from his writing, especially when it takes the form of an autobiography, and readers cannot well fail to arrive at the conclusion that the author is a good sportsman and a good fellow, the consequence being that he has produced a remarkably cheery and interesting book.

Mr. Collins was beaten for an open scholarship at Trinity Hall by the present Lord Justice Romer, afterwards, however, being successful at Christ's, where he captained the cricket eleven. His work began at King Edward's School, Birmingham, he having been elected classical master at the age of twenty-two. But it is rather the latter half of his title, sport, that will appeal to readers, and indeed this subject occupies the greater part of the volume, shooting and fishing particularly, though he has something to say about other things, including billiards, which used to be regarded as a discreditable game, and was once forbidden at the University. Mr. Collins, however, played, and got into the final for the "silver cue."

Before applying for his appointment the author visited Norway, and had excellent sport there. He and his friends took out three dogs who were fed exclusively on game, which it need scarcely be said many dogs will not touch. "Old Don, the bulldog pointer, was not averse from grouse—even when uncooked. He was a wonderfully good dog in many ways," the author says, but in one respect, which he goes on to describe, he was a very bad dog? "I have seen him get into a lot of young blackgame and point them one after another steady as a rock while your eye was on him. When he thought you were not looking I have seen him dash in, seize and bolt a young blackcock, feathers and all, almost before you could wink your eye." By the way, you could not easily wink anything else? "When you came up to him he would look as innocent as a newborn babe." Surely a very bad dog indeed!

Incidentally Mr. Collins introduces a little disquisition on Bridge, the drawback to which he considers is that you are so absolutely in the hands of your partner. The writer is artful, for he makes the statement that in his time at Birmingham, 1863, there was no golf an excuse for telling some golf stories. One is of the rector who was shocked to find his golf-playing curate using golf

language. The incumbent suggested that whenever the culprit so far forgot himself as to say a bad word he should put a pebble in his pocket, and one day, after a long turn at the links, he met the young man with his coat bulging out on both sides. The rector shook his head in reproof, and said it was "very, very bad," to which the ever-truthful curate replied that these were only the "dash its!" and "hang its!" "There is a wagon-load of 'damns!' coming up the road," he confessed.

Mr. Collins does not seem to have missed many opportunities of a day's shooting, and has naturally met with companions of varying degrees of skill. Once he asked a sporting parson how the young son of a neighbouring baronet got on. His reverence replied, "Oh, only middling. The first day he was out he had ninety-five shots and hit his father, his uncle, and one bird." The author himself made a better average and a less mixed bag. He was out one day when "suddenly six partridges rose on the other side of a gate and flew over two tall trees. I fired one shot just when they were at the top, and to my astonishment, as I was waiting to get in the second barrel, the whole six fell dead at the bottom of the tree. You might have covered them with a tablecloth. I at first thought I was responsible for the whole six, but afterwards found that Christopher Burne had fired simultaneously with myself." In any case it was an average of three a barrel.

For many years Mr. Collins had 1,000 acres of rough shooting close to Newport. He had no keeper, yet in one year he killed 426 partridges, 90 wild pheasants, 40 hares, and about 70 rabbits. Of course he likes to see dogs work—most people do; but as to walking up and driving, he declares that he "would rather kill three brace of fast-flying driven birds than double the number by walking them up." Years ago 6*d*. an acre used to be considered a fair price for partridge-shooting; many readers will wish it were so now, but the increase is no doubt natural. Mr. Collins writes pleasantly, though we are surprised to find a head master saying "different to."

POULTRY FARMING: Some Facts and Some Conclusions. By "Home Counties." London: John Murray. 1906.

"It is difficult to think of any subject upon which more nonsense has been talked and written than poultry keeping." So the author begins by saying, and he goes on to discuss the question in all its branches with evident knowledge and experience. No less a sum than £7,000,000 per annum is paid for imported eggs, and another million for dead poultry. Cannot this be kept in the United Kingdom for the profit of poultry farmers? That is the point.

"Home Counties" does not appear to be particularly sanguine of great results. At present the patronage of poultry keeping by agricultural societies' shows is largely bestowed in the wrong way, he says, and most of the poultry shows have little relation to commercial poultry keeping. It is far from being everybody's business. What it all comes to is that under favourable conditions certain people who possess special advantages may make poultry yield a profit, but buckets of cold water are thrown on the uninstructed enthusiast.

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY: ROWING AND TRACK ATHLETICS. "Rowing," by Samuel Crowther; "Track Athletics," by Arthur Ruhl. New York and London: Macmillan. 1905.

It is difficult to understand why interest in rowing and sculling should have decreased so markedly of late years, but there can be no doubt about the fact. The names of Chambers, Kelley, Renforth, and others used to be familiar to everybody, and a match between Thames and Tyne created general excitement. Nowadays, how many readers can name the champion sculler? At the University Boat-race season papers do contain accounts of the spins done by the crews and criticisms of individuals, Henley is an attraction to many, and local regattas draw their crowds. But interest in the sport of boat-racing has waned, and though this book is well done by a competent hand, we doubt whether it will appeal to a large class, particularly as it of course deals for the most part with Transatlantic exponents of rowing and athletics. The frontispiece, indeed, is of a Diamond Sculls winner, E. H. Ten Eyck, who carried off the trophy in 1897, but the circumstances were not altogether agreeable. Ten Eyck, described as "perhaps the fastest amateur who has ever handled a scull," was the son of a professional, his amateur status was not admitted, and in 1898 his entry was refused.

It might have been supposed that the introduction of the sliding seat would have given a fresh impetus to rowing, though it can hardly be said to have done so. On this subject the author has some well-considered remarks. On fixed seats English and Americans rowed in much the same way, the British only having more swing. When the slide was introduced the forms diverged. The American stroke had the slide for a basis, the English retained the swing which the others steadily cut down. At Henley the Americans have, as a rule, fared badly, but it is urged that their crews have usually met Leander, which is undoubtedly strong.

As for athletics, how excellent many Americans are has been demonstrated on both sides of the Atlantic.

FATE'S INTRUDER. By Frank Savile and Alfred E. T. Watson. London: Heinemann. 1906.

This is a novel containing sporting incidents which cannot be reviewed in these pages, seeing that authors are the editor of the magazine and a frequent contributor. The bare mention of the publication must suffice.

BADMINTON LIBRARY: BILLIARDS. New Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

A new edition of the Badminton Billiards book has just been issued, in accordance with the publishers' practice of keeping the books as much as possible up to date; and it may be added that a new edition of "Motoring" is nearly ready, the latter subject requiring constant attention, for the industry moves with speed.

A FARMER'S YEAR. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

This is a re-issue of the famous novelist's labour of love, the original of which we reviewed in due course. It appeals forcibly to every dweller in the country, we can scarcely say whether more so to the person who knows little of the march of the seasons, what flowers, crops, etc., to look for, or to the practical agriculturist, who will be interested to note how his own experiences agree with the author's.

WHO'S WHO. London: A. and C. Black. 1906.

What can be said of "Who's Who"? It would be useless to repeat that it is indispensable, for of this everybody is aware. It could scarcely be better done, and the new volume, we may add, extends to 1,878 pages.

WHO'S WHO YEAR BOOK. (Same Publishers.)

This is in a measure a convenient summary of "Who's Who," but it is much more than that, and we cannot imagine the man who lives in the world and does not constantly find it more than a convenience.

THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK, 1906. (Same Publishers.)

This is—need it be said?—a directory for writers, artists, and photographers, and is of special value to the author or draughtsman who has MS. or pictures to dispose of and is in doubt where they will have the best chance of acceptance.

So far as we know this is absolutely a new idea—a sporting tour through India by automobile. Mr. P. E. Narraway is responsible for the notion, and has negotiated with the Officers' Employment Bureau, 133, Jermyn Street, London, S.W., to assist in carrying out the scheme. The latter have made all arrangements, which especially include tiger and big game shooting, pig-sticking, etc. A powerful car has been built with every convenience, also a second for servants and luggage. The route has been carefully mapped out for nearly the whole of Southern India, all places of interest being visited. A retired army officer who knows the ropes is to be in charge. The tour will start from Poona, November 1st, and will extend from three to six months.

* * * * *

To not a few ears the sound of a hunting horn is the pleasantest of music, and though the local saddler may have such instruments in stock, the chances are that they are not very satisfactory specimens of the article. To Masters and huntsmen in search of a horn the Stainer Manufacturing Company, of 92, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, may be recommended. They are not, indeed, particularly specialists in these horns, all sorts of other instruments being on sale, as also gramophones, from 50s. to whatever price the purchaser chooses to give.

* * * * *

On other pages in this number is a description of how a man with a taste for sport may lead a pleasurable existence in Canada on an almost microscopic income. Should he prefer California he can, with fair average luck, make an income on an Orange Orchard. It is declared that no better start in life can be given to a young man, and as for sport, at West Riverside, Los Angelos, there is excellent shooting, fishing of the very best, besides polo, golf, and lawn-tennis clubs. Full particulars of this fascinating country may be obtained at the California Real Estate Agency and Inquiry Bureau, 21, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

* * * * *

Whether myopia—short-sightedness—is curable has long been a subject of argument. M. Dion, of the Ophthalmic Institute, 191, Rue de l'Université, Paris, asserts that there is no doubt. At most one per cent. of cases treated by him are failures, and if the cure be not complete, considerable improvement is guaranteed. Numerous testimonials from the most authentic sources bear unmistakable testimony to the contention, and at present M. Dion may be consulted at 94, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the March competition will be announced in the May issue.

THE JANUARY COMPETITION

The Prize in the January competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. G. W. Whitmore, Apethorpe, Wansford, Northamptonshire; Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln; Major G. F. Mockler, 43rd Light Infantry, Deolali, Bombay Presidency; Mr. Philip Haswell, The School House, Dunstable; Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County; Mr. Robert W. Hillcoat, H.M. Transport *Plassy;* Sergeant A. V. Cable, Royal Engineers, Gibraltar; Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; and Mrs. G. B. B. Commeline, Fyzabad, U.P., India.

WYNNSTAY HUNT POINT-TO-POINT—THE OPEN WATER JUMP IN THE FARMERS' RACE

Photograph by Mr. G. W. Whitmore, Apethorpe, Wansford, Northamptonshire

A SOUTHERN FOUR-IN-HAND

Photograph by Mr. Geo. B. Kemp, Watertown, New York

A THROW OUT FROM THE TOUCH LINE—CHELTENHAM COLLEGE *v.* BLACKHEATH ON THE COLLEGE GROUND

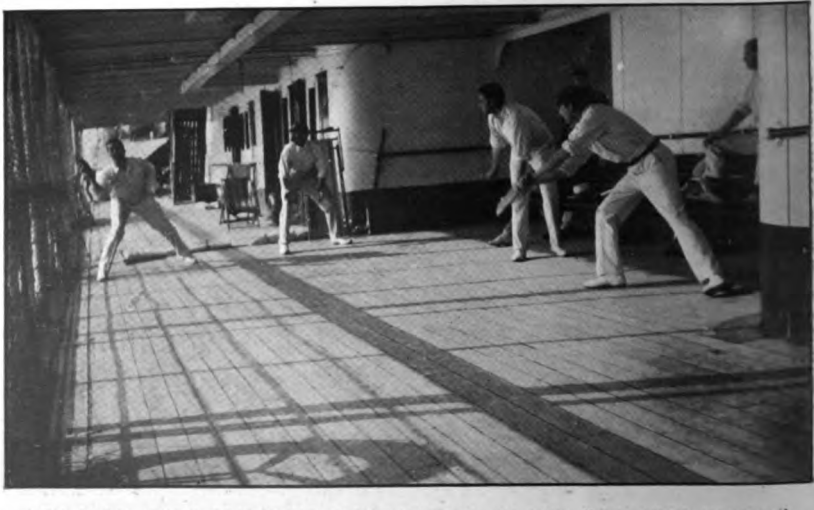
Photograph by Mr. H. G. Swiney, Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham

THE QUANTOCK STAGHOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln

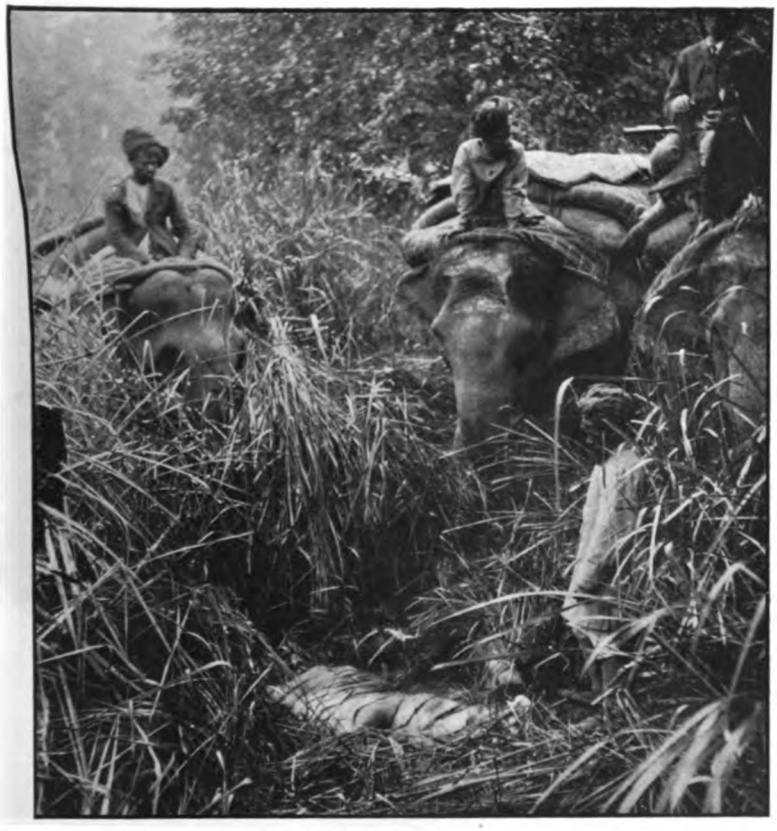
HUNTERS CROSSING A FERRY IN THE BEDALE COUNTRY

Photograph by Mrs. L. B. Morris, Thornton-in-Craven, Leeds



THE M.C.C. TEAM PRACTISING SLIP CATCHING ON THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE"

Photograph by Captain J. C. Harvey, Hastings



TIGER-SHOOTING IN THE KHERI TERAI, OUDH, U.P.

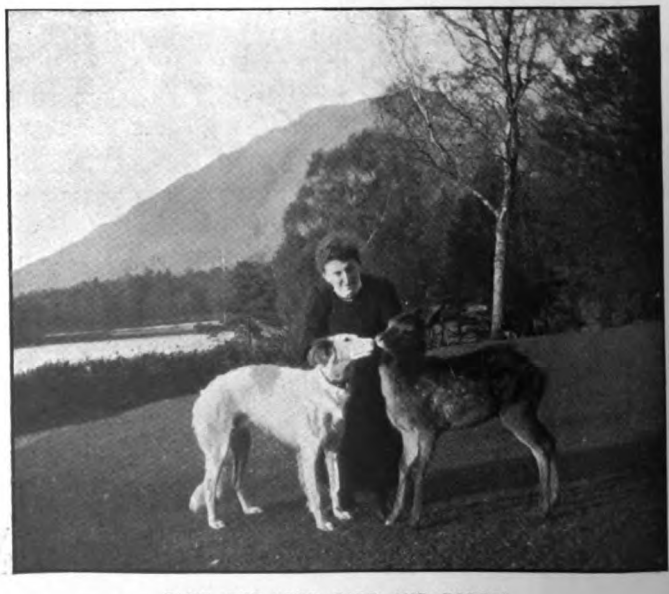
Photograph by Major G. F. Mockler, 43rd Light Infantry, Deolali, Bombay Presidency

WATER LEAP-FROG IN THE DUNSTABLE SCHOOL BATHS

Photograph by Mr. Philip Haswell, The School House, Dunstable

OFF!

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

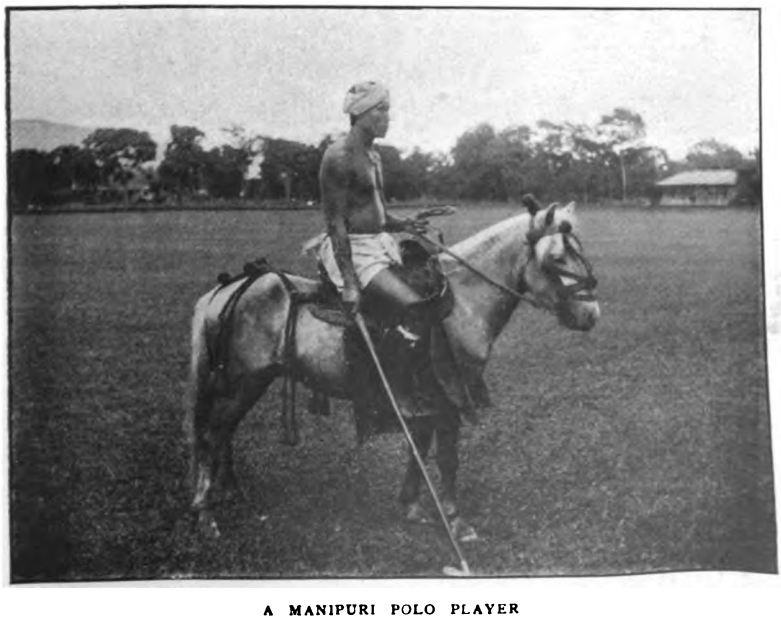


TAME RED-DEER CALF AND BORZOI

Photograph by Miss M. Maclean, Ardgour, N.B.

THE RACE FOR THE GRAND MILITARY, PUNCHESTOWN, 1905

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County

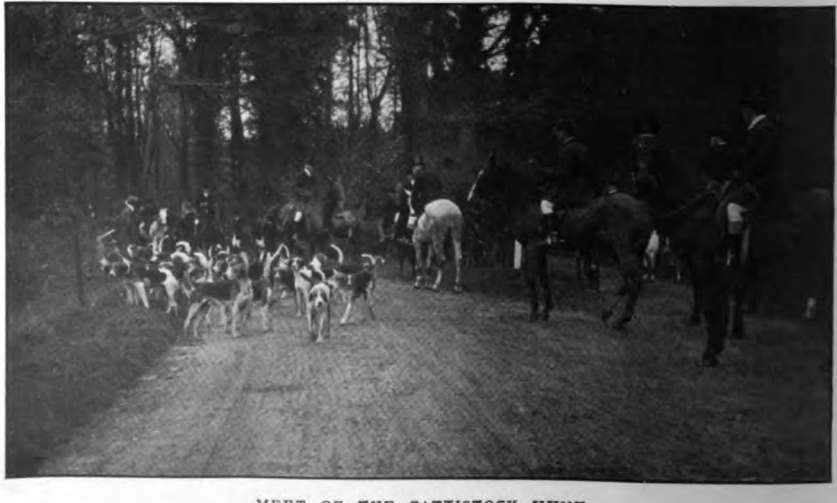


A MANIPURI POLO PLAYER

Photograph by Major A. B. Harvey, 16th Rajputs, Manipur, Assam, India

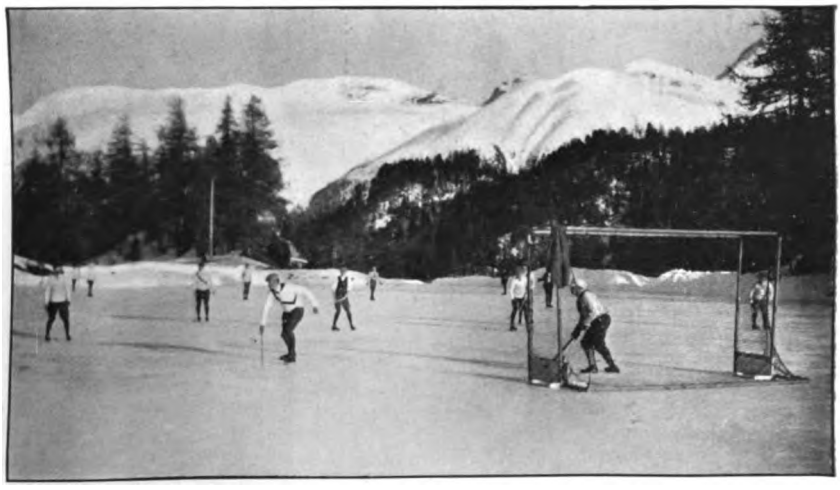
KILDARE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT, 1905—JUMPING THE WALL ON TO THE ROAD

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County



MEET OF THE CATTISTOCK HUNT

Photograph by Miss H. Pote, South Court, Dorchester



BANDY PLAYING AT ST. MORITZ

Photograph by Lady Joan Verney, Rutland Gardens, S.W.

PILLOW FIGHTING ON A GREASY POLE OVER A SAILCLOTH, H.M. TRANSPORT "PLASSY" SPORTS

Photograph by Mr. Robert W. Hillcoat, H.M. Transport "Plassy"

A LADIES' RACE AT ALMORIAMA, SPAIN

Photograph by Sergeant A. V Cable, Royal Engineers, Gibraltar

IMPALA SHOT NEAR NAIROBI

Shot and Photograph taken by Mr. R. P. Lewis, Lieutenant 1st King's African Rifles, Nairobi, East Africa

THE GUIDES PAPER HUNT

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels

MEET OF H.M.S. "BRITANNIA" BEAGLES, DARTMOUTH, AT WADDETON COURT
MASTER, COMMANDER THE HON. HUBERT G. BRAND, R.N.

Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, South Devon

GOING !

GOING !!

GONE !!!

Photograph by Mrs. G. B. B. Commeline, Fyzabad, U.P., India

POLEBROOK, THE RESIDENCE OF CAPTAIN HOPE-JOHNSTONE

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

VI.—CAPTAIN WENTWORTH HOPE-JOHNSTONE

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE seventies and eighties were perhaps the palmy days of the soldier-jockey, and conspicuous among those who distinguished themselves at that epoch was the subject of the present sketch. Wentworth Hope-Johnstone comes of a sporting family. His father and grandfather figured in the saddle before him, so that race-riding was in the blood, and it is natural that the friends of the family should have been sportsmen likewise. When a boy young Hope-Johnstone used to stay for weeks at a time at Knockhill, Dumfries-shire, with old Mr. Sharpe of Hoddon, one of the best-known men in his generation; and the place was a paradise to the lad, being thronged with racehorses, mares and foals, greyhounds, piebald sheep, fancy dogs and cats, curious birds, and endless objects of interest. There he used to "do" a horse and ride work, studying

indeed the elements of the art of which he was to become a master. It was at Knockhill that Christopher Sly was bred, a winner of several races, including the Gold Vase at Ascot in 1871. Christopher Sly was an example of the fact that no one knows how a yearling will turn out. He was a shapeless and ungainly little creature, so much so that he was run in an old orchard so as to be out of sight, and there he had a habit of standing for hours together in the same place, under the branches of an old tree, which got him the name among the lads of "Crabtree Jock." Mr. Sharpe had a mare called Bayleaf, which he once sent to Perth to run in a Hunters' Flat Race. Tom Spence was to have ridden, but did not turn up; so a local sportsman, who was described as a "regardless rider," had the mount, and, finishing with desperate energy, won a distance. Bob Menzies, Mr. Sharpe's trainer, a very important person who fancied himself greatly, swaggered up to lead the mare in, not at all pleased that she had been so thoroughly shown up. "Confound you, sir," he said, "what was the good of that? You won a hundred yards too far!" "Did I?" the affronted jockey replied, for he had not expected anything but a compliment on his horsemanship. "And if I'd had a bigger whip I'd have won a hundred yards further!"

In was in 1866 that Mr. Hope-Johnstone made his first appearance in the saddle, his figures for the year being "1 mount, 0 win," and this was precisely repeated two years later. During the intermediate year he never rode, so that he could not have improved on the minus average. Wigton, in Cumberland, was one of the first meetings he ever attended. A horse called Soda-water, ridden by a horse-breaker and occasional jockey named Gambles, came down at the brook, giving his rider a very bad fall. Hope-Johnstone was just by the fence, as was the owner, to whom he said, "I'm afraid your jockey is very badly hurt?" "Puir lad! I doot he'll never speak nae mair; will thee ride huss i' the Consolation?" was the reply. Business was business whatever might happen to the luckless Gambles.

Young Wentworth Johnstone's first mount, however, was in a flat race at Hawick. He had not been prepared to ride, and figured in the saddle in boots and breeches borrowed from an ostler who happened to be handy and to own fairly presentable equipments, and it was rather for the fun of riding than the hope of winning that he accepted the mount, as the race was known to be a practical certainty for an animal named Stiff—if only he got off, that is to say: an important proviso, as he was an extremely difficult horse at the post, and if there were any delay was tolerably certain to bolt off the common where the course was laid out into the town. While dressing, a loud altercation in the next room was over-

CAPTAIN WENTWORTH HOPE-JOHNSTONE

heard. "I tell thee thou knaws naething aboot it!" a voice said. "Ma brither is starter, and there will be a fause start, tae set aff that auld beggar Stiff." With a clever jockey called Noble on his back, however, Stiff got off and won by the length of a street, so that the starter's brother and his friends, who had fancied that they "knew something," were done.

Whether Hope-Johnstone's performance at this time led anyone to believe that he would twice head the list of gentlemen riders is not on record, but at any rate his pluck was undoubted. His next ride was at Windsor on a wild pulling animal named Bandoline. In the first race on the card, ridden by a jockey named Ablett, the horse came to grief, and hurt his jockey rather badly. Bandoline was in another race later in the day, and the owner wanted to find a rider for him; but the professionals knew well what sort of beast he was, and those who were not engaged all declared that they had to catch an early train, which would render it quite impossible for them to accept the offer. Wentworth's uncle, Davy Hope-Johnstone, hearing of the dilemma, and knowing how keen his nephew was, suggested that he might do, assuring the owner that at any rate he would not tumble off. "Wenty," as he was, and is, called by a multitude of friends, promptly accepted, though he had not come prepared to ride, and no friendly ostler being at the time available, he got up in check trousers, set off by an orthodox green jacket and black cap. After jumping the brook the field in those days had to turn sharp to the left. Wenty was on the inside, and had so much way on that he could not get round, consequently going himself, and taking Reginald Herbert on Comberton, over the chains and in among the carriages. The author of the mischief escaped a fall; his victim was not equally fortunate, though he was up again so quickly that getting back into the course he won the race, afterwards accepting the aggressor's humble apologies in the kindest and most genial spirit, rightly attributing the mischief to a combination of zeal and ignorance which might be forgiven in an over-anxious and energetic young amateur.

About this time Hope-Johnstone joined the 7th Hussars, then about the "horse-ridingest" regiment in the service. In 1873, for instance, out of sixteen runners for the Grand Military Gold Cup, no fewer than five were ridden by officers of the Seventh: "Baby," now General, McCalmont, John Daye Backer, Lord Marcus Beresford, W. B. Morris, and Wentworth; and it may also be noted that the Seventh has supplied the winner of the Gold Cup on as many as six occasions.

"Wenty" learned riding in a roughish school, not being in the least particular what he was put on so long as he could "have a go."

For Teddy Woodland he frequently performed at the meetings round about London, Kingsbury, West Drayton, Eltham, etc. At Kingsbury one afternoon, after riding several of Woodland's horses, he had a bad fall, being for a time quite knocked out. He recovered consciousness on a form in the dressing-room, and while pulling himself together, and trying to realise where he was and to remember what had happened, Woodland roused him with a shake, handed him a big bumper of vinegar and water, merely remarking, "Look sharp, Captain, please! I've got another for you in the next race!" Too dazed to argue, he was taken to the weighing-room, and put up

A PRIZE WINNER

on an animal who he just possessed energy to observe had his head wrapped up in a blanket in order that he might not see the race-course surroundings, for which he entertained a rooted repugnance. He had, of course, to be led to the post, but when the flag fell, swung round and disappeared in the direction of Harrow. At Croydon, too, a great place in those days, "Wenty" was constantly up; once on a horse of the late Sir John Astley's, who was always willing to give a young horseman a chance. "Can he jump?" Wenty asked, as he was about to get up. "Jump? Why, of course he can!" replied the dear old "Mate"; "he jumped right over the

rails into the ring at Chester!" This may have been evidence of a certain capacity, but was nevertheless not altogether encouraging.

By 1873 Captain Hope-Johnstone had come to be recognised as one of the leading lights among players of the game, and he easily won the Grand Military Gold Cup on a horse called Revirescat; repeating the success, it may here be observed, on Lady Sneerwell in 1875 and on Earl Marshal in 1876; whilst his brother-in-law, the lamented Captain W. B. Morris, another of the very best of good fellows, kept up the sequence in 1877 and 1878, so that the regiment did decidedly well! Revirescat was rather fancied for the National of this year, but it would have taken a great horse to beat Disturbance, one of the best 'chasers that ever lived, in the estimation of good judges. Such is the fortune of war that Captain Hope-Johnstone never chanced to win, or even to get in the first three for, a Liverpool, though he has won a number of races over the course—the Valentine Steeplechase twice, for instance, on Lucy and Champion. After coming to grief there and hurting himself rather badly on one occasion, he declared that he would "sooner fall at Liverpool than win a race anywhere else," so fond was he of the big Aintree fences. He indirectly had a hand, moreover, in a National victory. One day he had a ride and won a race on Old Joe, and meeting our friend Mr. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas afterwards, he observed to him that he thought Old Joe was the best horse he had ever ridden, "though perhaps," he modestly added, "I've never been on a good one." His opinion, however, was enough to induce Mr. Johnstone-Douglas to buy the horse, with which, as the reader is doubtless aware, he carried off the great race in 1866, after creating a desperate scare, for three days before the contest he had a wire from his trainer telling him that the horse was dead lame and could not possibly start. He came from Carlisle, where he was trained, with his leg in a bucket, and happily got right in time. If I remember rightly what Mr. Johnstone-Douglas told me, the mare had got a great nail in his leg, the result of hitting a rail which a carpenter had clumsily knocked together after a break.

A certain proportion of falls is the inevitable lot of every steeplechase rider; and though Captain Hope-Johnstone has been fortunate in escaping fractures, he naturally had some ugly accidents. One of these was at Croydon, where a nasty scrimmage at a hurdle occurred, with the result that he was knocked over in front of a big field which came pounding along and passed over him, leaving him flat on the ground; indeed, he did not recover his consciousness for many hours. "I'm afraid someone jumped on him," a sympathetic observer remarked as just after the race he was carried into the gentlemen's dressing-room. "Yes, I'm afraid I did—for one," a

friend who had ridden in the race candidly answered. Within a week, however, he was eagerly at it again. There was a meeting at Kingsbury, and an owner had two horses in one of the races, Charlie and Repulse. Captain Hope-Johnstone, though determined not to miss a ride, felt that he could not do justice to his mount. He suggested, therefore, that he should ride the worse of the pair, Repulse; for the owner, properly estimating his own capacity in the saddle and likewise that of his friend, had been willing to give him the mount on the probable winner. He declared to win with Charlie, and would perhaps have done so, but the late Major Dalbiac ("The Treasure") on a horse called Awalton came up not far from home and

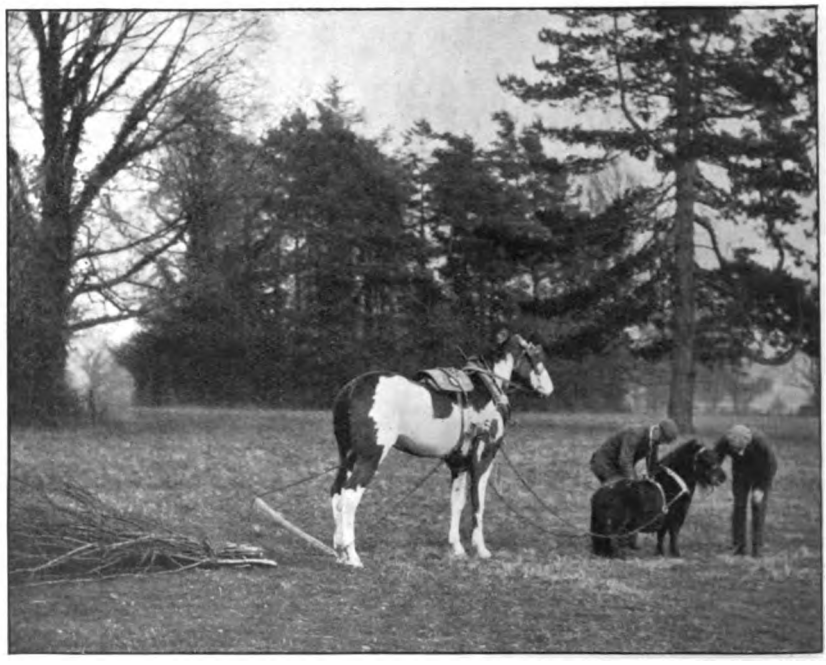
A SUMMER RESORT

raced so hard against Charlie that the pair ran themselves out of it, leaving Repulse to drop down at the finish and just get home. The race was called "The Upper Ten Steeplechase," and the mob, quite convinced that the business had been arranged—they are usually ready to believe that every other race is a "ramp"—became derisive and shouted out inquiries as to whether "that was the way the Upper Ten did it?"

In 1880 his present Majesty the King ran a horse for the first time, a big brown animal called Leonidas, and Captain Hope-Johnstone was honoured with an invitation to ride. Carrying the Royal

colours, hitherto never displayed by their present owner, the horse won comfortably, so that the subject of this sketch has the honour of having won the first race His Majesty ever secured.

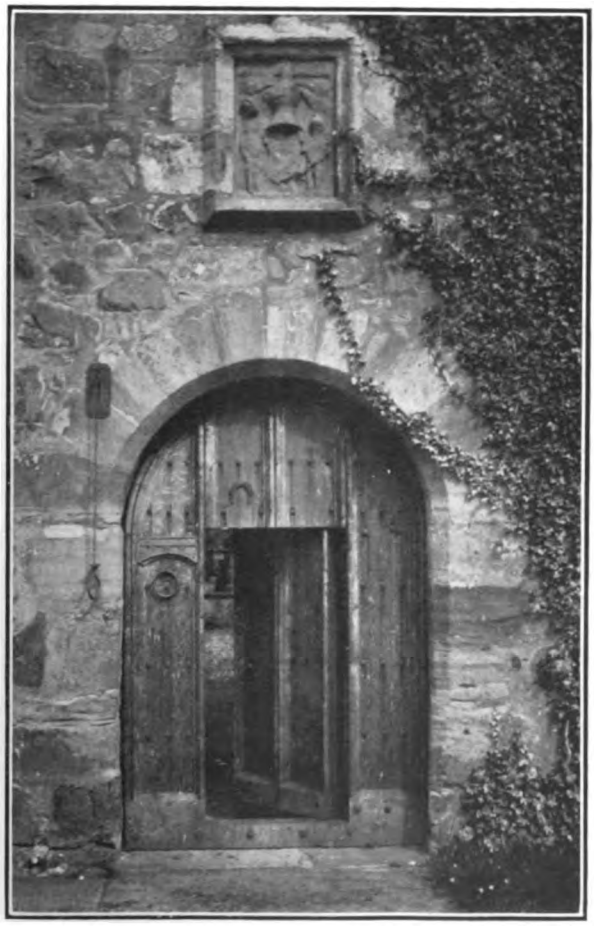
Rather earlier than this, in 1877, in what was called the Royal Hunt Steeplechase, at Sandown, a rather quaint scene was enacted in which Captain Hope-Johnstone took part. There were three starters for the race: Roundhead, ridden by Lord Marcus Beresford; Early Dawn, Mr. Lee Barber up; and Little Fawn, on whom Mr. C. Thirlwell started. When they had gone a short distance Little Fawn fell, giving his jockey a baddish shattering, and at any rate incapacitating him for the day. At the next fence the other two



EXTREMES MEET

refused persistently, and it occurred to Captain Hope-Johnstone that Little Fawn might win after all if she had someone on her back; so, running to her, for she had been secured, he jumped on. Incidentally he found that there was no off-side stirrup, and that the bridle was over the mare's ear; but these were details, and riding at the fence where the other two were refusing he somehow or other got safely over. At the next jump, however, she would not have it. Fred Archer happened to be standing close by, with a beautiful gold-headed cane which some admirer had presented to him for winning a race, and as Little Fawn's jockey had neither whip nor spurs

Archer kindly handed him the trophy as a substitute. It was not the least adapted for the purpose, and splintered to pieces at the first stroke, but it had the effect of urging the mare to an effort. She went for the jump, landed on her head, the saddle swung round under her, the bridle came off, and the rider's gallant attempt was defeated. He consoled himself, however, by winning the next race, the Priory Steeplechase, on Tom Moody, beating Mr. Garrett



ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE

Moore and Mr. Arthur Yates. For the lattter, and no doubt for the former also for the matter of that, Captain Hope-Johnstone had a warm admiration. He was always a believer in getting off and as a rule going to the front and staying there, the idea being that if you made a mistake you seemed to have more chance of getting right again; and Mr. Arthur Yates was a great exponent of this system.

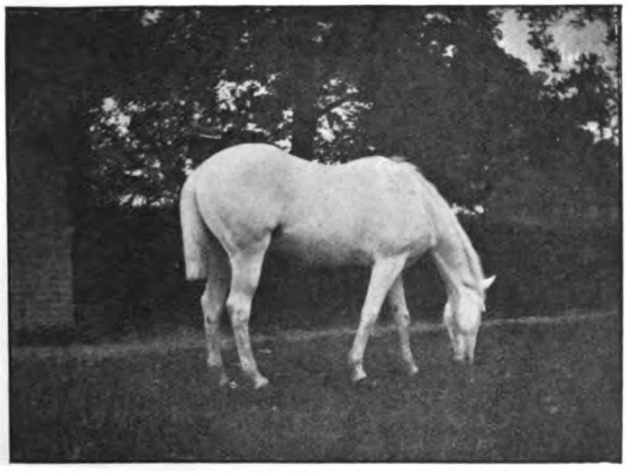
The way he would rush down a hill, dart round a corner, and race over a drop, used to fill spectators with admiration and awe; and many of the gallant little band who studied and practised the art of race-riding at Bishop's Sutton adopted the same method. I well remember one of them, Captain Robert Sandeman, riding an old horse called Johnny Longtail at Sandown, on a very frosty day, when it had seemed impossible that there could be any racing, so bad was the condition of the course. As they went up the hill past the stands, one of the jockeys observed that it was dangerously slippery on the descent after the turn; and Captain Sandeman, hearing this, took Johnny Longtail by the head and dashed him down as hard as he could go. He slipped and slithered and looked extremely like coming to the utterest grief, but gained such a long lead whilst the others were cautiously steadying down the descent that he won his race comfortably. It may be casually mentioned that Captain Sandeman had been invalided home after a bad fall in India, with the doctors' assurance that he would never be able to get on a horse again; but as regards this it appears that the doctors were not quite correct.

Jem Adams was a great performer at this time, and an undaunted follower of Arthur Yates's method; he had a ready tongue moreover. The Clerk of the Scales at Warwick one day was the son of a well-known St. James's Street saddler. Jem got into the scales before his cap and jacket were brought. "What are your colours?" he was asked. Jem didn't hear, and the official repeated the question in a very rough and authoritative voice, which annoyed Jem. "My colours?" he answered, "I don't know; but you ought, for you made 'em!"

A curious incident happened in a steeplechase about this time. Captain Hope-Johnstone was winning, when something dashed up, went the wrong side of a post, and thereby gained such an advantage that he was never caught. An objection was a matter of course. "You went the wrong side of a post, you know," Captain Hope-Johnstone remarked to him as he was about to get into the scales. "Oh, no, I didn't," the other replied, took his seat in the chair, and immediately fell forward dead.

A good deal of Captain Hope-Johnstone's riding has been done in Ireland, where he has won many races over many courses; and he retains the kindliest recollections of his visits to the island. Irish jockeys are most good-natured and agreeable, he declares, and a stranger riding with them gets quite as fair play there as anywhere else. They are rather casual people, but infinitely cheery. When he first went to Ireland, wanting to know the form, he became a subscriber to the Irish *Calendar*, and noticed that his name was

being spelt incorrectly by the person to whom he paid his subscription. He drew the clerk's attention to the fact, who affably replied as he closed the book, "Shure, it's no matter; I'll expect you'll get it all the same!" Going to look at a horse one day he thought he would try it, and, getting on, asked the head man to take up the off-side stirrup a hole. The delightful old fellow at once replied, "Shure, I never knew a good man yet that didn't ride with one leg shorter than the other!" They use quaint expressions, these Irish horsemen. One good horse on which Captain Hope-Johnstone had a ride in the Downshire Plate at Punchestown was Cyrus. He had run out the first day and seemed to have a disposition for so doing. As Dan McNally, Linde's man, was putting him up he remarked, "If you find him hard to turn, Captain, don't pull;



CHAMPION

pluck at him—he's only a *scholar!*" It is very curious that the race should have been completely reproduced at Liverpool in 1882. Cyrus beat everything except Seaman in this race at Punchestown, and in the National Seaman, Lord Manners up, little used as he was to race-riding, beat Cyrus, with one of the famous Beasley brothers in the saddle, by a head. The fact seems to have been that Cyrus had a leg, and was not quite at his best.

A horse with which Captain Hope-Johnstone's name will always be associated is old Champion, who at the present time is leading a placid and happy existence at his owner's place near Edenbridge. Late in the eighties Mr. John Bell Irving asked Captain Hope-Johnstone to buy him a horse. The price, it was understood, was to be somewhere about 300 guineas, and going to the December sales at Newmarket the commissioner took such a fancy to

Champion, who had been in Darling's stable as a two-year-old, that he bought the son of Victor and Violante for nearly thrice the sum he had been authorised to give. His doubts as to whether he had done right were soon set at rest, Mr. Bell Irving expressing himself as very pleased, and suggesting that Captain Hope-Johnstone had better take him home and train him. He ran in a hurdle race at Hamilton, and was beaten a head; his trainer having, indeed, been too careful of him. "He is really not quite fit," Captain Hope-Johnstone remarked to the owner. "But the fact is, he cost so much that I have been afraid to gallop him!" "Bash him along!" was the reply; so bashed along he was, and few horses have ever had a longer or more successful career. In due time he passed into the possession of Mr. Naylor Leyland, whose horses Captain Hope-Johnstone trained and rode with such extraordinary success. In all Champion ran 99 races; of these he won 37, he was second 33 times, and 8 times third. It is rather strange to see the old horse now and to remember that he was a contemporary of Merry Hampton who won the Derby the year after Ormonde, the year Rêve d'Or won the Oaks for the late Duke of Beaufort.

Another horse whom Captain Hope-Johnstone often rode to victory was Gauntlet, a somewhat tricky and uncertain animal who would by no means go for everybody, but did everything he was asked to do for his accustomed rider. For him indeed almost all horses went kindly, he possessing the rare gift of perfect hands. Readers whose memories go back a few years will also remember Constance. She was originally the property of the Duke of Hamilton, for whom Captain Hope-Johnstone rode her one day without success. "She is not quite up to your mark, I should think," he observed to the Duke after the race; "but she's a nice sort of mare all the same. How much will you take for her?" "I will give her to you," the Duke kindly replied. The gift was accepted, and for her new owner she did good service.

Among the many jackets that Captain Hope-Johnstone has worn is that of General Byrne, the owner of Amphion, whom many will recollect for his extreme kindness and courtesy. He had a useful horse called Charleville, whom Captain Hope-Johnstone had been going to ride for him at Croydon, but the animal came to grief badly, and had to be killed a week before. "I'm so sorry you have lost your nice horse," Captain Hope-Johnstone remarked to the General. "I am the more sorry," he replied, "because you are deprived of what would have been a pleasant ride on him."

In writing about Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies last month, I expressed doubt as to whether any other rider had ever kept record of his mounts, and whether, if he had done so, they would show

such an excellent average. Captain Hope-Johnstone, I find, has also kept a record, and his total is a little superior to that of our mutual friend. From 1866, when he began riding, to 1897, when he retired from the saddle, he was up in 1,109 races; and of these he won no fewer than 362. I cannot obtain the figures relating to seconds and thirds, but he had 98 falls, and there is a note of 28 refusals. This strikes me as particularly interesting. The majority of the races he has ridden have been a distance of two miles, but he has been up in Nationals and in events over all courses. There are eight fences in a mile, and altogether I calculate that 1,109 races means something like 23,000 jumps: the 28 refusals in this total therefore tell a wonderful tale of consistent skill and courage. Out of his last 96 rides Captain Hope-Johnstone won on 50 occasions, and he

THE BEST OF FRIENDS—CHAMPION AND PONY

headed the list of gentlemen riders in 1876 with 45 wins, and in 1877 with 55 out of 114. Twice he has carried off five races in an afternoon—at Dunfermline in 1877, and at Burgh-by-Sands in 1885. On this last occasion he would have won the whole six, but could not get down to the weight for the last race, and would indeed have had to carry 7 lb. over. He was afraid this would have been taxing the horse unduly; but the opinion was wrong, as it won with a good 14 lb. in hand. He would thus have swept the board, a feat which, if my memory serves, was once accomplished by Mr. C. J. Cunningham.

Captain Hope-Johnstone, settled down to a pastoral life in a charmingly picturesque district of Kent, still takes not only a keen, but it may be said in a sense an extremely active, part in sport

under National Hunt Rules. He farms, and one of the illustrations shows some of the big mules which do his work, whilst others exhibit a few of the Shetland ponies of which he was formerly a great breeder. Beautiful little creatures they were; their size may be gathered by comparison with the horse to which one of them is acting as leader, and also by noting the height of the ecclesiastical dignitary who stands behind the team in another photograph. The pony whose likeness is given measures 32 inches.

The active work to which reference has just been made is, of course, as a member, and former Steward, of the National Hunt, and as a Steward of various meetings in the South of England, notably Gatwick, Lingfield, and Plumpton, which owe much to the supervision of so experienced a sportsman. There is a general tendency to blame the Stewards for all sorts of shortcomings of which they are, as a rule, not guilty. Stewards vary, of course, and at some meetings it may happen that the wrong men are occasionally chosen, men who do not understand the ins and outs of the sport or really know the rules which govern it. Somebody "fancies" a horse, or is "told" that it will win, told by somebody else who has heard a story emanating from no one knows where. The horse is beaten, his backers assume that the jockey was not trying, and angrily demand to be informed whether the Stewards are asleep? They are not; they are quite wide awake, but their superior comprehension of the business of race-riding convinces them that everything has been above-board. At other times legitimate suspicions may arise, and the Stewards may seem remiss; but they perceive that there is no possibility of bringing home a charge of malpractice; a culprit who is summoned to explain and gives an explanation which cannot be contradicted rather scores, and has, as it were, a bit in hand when next awkward questions are put to him—it is not the first time that he has been unjustly attacked, and so on. When Captain Hope-Johnstone is Steward of a meeting all interested in it may rest comfortably certain that nothing escapes his observation, and that if inquiry into anything doubtful is necessary that inquiry will be made, as also that it will be conducted with absolute impartiality and the shrewdest discrimination. A man does not ride for thirty-three years, has not passed through the apprenticeship of Kingsbury, Bromley, Croydon, etc., without seeing a good many strange things and learning a great deal in various ways. The mere knowledge that such a Steward is on duty checks the propensities of those who would like to travel devious paths if they dared.

I remember asking Captain Hope-Johnstone if he betted much when in the thick of the fray. Riding constantly, as he did, a man comes to know the form of horses and of jockeys, and should not

seldom get on the track of a good thing—so far as any horse ever is good in this sense. "No; I never bothered about betting," was his reply. "Sometimes, if I could get 10 to 1 about an even-money chance, I had a fiver on; but that was all."

Liked and respected by all who know him, Wenty Hope-Johnstone remains the best of good fellows and good sportsmen.

SOME OF THE MULES

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XIV.—THE PARSON'S BARGAIN

BY C. C. AND E. M. MOTT

THERE were once two men who lived near a chalk stream. Both were men of means, of middle age, and of some local importance. One was a baronet and a director of the Great Mudland Railway, the other was a parson. Both were fishermen— No. The Rev. the Hon. Philip Harington Foljambe was a fisherman; Sir Hardman Testie, of Red Knights, was just a man who fished.

He had four miles of the Twist to fish in: the Twist, beloved of all dry-fly artists who can buy, rent, or—or contrive the delights of casting in its dappled reaches, its slumberous pools where the "pounders" lie darkling below the tumult of the lasher. Four miles of the Twist to fish in, and the haughty privilege of ordering off any fellow-creature whom he caught doing likewise. He might have been happy, one would think?

But oh! as the song says—"If it wasn't for the man next door!"

The fishing rights of the glebe meadows belonged to Canon Foljambe (he was an honorary canon among other things). And when he was not pounding about the parish of Slapper (which was most of it comprised in the estate of Red Knights)—when, I say, he was not hastening to comfort the stricken and to urge the backslider—hastening on a bicycle in an apostolic undress that included suitably austere knickerbockers, and what ladies call "a black sailor hat"—the canon was fishing. Fishing with an airy touch, with a supple control, as of a grass-widow on the affections of a wary admirer. Fishing with a second-hand rod tied up at the joints with bits of string. Fishing—confound his priestcraft!—with a success faintly praised, bitterly grudged, by his neighbour, whose bills from Hardy were distracting merely to read (and would have been more distracting to pay); whose fly went in with a plop and a flump, and came out with a fluther and a scrape. Well, well! We cannot be great executants in all directions. Sir Hardman was a pillar, or say a sandbag, in the fabric of commerce: he had made a fortune, and a name, and a handle to it. The Hon. Philip didn't sweat and pant after these prizes. He had loafed and dandered on till his charm of manner and a cousinly viscount had foisted him into this soft sinecure—and there subsided on his luck.

Well might he rest and be thankful and ask no more of fortune. He had only a mile of water, true; but the best on the river—clear of weed—abundantly stocked—too close to the rectory windows for poachers. They poached Sir Hardman's four-mile beat instead! (The baronet was thrifty—a Hunks, if you like—and would not pay a river-watcher's wages.) In all ways the trend of circumstance favoured the parson, and accounted for his triumphs: luck, all luck, Sir Hardman was ready to swear. Indeed, he was ready to swear without any further defined grounds for the proceeding, as, much embarrassed by his sumptuous tackle, he clambered over the river-side stile one evening. The time was spring, the fly was up, his creel was almost empty, and the canon was coming over the bridge, bulging with satisfaction as usual, thought the baronet, who himself bulged unalterably and with no satisfaction at all—some outworks of his figure always would protrude from behind the ambush whence he endeavoured to stalk an astute "two-pounder."

"What luck?" said the layman, with a snarl.

"What sport?" said the priest, with a smile, as they advanced towards each other, and met in the middle of the bridge—neutral territory that divided their fishing grounds.

"No luck at all," said Sir Hardman bitterly.

"Nor I," said the bland canon, "but I've got fourteen all the same—beauties, six or seven of them"—and he displayed

his creel. They *were* beauties! "Let's look at yours," he suggested.

The miserable magnate complied.

"Ha!" said the rector, cheerily, "you've had a lot of practice to-day, I see."

"Dashed sight too much," snapped the baronet.

"Not *quite* enough, I think," the rector suavely corrected him.

"Enough what?" cried Sir Hardman.

"Fish," said Mr. Foljambe, getting over the stile.

"What for?" shouted the other.

"Dinner," said the Rev. Philip, over his shoulder as he walked away. Then he relented and called behind him, "Did you get a bow from the Archdeacon to-day, Sir Hardman?"

"No," said the baronet, seemingly mollified. "He cut me dead."

"Try him with a 'Fisherman's Curse,'" advised the rector.

"I have," said Sir Hardman. "All I knew, at least!"

And on this pleasantry they parted. Sir Hardman felt better; he had capped the parson's joke, and the point was at his own expense—to be able to get a laugh against himself makes a man feel magnanimous. He wasn't really a bad sort, Sir Hardman.

The baronet stood on the bridge to light a cigar; he paused, and puffed, and his anger rankled and rose again as he watched his rival's satisfied back diminishing across the rectory meadows. A man's back expresses so much more than his face. There he strode, with the gait of ownership, along his goodly heritage, and his neighbour sat on the bridge breaking the Tenth Commandment, and (what is a deal worse) breaking it all in vain.

Sir Hardman had hinted that he would enjoy fishing the glebe water. The rector appeared unaware that any suggestion had been made to him. The baronet said cordially, "Look here, Foljambe: take a day on my beat—next week; say Tuesday—I've a board meeting. Dine with me when I come back from town."

Foljambe courteously accepted the sport, and declined the dinner; made a tremendous basket and sent the best of it to Red Knights—came in the evening to thank his host and was all wit and affability over his cigar. And returned the invitation? Not he! covetous old squarson.

Then Sir Hardman spoke out like a man of the world for neighbourly accommodation and exchange. But the canon was a man of both worlds, and he smiled and rebuked the greed of the railway director by quoting Scripture about ewe lambs and Naboth's vineyard. Smug hireling of a State-pampered Church! Confound his selfish heart, his cunning hand!

But the ingenuous reader is all this while asking, "Who was the Archdeacon?"

He may have been venerable—his age was unknown—but he wore no gaiters. He was a gigantic trout, who had his habitat just above the stone bridge. The rector had nicknamed him after a brother of the cloth. "Just old Maudsley's evasive manner," he said pensively, "and very much his expression and figure too."

The trout dwelt between two large stones, and Sir Hardman had got to know him well by sight—knew the two white marks on his brown shoulders caused by the attrition of the stones. He had often and often tried to catch him—with every lawful kind of dry-fly when the canon watched sardonically from the bridge; with other and less legal lures (I blush to say it) when he was alone and unobserved.

But in vain. The Archdeacon was not to be tempted. To tell the truth, he was a fish with a sense of humour. Alone all day, Sir Hardman's evening visits appeared to cheer him. He would sometimes flirt and toy with the badly-presented fly—just to amuse the angler. Sir Hardman's baser lures he scorned. He saw them out of the tail of his cunning old eye, but let them pass by. He put up with a good deal of splashing (when Sir Hardman's wrist grew tired with casting, or his temper gave out), but stood it all good-humouredly for a spell. When he, too, grew tired of it or felt bored, lazily moving his fins he would drop majestically out of sight under the arch of the bridge, or would deliberately, being too self-contained a trout to hurry, seek the seclusion of a patch of duckweed higher up the stream; and Sir Hardman, sighing, would reel in his line and go in to dinner.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful Sunday evening, and Sir Hardman was out for a riverside stroll, at peace in his innermost, soothed by the bland influences of Nature. And the scent of tobacco assailed his nostrils, and he beheld the rector, in a layman's garb—not even a priestly collar to sanctify his mufti.

"Thought you were off for a holiday!" said the baronet, this phrase being the politest he could frame for "What the dickens are *you* doing here?"

"I am, to-morrow. Rayne, my *locum tenens*, hospitably insisted that I should stay as a guest in my own house for the week-end. I *did* enjoy hearing him preach this morning!" said the canon.

"Is he a sportsman—a fisherman?" was the director's jealous inquiry.

"Rayne? Not he!" said the canon; "he's a married missionary with a brace of daughters." Foljambe was a bachelor—the

polite sort that never succumbs. "So I've given him leave to fish in my water. He'll do no harm. Keep the poachers away."

Sir Hardman uttered something between a groan and a grunt. He leant over the bridge parapet. The Archdeacon, at large leisure, hung fanning himself in mid-stream. The Rev. Philip followed the magnate's eye, and—moved by what springs, who knows?—perhaps in a mere luxury of holiday benevolence—he put a sudden challenge.

"Testie!" said he, "here's an offer. If you can land that fellow this season, we'll 'pool our water'—that's an appropriate phrase, what?—we'll share the five-mile stretch, and fish it between us. What d'ye say?"

The baronet, after all, was a business man.

"Not I," quoth he. "That's one for me and four for yourself, rector. But, suppose I creel the Archdeacon by a given date, I'll *let* you, at an easy rent, the mile of my water that's next your own, and you shall fish my three miles and I'll fish your two, separately or in company——"

"Not more than twice a week," inserted the parson.

"Mf." The baronet paused—considered—agreed. "Not more than twice a week without special leave from either side. Yes. Well, Foljambe?"

The canon reflected in his turn. "If you basket the Archdeacon (I'd like you to produce him—mere formality, of course) before August, I consent. The arrangement to be binding *in sæcula sæculorum*."

"Dissoluble only by mutual consent," subjoined Sir Hardman. "Is it a bargain? Shake hands on it!"

They shook. The baronet looked over the bridge at the witness and subject of the treaty, who still wavered, unconscious of this conspiracy, above the pebbles. "Er—any stipulations about what tackle I may use?"

"My dear sir," declared the canon, "to make any would be to insult a fellow sportsman!"

And the curtain drops upon the Rev. Philip making his exit with a bag of golf clubs in the direction of St. Crambo's. From the train windows he regarded the shining stretches of the Twist. "*He* won't catch the Archdeacon. Let him try any dodge he likes. Might as well fish for him with his hat!"

* * * * *

Sir Hardman angled for the Archdeacon with hope, with patience, with desperation, for the weeks were dwindling, and so was the water. Then, realising that his intemperate whipping of the river

was likely to defeat his ends, he gave the pool by the bridge a long rest and fished elsewhere.

During this abstinence there came a dreadful evening when he only saw one fish, and lost that, and lost his cast, and his flies, and his temper, and nearly lost his balance on the bank and fell in—not his balance *at* the bank: that was more stable. After that he savagely dislocated his rod and stumped homewards.

En route something caught his eye—a fragment of gut floating from a bush. He paused. "I didn't get hung up just here." He clawed at the bough with the handle of his landing-net, and secured the drifting strand.

He scowled. He had lost a lot of tackle that day, but this was none of his. Coarse Marana—a regular cart-rope—revolting to a trout of sensibility. No wonder the fish were all sulking!

Who—who was the scoundrel? Almost Sir Hardman repented his thrift—wished he had a gang of river-watchers patrolling the banks, instead of being left to play the detective alone. Alone? Why, there was his young nephew, Horace Lyster (Magdalen, Oxon:) coming next week. He would find the young shaver some scope for his assumed smartness!

Sir Hardman passed the bridge with a shudder. The poachers might have caught the Archdeacon! "They may catch him yet, if I don't catch *them!*" thought he.

In a few days Horace arrived, a youth of muscular build and sedate manners. He smoked his uncle's cigars with apparent gusto, and listened to his uncle's grievances with what looked like respectful sympathy.

"I'll come with you," he said, "and if we come across any poaching rascals I'll try and shove 'em into the river."

On this agreement they sallied out next morning, Horace as gillie, with a pipe and the landing-net.

"Hereabouts, Horace," said the baronet, coming to a solemn pause, "was where I found the broken cast on Tuesday night. On that bush, Horace."

Horace regarded the bush, regarded the baronet, with unfaltering eye, and said, "Sure it wasn't one of your own?"

Sir Hardman gave vent to that indescribable noise peculiar to old gentlemen in their scorn. Horace did not wince; he only stood at ease with the landing-net and stoppered his pipe with his little finger and watched attentively the movements of his uncle, who had got his fly hooked up in some grass.

"*Come* along," said the irritated baronet jerking out the fly and the command at the same instant. Followed by his lieutenant he lowered himself with ponderous precautions down a steep bank.

The angler here could cast from the convenient screen of a blackthorn bush. The bulky magnate disposed himself for action, and then—

"Hullo!" he breathed, in a stertorous *sotto voce*. "What's THAT?"

It was a pair of legs, long and slim, and visible nearly to the knee, in brown hose and tan shoes with square toes. The owner, out of sight, recumbent on the high bank opposite, seemed at ease; the legs swung to and fro in sheer abandon, to the rhythm of a tunefully-whistled air.

The baronet glared and blew. "It's some beast of a boy!"

"*Quis puer gracilis*—" murmured Horace, who flirted, of course, with his irresponsible old namesake's muse. He recognised the sex of the phenomenon well enough, young dog; and so did Sir Hardman next minute.

"It's a girl—why, there are some more!"

"Are there? How many?" inquired his junior in a stage whisper and with distinct interest.

Peering further from their covert, uncle and nephew observed another pair—of boots this time; brown boots laced trimly, thoroughbred ankles, a glimpse of a serge skirt.

"Girls—two girls!" Sir Hardman gurgled and choked. "D'you see, Horace?"

"Yes," said the Oxford man, demurely. Then, in a tone of detached criticism, and, as the French say, *pour soi*, "I should think the girls are pretty."

The enraged uncle neither heard nor heeded his nephew's comment. He climbed a step backwards up the bank, with a view to dealing with the situation from the top of it. He could now see both the intruders quite plain, though neither of them was plain to see. Tan Shoes was long-limbed and freckled and fifteen, and going to make a beauty by-and-by, but not worrying herself about the matter at present. She lay on her back whistling in ragamuffin content. Brown Boots was some three years older; she had no hat on, her hair was the curly sort that doesn't flop and go limp in the rain, and she was eating jam sandwiches

with keen dispatch
Of real hunger,

like the angel who dropped in to luncheon with Adam and Eve. At her elbow was propped a rusty and archaic trout-rod, the top dapping into the water. Between the precious pair lay a creel fit to carry a Spey salmon. So plainly this apparatus declared the tiro, contempt almost smothered the baronet's wrath. Probably they had not done much harm! But just then the younger damozel

rolled over with a laugh and said audibly, "Oh, I must take another look at them!"

"Baby!" replied the elder sister with indulgent mockery, biting into another jam sandwich—oh, such *dents de jeune chien!*

The basket opened, and out of it tumbled a cascade of trout, and trout, and more trout, some stark already, the first of the catch, some agape and twisting yet, glistening and sleek, creamy belly and crimson dot, all sizes, here a bulky pounder, a finger-long skipjack there—a couple of dozen at least. A pretty kettle of fish!

Seething, impotent, hypnotised, the baronet stood at gaze.

"That's all, I think," remarked the graceless hoyden, and she turned the creel upside down and shook it, and the outraged proprietor's fury burst.

Reckless of the tender age and the fragile sex of the intruders, he bellowed as through a megaphone, "Hi!"

With this apostrophe his foot slipped. The Lord of Red Knights plunged headlong, flourished his arms like a callow seraph learning to fly, sat down wildly on a grassy promontory, scrambled on end with a blaspheming splutter, and remained rooted mid-leg deep in the cold water with the collar-stud loose at the back of his neck and his top joint jammed in a tree. Horace put out his pipe, and stood at attention on the bank. He had expected to be bored; but fishing with his uncle was developing picturesquely.

The splash had cooled Sir Hardman, and from his Triton posture he continued the interview thus, with icy suavity:

"I trust you have enjoyed your sport, ladies?"

He said ladies. These wretched girls must have seen him fall in, but he had not heard a giggle, and both looked quite composed now. The young beauty with the sandwiches suspended her luncheon, and said with pleasant ease—

"I think you must be Sir Hardman Testie, aren't you? Don't you live quite close to us?"

"I hope you did not hurt yourself just now?" the junior added, gravely.

("Not bad for the flapper," Horace criticised.)

These inquiries after his identity and his welfare flustered Sir Hardman. *He* wanted to find out who the deuce *they* were! He replied in surly confusion, "Yes—no, thank you," and automatically he lifted his cap in answer to the salute of the fair unknown; and Horace, of course, followed suit, which altered the relations of things, and made it difficult to be frankly brutal. Resuming the ironic method Sir Hardman began again.

"Nice stream, isn't it?"

"Nice bwambly stweam," the 'flapper' gurgled with infantine candour.

At this moment Horace, who still stood taking notes, addressed the elder fisher-maiden with earnest politeness, as his manner was. "I think your cast's got hooked fast over here," he remarked. "Can't I get it loose for you?"

She responded, "Oh, would you be so kind?"

Young Oxford, *ventre à terre* on the edge of a beetling bank, at the risk of his life, or at any rate of his beautiful grey flannels, made a bold and victorious grab at the gut. Piscatrix whisked it across within a few inches of Sir Hardman's nose. The baronet caught at it in self-defence, and then in amaze, almost in horror, cried—

"Why, you're fishing with wet fly!"

Piscatrix looked puzzled. "Wet?" said she. "Oh, yes, I suppose they are rather."

Mystery thickened round the baronet. Could such ignorance be? More staggering still, could ignorance have such results as that pile of silver plunder heaped and stiffening on the grass? At that his anger boiled up again. Grimly he inquired—

"Don't you know that you are trespassing here?"

"But we have leave to fish!" "But the rector gave us leave to fish!" they exclaimed in a reproachful duet, and the baronet exploded. A-ah, that perjured priest!

"But it's *my* water!" he thundered. "My water! My fish! I can prosecute you both for poaching!"

The girls for the first time looked taken aback. Then the younger hurled herself into the gulf of silence. Pulling at her long pigtail as if it gave her confidence, she declared—

"I only caught one little baby one, and Gwacie only caught thwee. John caught the w'est. Of course John didn't know either!"

John! John didn't know! Very possibly he didn't, but the baronet didn't care. Who was John? Some rascally brother, some blackguard cousin; anyhow, something male to vent his rage upon.

"Where is John?" he inquired, now bland and deadly; Horace reflecting, with mixed feelings, that it might be his part to pitch John into the river. "Where is John?"

The girls looked up stream and down stream, and the younger one exclaimed brightly, "Here he comes!"

Sir Hardman splashed out of the pool and stood ankle-deep in a shallow, breathing fury against the new-comer. He expected a pert thirteen-year-old, all impudence and knickerbockers. Horace

looked out for something of his own calibre, and awaited orders to collar the ruffian.

John was barely five feet high, and his age might have been anything up to three hundred years. He was lemon-coloured, with the impassive eye of the Sphinx. His European trousers were turned up over bare legs that moved with the padding tread of the coolie; he wore a vast hat, more like a straw beehive than anything else. In one arm he was cherishing a large brown sack.

"Jap?" Horace asked himself. "No; looks too sleepy," he decided. "Chinee. Heathen Chinee. He *is* peculiar. And what the dickens has he got in that bag?"

Something alive inside the bag was fidgeting about. Horace conjectured wildly, "He can't have been fishing with a ferret!"

The baronet simply gaped, and Miss Gracie, with tact, seized this moment of calm to explain things. Decidedly some explanation was wanted, but up to now Sir Hardman had appeared too much heated to listen to any.

"I am Miss Rayne, and this is my sister Sydney, Sir Hardman," she began. "We are at the rectory, and Canon Foljambe gave us leave to fish in his part of the river, and we thought this was it. I hope you won't blame our Chinese boy John. It was our fault that he caught all your fish, and of course we will give them all back; and will you please show us where we *may* fish? We are so sorry for the mistake!"

"So so'wy," Sydney echoed.

The baronet partly melted. Who would not have done so at fair words from a fair speaker? They were the parson's daughters, neighbours and new-comers—manners must be considered. No doubt they had been mistaken; but—he looked at the overpowering results of the mistake!

"Perhaps your boy John hasn't caught *all* my fish even yet!" he drily remarked. "But oblige me, Miss Rayne, by explaining how he managed to catch so many?"—the sportsman's eagerness getting the upper hand. "What fly has he been using?"

The younger Miss Rayne chimed into the dialogue. "Oh, John doesn't fish with flies nor a w'od," remarked she.

"Then what *has* he been fishing with?" Sir Hardman demanded at large, blazing. What indeed? What unholy contrivance?

"John caught them all with his bird," Miss Sydney asserted.

"His *what?*" Sir Hardman turned on the young creature; she met him unflinchingly and repeated—

"His bird." Then she addressed herself in a foreign tongue to John, who was sitting on the ground like an image of Buddha, embracing his unexplained bag. What she said seemed equivalent

to "Show this gentleman, John." The heathen thrust in a yellow hand, and from the mouth of the bag protruded a sleek head, two shrewd fiery eyes, a powerful bill. "It's a cormo'want, you see," Sydney superfluously explained.

Cormorant, Corvorant, *Pelicanus carbo!* Across the baronet's mind came the look and smell of library shelves, of a calf-bound Bewick adorned with woodcuts—with charming and totally irrelevant woodcuts—and printed with long "s's" like "*f*'s," so that to his mind's eye the page read somewhat thus: ". . . The Corvorant as before obſerved is ſound in every climate . . . Among the Chineſe it is ſaid that they have frequently been trained to fiſh . . ."

The memory passed, and in a flash came hard upon it a wild, a grand, a desperate idea!

At the same second Horace lifted up his voice with quite a perceptible shade of *empressement.* "It's all right enough, Uncle Hardman. There was a chap exhibiting with some birds like that last winter in town. I went and saw it."

"Oh, the deuce you did!" Sir Hardman was elated beyond all propriety of speech. "Then it's more than likely, my lad, that you'll see it again!" he chuckled in a jubilant aside; and Horace stared uncomprehending at his relative's altered cheer. All smiles now, the baronet pursued—

"Miss Rayne, would you oblige me by ordering your boy John to catch one more of my fish?"

Gracie showed surprise. The baronet overruled it. "One more fish?" said she, in wonder.

"One only," he replied. "I'll show you which one!" And with this masterful utterance he waded across a shallow of the Twist, scaled the farther shore, and motioned imperiously to Horace to follow him.

The baronet was on the top of the bank and of the situation too. Horace shouldered the net and walked through the river, flannels and all, without protest. Possibly he thought his uncle had developed sudden lunacy, and had better not be left. In a pregnant silence Sir Hardman led on to within ten yards of the bridge; stopped his personally-conducted party here with a gesture and a scowl; grovelled like an Indian scout along the bank, peered with the stealth of an otter from behind an alder-stump, and from this position commanded in a blood-curdling whisper, "Miss Rayne, come here!"

Gracie advanced.

"John, too, and the bag!"

John followed Gracie.

"On your hands and knees—crawl!" the baronet ordered.

Humble as we all are when at the mercy of justice, Gracie dropped on all-fours, and John dragged himself like a wounded snake, the cormorant flapping and kicking in the bag. Sydney in the rear pulled nervously at her pigtail; things were getting beyond her. Horace reassuringly smiled, "Hold on, we shall see some fun in a minute."

There was a colloquy, the conspirators squatting on the ground, the baronet instructing in undertones hoarse with suppressed emotion; Gracie's eyes brightening—the mishap was turning out an adventure—translating to John. The cormorant, making savage grabs, was unloosed, a leather thong fastened round its neck, and John manœuvred it softly overside into the glassy reach.

Sir Hardman, puffing from his exertions (he wasn't of the build that enjoys stooping, even to conquer), stationed himself as near the water as he dared. Gracie retired a yard or two, Sydney let go her plait and stood with her mouth open, Horace shortened his grip of the landing-net. So disposed, the band held their breath in a silence only broken by John, who from time to time addressed the cormorant in a kind of yap.

Pelicanus Carbo looked superciliously about him; dived beneath the gin-clear surface, and swam upstream under water at an amazing rate. Sir Hardman held his gaze fixed at a point where under the big stone, his accustomed shelter, the Archdeacon hung at ease—lazy, arrogant, picturesque. The cormorant eyed him—darted—snapped short; the great indignant trout rushed for the covert of the weed-bed. The baronet trembled, and something like a pang of remorse shot through him. Too late for him to repent, or for the Archdeacon to escape! He was already in the grip of those ruthless mandibles. *Now* the baronet gloated over his scandalous triumph. "If only the beast doesn't bruise him!" he panted. The 'beast' emerged and swam for land, the prey across his beak. Sir Hardman already saw him dished up, saw the canon's dumbfoundered expression—ah! he would have dished Foljambe, too!—when, in act to waddle ashore, the cormorant tossed the trout aloft—missed the catch—the Archdeacon, a game fish to the last, made a desperate twist in mid-air, and fell among the ooze and pebbles within six inches of the river, of life and liberty!

With a yell the baronet flung himself flat and grabbed the vanishing quarry at the extreme reach of both his arms; his cap fell off, and the cormorant snapped at that under a natural mistake; Sir Hardman lay in a sprawl transfixed, rolling like a walrus in the death flurry, and Horace, inspired by beauty's eyes, leapt like Quintus Curtius from the bank above, and thrusting the net under

the baronet's hands still clenched upon his victim, shouted aloud: "I've got him, Uncle Hardman; let go!"

And thus, even thus, the Archdeacon was grassed. Mobbed and hustled to his death, he fell to the base lure of an undesirable alien—he who had mocked the arts of half a hundred fishermen—O miserable end! *infandum! infandum!*

He lay among the buttercups at Sir Hardman's feet; the baronet had collapsed on the lowest step of the stile, and I believe he shed tears. The girls clapped wildly: Horace waved the landing-net round his head and cheered. What the cormorant's feelings were nobody knows, for John crammed him back in the bag, snapping like a turtle.

"By Jove!" said the baronet, getting up and wiping the drops of agony from his brow.

And the last tableau of this amazing drama presents a back view of the baronet, of Sydney's pigtail swinging cheerfully beside him, of Horace following, flirting with Gracie with the same staid and resolute attack that marked his methods in the football field; the whole quartet making for the rectory, John having been dispatched as advance courier—how he reported the adventure I don't know. Mrs. Rayne, a cheerful matron who had consorted with heathen potentates, was not at all flustered when her offspring turned up with the baronet in tow; Horace discovered that the Rev. James Rayne had in his day rowed in the Magdalen boat; there was a lively tea in the canon's bachelor sanctum. The Rayne family lived on poached trout all next day, and the cormorant was (as heralds describe it) "royally gorged" on the same.

The Hon. Philip Foljambe, at St. Crambo's, received this remarkable telegram:

"*Archdeacon goes by parcel post to-night.*"

* * * * *

Rector and baronet still live side by side, and still fish their joint property in peace and comradeship. I met the canon at a fishing-inn up in the Shetlands, and he told me this tale. So I know it is fact and not fable. Besides, a fable always has a moral, and I am sure this hasn't any.

[Bewick quotes Whitlock and Willoughby with regard to this sport as practised in England in the seventeenth century. The latter says the cormorants were "hoodwinked in the manner of the falcons till they were let off to fish." Whitlock avers that "he had a cast of them *manned* like hawks, which would come to hand," and relates that the best he possessed was one presented to him by Mr. Wood, "Master of the Corvorants" to Charles I. (*British Birds*, Vol. II, p. 387). In China these domesticated cormorants are the property of Government and carefully registered. "John" must have smuggled his bird across somehow—possibly with the connivance of the missionary—a horrid surmise.]

HUNTING IN THE MIDDLE AGES

BY THE BARONESS S. VON C.

HOWEVER much we may pride ourselves upon the national idiosyncrasy of the English-speaking race, our love of hunting, there is no gainsaying the fact that venery, to call the science of hunting by its ancient name, came to us from France. It was there that hunting was first regulated by the establishment of well-defined rules and ceremonials, and became distinguished by a vocabulary of its own, in which every man of gentle birth had to be well versed, any transgression of the language or customs of the chase being deemed as great a lack in education and good manners as would an illiterate and badly-spelt letter be considered so to-day.

The worship of the tall red-deer came over to Britain with the Norman conquerors, as did the latter's language, which remained the Court tongue for quite three hundred years after the landing of William at Senlac.

In the days of primitive man hunting was as much a measure of self-defence as was war itself; for not only had our skin-clad forefathers to pursue the beasts of the forest in order to fill their larders, but an incessant warfare had to be waged against the carnivorous beasts of prey who decimated their domestic kine, and even against deer and wild boar, who devastated their crops. The distinction between mere pot-hunting, pursued with the sole object of filling the larder or of destroying noxious animals, and on the other hand hunting for the sake of sport, dates back to the earliest times. Arian already says that "the true sportsman does not take out his dogs to destroy hares, but for the sake of the course and of the contest between the dogs and the hare, and is glad if the hare escapes." And he adds that those Gauls who only course for the sport and do not live by what they catch never use nets.

It has become the fashion to speak of the hunters of olden times as unsportsmanlike, and as slaughtering rather than hunting their game. One is told that they considered any means legitimate so long as they achieved the principal end, the death of the quarry and the filling of the larder, or the destruction of beasts of prey, in as easy and inglorious a manner as possible. This is an entirely unjustified reproach, and were those who utter such sentiments better acquainted with the old literature of the chase, no such sneers would be current.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY—PROBABLY THE OLDEST PICTURE EXISTING OF THIS SPORT

No one, of course, would contend that hunting in the olden days was the exact counterpart in every detail of what we enjoy in England to-day. The surroundings, the game, as well as many other circumstances, have created an unavoidable distinction. Hunting the fox and the carted deer are modern forms of sport, resulting from the almost entire annihilation of big game and the steady deforestation of the country that has been going on for the last six hundred years. We can take it, therefore, that from an early date hunting, shooting, coursing, and driving for the sake of

sport pure and simple were carried on side by side with the methods which were more Saxon or Teutonic than French or Norman, of hunting within an enclosed boundary for the sake of the larder. It is necessary to lay emphasis on this, for dire confusion has been occasioned by various writers who, after somewhat superficial researches, have failed either to recognise the difference that obtained in contemporary mediæval methods of hunting, or to interpret correctly the pictorial material illustrative of old sport that has come down to us.

HOW THE BUCK WAS HUNTED FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The sport that was first and foremost in the heart of all men of gentle birth in the Middle Ages in France as well as in England was stag-hunting proper. The descendants of the Gauls, the true *veneurs*, discouraged the killing of any animal of venery unless it was done in a knightly manner, allowing to the hunted beast a certain amount of fair play. The chase conducted on these lines demanded courage, skill, endurance, a considerable amount of knowledge of hounds and of hunting lore. That the life of the stag, wild boar, or wolf was eventually ended by a shot from a bow or a thrust from a spear or sword, was merely an incident of no greater importance

than is the *coup de grace* that dispatches the stag standing at bay before the Devon and Somerset in the twentieth century.

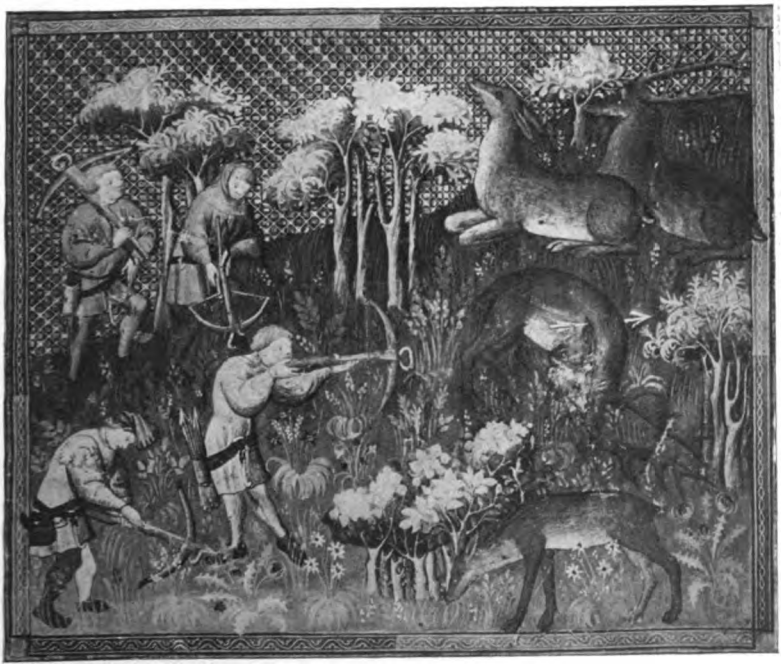
It was the pleasure of tracking the beast to its haunts, of seeing the hounds picking out the scent, of helping them with voice and horn, of encouraging them to follow staunchly the tracks of one and the same beast in spite of all its wiles and ruses, which was the chief enjoyment; not the slaying of the hunted animal, nor the riding. A man was on horseback when hunting in order to be near the hounds, to check them if they "hunted the change," to "sore astry" them if they ran riot, and to be at the bay before antlers or tusks could work havoc among the pack; he was not mounted for the mere pleasure of riding. Throughout mediæval literature we see that the hounds were the essence of the chase, and not in a single instance that we know of in the early French and English literature on hunting is the horse discussed. Every man of gentle birth was necessarily in those days a horseman; but this by no means qualified him as a *veneur*, for venery was an art by itself, which required a lifelong apprenticeship. It is very likely that could one of these mediæval hunters come to life, he would be as much astonished if asked to negotiate a post-and-rails or a bullfinch, as he would be at the unorthodox views regarding the *raison d'être* of hunting entertained to-day by the large majority of riders to hounds.

Hunting with hounds was called hunting by strength of hounds, a very direct rendering of the French *prendre à force de chiens*, and was generally shortened in both languages to hunting at force; in Germany, *Par Force Jagd*. Coursing with greyhounds was called *prendre à force de levriers*. This latter was resorted to when the deer had been hunted up in some enclosed or partially enclosed place, whether the boundaries were made of nets or hedges or stations of huntsmen and greyhounds, which latter were called "stables." Greyhounds were occasionally slipped when the quarry broke covert and went away over an open country, in order to wind or "burst" the animal, so that the raches or hounds could overtake it. The latter were of the heavy bloodhound type, endowed with more nose than pace, and however invaluable they may have been for forest hunting, they probably stood a poor chance of overtaking a "light" or swift beast which had got a good start of them in a clear country.

Sportsmen of old were exceedingly particular about "refusing the change," i.e. of keeping to the stag they had first roused or started, and killing him only. However often the wily hart might push up another stag and make him take his place—he himself lying down in some copse or thicket, his antlers laid low on his back, thus hiding himself and causing the hounds to hunt his substitute—

no huntsman or hounds worth anything would accept the change, and most praise was lavished on those hounds who staunchly stuck to the line of the first stag, "unravelling the change" even if the pursued took refuge among a whole herd of deer.

In the fifteenth century, chiefly in consequence of civil disorders brought about by the French wars, game was becoming scarcer in England, and by the time Henry VIII. ascended the throne the ideas about sport had undergone considerable changes, woodcraft being no longer held up as the ideal. Sir Thomas Eliot, writing in 1531, speaks of the chase as a means of obtaining exercise and showing



HOW RED DEER WERE STALKED WITH THE CROSS-BOW IN THE MIDDLE AGES

prowess, and he recommends a characteristic reward for the successful hunter, which would have been hailed with derision by the *veneurs* of preceding centuries. After stating that the red deer and fallow deer be pursued with "javelins and other waipons in manner of warre," he declares that as a suitable reward at the end of the day "a garland or some lyke token be gyven in signe of victorie"!

While James I. in the following century made an attempt to reintroduce Norman hunting into England from France, where it was still flourishing, and for this purpose caused French *veneurs* and hunting establishments to be brought to England, the changed

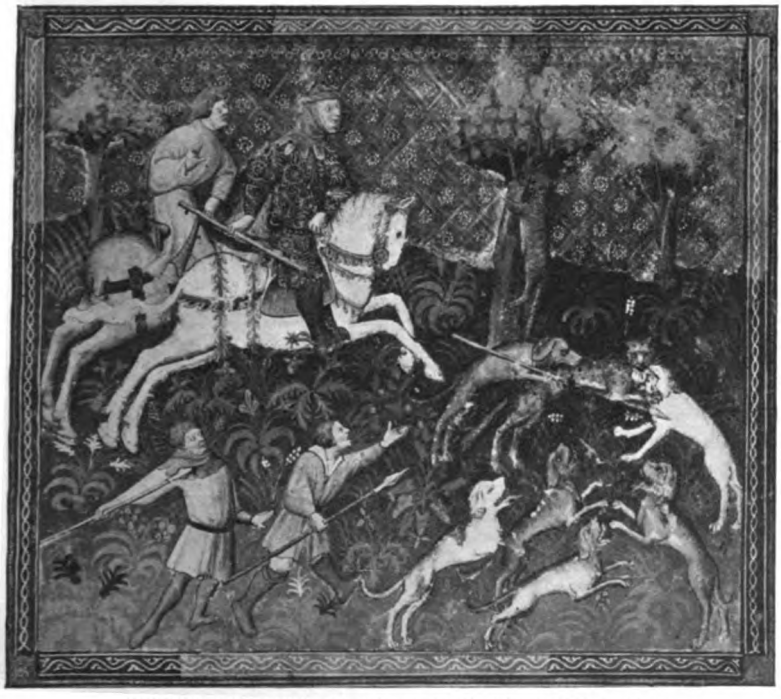
conditions of life as well as the scarcity of wild deer foredoomed it to failure. It can therefore be said that old English hunting became extinct in the fifteenth century.

Before reverting to the literature on our subject it is necessary to say a few words about the pot-hunting professional hunter in the Middle Ages, whose duty it was to keep the king's larder well supplied with venison. The hunting establishments of the earlier Plantagenet kings consisted of packs of harthounds, buckhounds, harriers, and otterhounds, over each of which was placed a master

HARE-COURSING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

with a daily wage of twelve pence (Edward II.). As attendants they had yeomen at horse, and yeomen berners who attended on foot to the running hounds; then there were fewterers or veutrers, as were called the attendants on the greyhounds; then lymerers or limers, who led the lymer or tracking hound; then bercelettars or yeomen of the bow, or archers, with a daily wage of two pence; and finally *chacechiens* or inferior grooms with a wage of three halfpence. Over the whole ruled the Master of Game, a title created by Henry IV. as a mark of special distinction for his cousin of York, a personage

of whom we shall presently have some more to say. These Royal packs were sent about the country in order to obtain venison for the King's larder in the Royal Forests; and though as a rule the harthounds were used only for stag-hunting, we occasionally come across an instance of buckhounds being used for that purpose, or, *vice versâ*, harthounds for the chase of the fallow-buck. The principal season for this larder-hunting was the "fat venison season" in July and August, when deer were in prime condition. A "lardener" accompanied these expeditions, his duties consisting of salting and packing



HUNTING THE LYNX OR WILD CAT IN THE MIDDLE AGES

the venison in barrels, for which he received a wage of two pence a day. Besides these at that period sufficient wages, certain allowances and fees were attached to each office. Clothes and boots and, when actually at Court, also lodging and food were provided, and the skins and certain minor parts of the animals killed were divided amongst the staff. When the establishments were moved about the country from one forest to another orders were sent by the King to the sheriffs of the counties through which they passed or where they hunted, commanding them to pay the wages of the men, the keep of the hounds, which usually amounted to

half a penny per day for each running hound, and a penny a day for the limers and greyhounds, and to provide the necessary means for transporting the venison barrels to the place where the Court happened to reside. These sums were usually reimbursed to the sheriff from the Royal Exchequer; but one comes across numerous instances of remissness in this respect, and consequently refusals on the part of sheriffs to burden themselves with these payments, notwithstanding that the order to do so was issued by a warrant under the King's privy seal.

Sometimes curious means were adopted to pay long-outstanding wages. Thus John Boys, the King's veuterèr, and Robert Compnore, his ferreter, "who have long served the King (Edward III.) and the Black Prince without receiving aught, whilst the said John had incurred great expense over the Royal greyhounds, and the said Robert had spent his substance in the safe-keeping of the King's ferrets and hounds," were given such sums of money as were due as fines to the King (from the sheriff) for the escape from Bedford prison of three prisoners. In certain instances old debts were squared by giving the patient hunt-servant a "safe" post, such as "keeper of the chase and warren" in some Royal forest, where the fees and profits, consisting of the pannage-money which the surrounding owners of cattle and pigs had to pay for the privilege of turning their kine into the woods, formed a substantial income. In other cases, particularly in that of trusted old servants past their work, they were domiciled in priories or monasteries, where they were provided with the necessaries of life free of charge. Thus ended William de Husseborne, Philip of Candevere, and William Twici, or Twiti, Edward II.'s famous huntsman, and author of the oldest existing treatise on English hunting, penned in the curious Norman French which is still spoken in the Channel Islands. There were other fees which helped the professional hunters to tide over bad times. Thus the substantial sum of seven shillings and sixpence was paid to him who killed the first buck or stag of the season, while in France the man who brought the first "fraying-post," or tree against which stags had rubbed off the velvet from their antlers (which showed that they were becoming "clean"), received a horse as present if he happened to be a "gentleman of the venery," and if he were a limerer or "varlet of the blood-hound" he received a coat.

Another usual reward for professional hunters was the gift of firewood; "Henry de Candovre, the King's huntsman, keeping the buckhounds (*canes damericios*)," has two oak trunks for fuel in 1278, and two years later we hear of a command to the sheriff to cause "Richard le Sauser and Thomas de Candovere, the King's huntsmen, to have six oak trunks in the King's woods for fuel." One of the most

desired rewards was to be appointed "parker," for the perquisites of this office seem to have offered considerable attractions, Harrison in his chronicles mentioning that "besides his salary the parker hath of every deer the skin, head, numbles, chine, and shoulders, whereby he that hath a warrant for a whole buck hath in the end little more than half"!

These professional huntsmen of the King no doubt conducted their sport in a businesslike manner so as to obtain the venison as expeditiously as possible. For this purpose they employed various

HOW THE MASTER OF GAME INSTRUCTED HIS HUNTSMEN TO BLOW THE HORN

snares, pitfalls, and enclosures made of hurdle fences, which latter were one of the most ancient hunting appurtenances of our Saxon forefathers, who called them *hayes* or *haia*. *Saltatoriums* or deer-leaps were, as the name indicates, artificially-prepared contrivances which enabled stags to enter a forest or park, out of which they, however, could not escape. Of these and other unsportsmanlike snares and traps the man of gentle blood made but scanty use. Gaston Phœbus, that most famous of all mediæval sportsmen, and author of what is unquestionably the best hunting book of the Middle Ages, records his feelings in the following words: "After I have

spoken of how to hunt wild beasts with strength [i.e. with hounds] I will devise how one can take them by mastery [skill], and with what engines one can do it. For it seems to me that no one is a perfect hunter if he knows not both to take beasts by strength and with gins; but I will speak of this unwillingly, for I should not teach to take beasts unless it be by nobleness and gentleness, and to have good sport, and that they be not killed falsely."

From the foregoing the reader will have obtained some insight into the old Norman hunting which prevailed in England up to the

HOW HOUNDS WERE DOCTORED IN THE MIDDLE AGES

end of the fifteenth century, and which differed as does day from night from the subsequent "game slaughter" which became fashionable on the Continent during the two following centuries, or from English hunting during the Stuart period.

No work of recent years, and certainly no previous English book, gives us a better picture of what hunting was like in the Middle Ages than the recently published "Master of Game," dealing with our oldest English hunting book written by that "rubustious" Plantagenet, Edward, Duke of York, who fell at the head of the English advance guard at Agincourt, A.D. 1415.

The ancient text is given verbatim side by side with a translation into modern English, the technical terms with which the book teems being explained in ample notes and in an admirable glossary, while an excellent bibliography of all works on hunting written before the year 1600 makes it an indispensable work of reference for all who take an interest in old English sport. A characteristically enthusiastic preface by the keenest of modern sportsmen, President Theodore Roosevelt, linking up the centuries in which the old world has made sport the occupation of its leisure, enhances the interest of this valuable contribution to our knowledge of ancient venery; while the very beautiful and numerous photogravure plates, reproductions from the most famous of all ancient hunting books, viz. "Gaston Phœbus," one of the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, give one a capital idea of what sport was like in those remote days.

THE COMING CRICKET SEASON

BY HOME GORDON

A CRICKET season immediately following one distinguished by the visit of an Australian team is apt to be regarded with anticipations of tameness. In the present case, however, there seems little reason for such gloomy foreboding. In fact, it is many years since such alertness has been noticed in the spring; for, unlike the British Government after the South African war, English cricketers show a keen desire to profit by the lessons of last summer. The wide response to and keen discussion of an article I contributed to the *National Review* of last December, dealing with "The Waning Popularity of First-Class Cricket," suggests that on all sides there is a general desire to remove the imperfections threatening the attractiveness of the game.

The most serious contemporary matter is the increasing proportion of drawn games. Last season the Australians drew exactly fifty per cent. of their matches, and out of 113 contests in the county championships 55 were unfinished. There is no need to dilate upon the demoralising effect an evitable and useless draw has upon cricketers and spectators. More interesting is it to note that Essex have proposed to the committee of M.C.C. to adopt the scoring favoured by the minor counties. Upon that proposal Mr. O. R. Borrodaile, the energetic secretary of the eastern county, in the course of a long conversation with me, observed that though he does not affirm this provides a final settlement, yet it is at least an endeavour towards obtaining an augmented number of decisive results, and whilst open to modifications if practice suggests improvement on theory, he believes it will tend to brighten cricket.

The system of scoring thus advocated is to give three points for a win outright, and one for a result decided on the first innings. Mr. Borrodaile himself confesses he would like to deduct a point for

every draw, but that is at present only an Elysian dream. His theory is that, as matters now stand, if a day and a half has been wasted by rain, to start a county match is virtually waste of time, but under his modification a keen contest could be waged.

No one in England is so competent to offer an opinion as Mr. A. M. Miller, who takes such an active share in the cricket of the minor counties. He writes: "There are a good few cricketers playing for minor counties now who have had a great deal of experience in first-class cricket, and they are pretty well unanimous that the system of scoring points for a win on the first innings is a great improvement on the plan by which the first-class counties decide their competition. There is, however, a division of opinion as to whether the value of points for a win on the first innings should be two and for a completed match three, or two and five, or one and three, respectively. This is not an argument against the system, but merely about the ratio, and it is certain that the minor counties will not go back to the methods of the first-class counties, which they used up to the end of 1901, as the players prefer the new system." This was written before the Essex proposition was announced, and Mr. Borrodaile regards the ratio as unimportant, so long as the new principle is introduced. Among the amateurs who last year participated in the minor competition, having already had experience of first-class county matches, may be cited Messrs. J. H. and W. H. Brain, P. J. de Paravicini, A. C. M. Croome, T. N. Perkins, and A. K. Watson.

Another suggestion forwarded to me by a member of the Wellington Club is that a side should be compelled to declare as soon as it has obtained a lead of 250 runs. He adds: "This would be unpopular with batting-average-mongers, but it involves no useless leather-hunting, and keeps the game always alive." Without agreeing that it is feasible, the present writer at least thinks it is a proposal sufficiently interesting to be mentioned. It may be added that in a very large batch of letters from known and unknown correspondents, those not officially connected with a county executive unanimously condemn the tea interval.

Naturally the views on the game of the English captain must be of great interest, and in a letter to me the Hon. F. S. Jackson writes: "In my humble opinion the popularity of first-class cricket has been at its very top during the last few years, and it has been at a height that could not be maintained, and must necessarily decline to a more normal state; but at the same time I believe the section of the cricket-loving public is as large as ever." Most decidedly: but is it not the very love of cricket that keeps spectators away from matches in which leg-play and the abuse of the off-ball,

as well as lack of a probable definite result, rob the exhibition of all genuine sport?

The opinion of the Hon. F. S. Jackson was displayed in a number of speeches of a distinctly frank nature last autumn, but he did not carry that frankness so far as to tell us who were the two amateurs who wrote asking to be played for England, for though the identity of one is an open secret, that of the other forms a mystery. His optimism is curiously at variance with the balance-sheets of quite a number of first-class counties, which only reveal satisfactory results because of the receipts obtained from the Australian tour. Warwickshire, for example, shows a deficit of £132, notwithstanding the fact that the club received £315 as a share of the Test Match receipts. Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, Hampshire, and Essex could also give reports fraught with anxiety. The financial basis is not the sporting one, but so long as cricket is avowedly run on the gate-money basis, it is impossible to deny that it refutes the satisfactory view of the English captain.

Absolute apathy has been the attitude at home towards the tour of the moderate M.C.C. team in South Africa. Mr. G. A. Brooking mentions in that capital periodical *The American Cricketer* that an article was published in a London weekly from the pen of Mr. P. F. Warner, in which he stated that the team was stronger than any eleven that had yet appeared from England. This is in marked contrast to the general feeling that the side is not sufficiently representative to make Test Matches satisfactory, considering that the game is progressing in South Africa in a most marked degree. Mr. J. N. Crawford, Denton, Hayes, Haigh, and Blythe, fine as they are, have not colleagues worthy of places in the England team at home. This was in no sense the fault of the energetic executive of M.C.C., but the result is the curiously marked indifference. Naturally the inference is that the next South African side that comes home will find the more hearty welcome. Already one new cricketer has been discovered in Nourse, who bowls well, his best ball coming from leg, whilst his left-handed batting is compared by a member of the M.C.C. side to that of Mr. Darling or Mr. Hill. By the way, it is notable that in the current Australian season the chief feature is the great batting of Messrs. McAlister and Mackay, both candidates for the trip to England last summer, but rejected in favour of Messrs. Gregory and Hopkins.

My warmest thanks are due to the officials whose generous kindness has enabled me to give the following facts, though in no way must they be held responsible for the opinions advanced.

At Lord's, Hardstaff of Notts, Reeves and Buckenham of Essex, and Head of Wiltshire, have been added to the ground-staff. No

changes have been made in the buildings round the ground except the pulling down of the iron structure used as a refreshment bar on the practice ground. The counties which meet M.C.C. at St. John's Wood are Notts, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Kent, Leicestershire, and Worcestershire, whilst the usual trials precede the University match which begins on Thursday, July 5, Gentlemen *v.* Players being on the following Monday, and Eton *v.* Harrow on Friday, the 13th. The West Indians play M.C.C. immediately afterwards, having met Lord Brackley's West Indian team on June 18. The Whit Monday match, which, as usual, is Middlesex *v.* Somersetshire, is for the benefit of V. A. Titmarsh, an old and valued servant of the club, both as cricketer and umpire. Few professionals have ever been more widely and deservedly respected. Like Diver and Nichols, he first played as an amateur. The long programme at Lord's deserves special appreciation for the increased number of such matches as those of Gentlemen of M.C.C. *v.* Household Brigade, R.E. and R.N., as well as fixtures with Royal Academy and Public Schools, and one between Authors and Actors.

Dr. W. G. Grace writes that the London County Cricket Club has arranged a long series on the same lines as last year. Although not able to afford many first-class matches, out and home will be played under the title of Gentlemen of England *v.* Cambridge University, an out match with Oxford, the West Indians will open their tour at the Crystal Palace, and Surrey will be encountered at the Oval on Easter Monday. Having asked the G.O.M. of cricket, who has such a wonderful appreciation of young players, if he can commend anyone, he answers, "A. Marshall, who was engaged last season and this at the Palace, and who is qualifying for Surrey, having been born in Queensland, is one of the finest all-round cricketers I have ever seen. He made over a century seven times for London County, is a fair bowler, and a good field."

Mr. M. W. Payne is an optimistic secretary to Cambridge University, for he concludes a particularly incisive report with: "Does this impress you that Cambridge will beat Oxford? I don't think we shall lose many matches." The prospects are unusually bright, for there are nine old choices available for 1906, as well as Mr. Hopley, who received his blue in 1904. Mr. Eyre is the captain, and Mr. Payne will of course keep wicket. To support these two batsmen the chief run-getters will be Messrs. Colbeck, Young, Keigwin, and Page. In bowling, Messrs. Napier and Morcom will lead off. The need will be to strengthen the attack, even if Mr. Hopley returns to form. Mr. H. Mainprice should stand a good chance, as he is also a beautiful field and neat bat. Mr. W. P. Harrison should also get a careful trial. Other Seniors

are Mr. C. Palmer, who hardly seems as sound as he should be after so much coaching, Mr. R. E. H. Baily and Mr. C. R. W. Magnay, both good bats. So few vacancies, however, imply that if the Blues play well scant opportunities come to others. Of the Freshmen I would cite three—Mr. J. J. Reunert of Harrow, who scored 92 out of 139 in 75 minutes against Eton; Mr. J. C. Buchanan of Charterhouse, who made 54 and 139 *v.* Westminster, as well as 70 *v.* Wellington, after which he took five wickets for 25; and Mr. K. G. MacLeod of Fettes, who, besides being a fine field, had an aggregate of 500 and an average of 30—equal to 50 on English wickets—whilst he claimed 50 wickets for 11 runs apiece. The ground bowlers will include Cox, Bland, and Reeves. The home matches are with Yorkshire, Northants, Surrey, Gentlemen, Middlesex, and Gloucestershire; out-fixtures: Gentlemen at Crystal Palace, Sussex, M.C.C. and Ground, Surrey, and Oxford, followed by the usual visit to Liverpool.

Mr. E. L. Wright, as secretary for Oxford, fears he has very little information to give as to promising players. Mr. W. S. Bird, the wicket-keeper, is the new captain—thus occupying the ideal position for the leader—and Mr. Wright himself is so fine a hitter that with a little care he ought to make a great bat. The other old Blues are Messrs. E. G. Martin, G. T. Branston, N. R. Udal, and G. N. Foster; the Hon. C. N. Bruce, whose illness last summer deprived his University of the best public-school bat of 1904, will probably be fit to play this year, and his form will be watched with great interest, for Mr. Laver the Australian expressed the opinion that he had hardly a superior in England. The other Seniors certainly contain little of promise. Whilst Mr. E. L. Wright has not yet heard of a slow bowler among the Freshmen, I should prophesy that Mr. E. B. Carpenter from Winchester will probably be the best available. In Lord Somers, Charterhouse sends a lively if uncertain hitter, somewhat of the stamp of Lord George Scott; and Eton provides one bat, particularly fine on the leg-side, in Mr. J. J. Astor, who should be carefully coached in playing off-balls with more decision. The home matches are with the Authentics, Gentlemen, Lancashire, M.C.C. and Ground, Yorkshire, and Free Foresters. On tour will be met Worcestershire, Surrey, Sussex, M.C.C. and Ground, and Cambridge.

A learned expert has observed to me that Yorkshire will shortly come toppling down, because all the best cricketers are now seniors, and he further ventured on a comparison with the fate of Notts at one period. On the other hand Mr. F. C. Toone writes: "Of course, with such promising players as Rothery, Grim-

shaw, Rudstone, Wainwright, and Wilkinson, Yorkshire is not likely to fall off. All these are fast approaching the high standard of county cricket. Still, there is just the want of a young fast bowler. Our programme extends from May 3, when we meet South Wales at Cardiff, to September 1, with only three days' rest on the date of Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's. It should be noted that this very large programme is arranged for the benefit of county cricket generally, for by playing some weaker counties it is felt a great service is being rendered by Yorkshire to the game, and thus the great strain placed upon the players is somewhat compensated for. I have pleasure in saying that *all* the old players are available." To this I would add that I have italicised *all*, because this implies the official denial to the rumours of one retirement. How much the Hon. F. S. Jackson will play it is impossible to add. Lord Hawke has booked his return passage from Bombay for April 16. Of the above-mentioned young players, though all are useful, only Rothery as yet looks like taking front rank. The balance sheet shows a profit of £1,117.

Mr. T. Matthews sends a flourishing account of Lancashire: "Our heavy fixture list includes an encounter with Oxford for the first time for many years. Tyldesley takes the Yorkshire match in August for his benefit. Our second eleven has entered the Minor Counties Competition. At Old Trafford, where great changes are being made, £1,000 is expended over new stands. Mr. A. C. MacLaren is coming to live in the North, and will again captain our side, but we shall be without Mr. H. G. Garnett. We have hopes among the younger men of Harry and Rowlands, and there are several other promising colts on the staff." To these observations may be added that Cook, the new formidable fast bowler, will be available for the early matches. Mr. W. Brearley announced his retirement, but it is permissible to doubt whether so keen a cricketer will thus prematurely close his career.

The only other county which has an equally extensive programme is Surrey; but more than one uncertainty renders the immediate outlook dubious. The splendid work done by Lord Dalmeny, both as a captain and fine hitter, may possibly be arrested by his new Parliamentary duties. Nor is anything officially known about Mr. J. N. Crawford, the greatest public-school cricketer since Mr. A. G. Steel and the Hon. F. S. Jackson. In both cases, however, hopeful views are held by Mr. C. W. Alcock, now happily much stronger, as his innumerable friends will be glad to learn. No new amateurs are known to the executive, but Mr. W. W. Read has again been offered the post of cricket coach. Lees is, of course, the Hirst of the South, and Mr. Knox should improve on his fine work in 1905.

Bale is a capital reserve wicket-keeper; but apart from Marshall, who qualifies in 1907, there does not appear to be a great deal of undeveloped talent.

Mr. Gregor MacGregor hopes to play for Middlesex in a few matches, while Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet, report says, " will have to stick to work." Otherwise the county team will present a strong phalanx in August, and rather a scratch appearance in some of the earlier fixtures. Mr. G. W. Beldam is in much better health, and Mr. P. F. Warner is keeping in practice at the Cape. It is earnestly to be hoped that Trott may have the good sense to act on the advice so freely given to him. Mignon, of course, is quite a beginner, and it is difficult to decide whether he is useful or not. In 1907 Mr. E. H. D. Sewell will play under the amateur status, and Vogler will be qualified. Certainly Middlesex is the embodiment of Imperial Federation in cricket. The same nine counties are again met, with an extra match against Cambridge. Another had been arranged with the West Indians, but this has been dropped, Lord Brackley's team filling the gap at Lord's.

The Sussex team will be again under the leadership of Mr. C. B. Fry, but unfortunately the two young amateurs, Messrs. H. P. Chaplin and K. O. Goldie, have returned to military life in India. There is every reason to believe that K. S. Ranjitsinhji—with whom Lord Hawke has been staying—will again be in England and able to play regularly. Two professionals become qualified by residence. At the beginning of the season R. Relf, younger brother of the valued professional, will show what he is like as a batsman, and at the end of May the Australian Dwyer should appreciably strengthen the bowling, besides proving a determined run-getter. The programme is smaller than in previous seasons, for the encounters with Leicestershire and Northants have been dropped, and, as usual, Worcestershire is not met. Two county matches will be played at Hastings; for the first time a county fixture will take place at Chichester, it having been decided to play Hampshire there, whilst Oxford University will probably be opposed at Eastbourne, Cambridge as usual being met at Brighton.

Lord Lilford is apparently effecting for Northamptonshire what Mr. C. E. Green has so munificently done for Essex. At his expense Mead and Thompson have been engaged as coaches, the latter being awarded forty pounds as compensation for not being allowed to go to South Africa. An innovation is a county match at Peterborough, Warwickshire being the visitors, whilst an out-fixture with Cambridge University is also new. The other counties to be met are Surrey, Worcestershire, Derbyshire, Hants, Essex, Notts, and Leicestershire, whilst the West Indians will be given an

opportunity of repeating their success of 1900, when they won their first English victory on the county ground.

The Kent captain expects to have the support of all who assisted last year, and as usual the executive is most energetic. The Tonbridge ground has been purchased for £4,300, and by moving the pavilion another acre will be added to the playing area, while the size of the entrance has been doubled. Sussex and Lancashire take part in the Canterbury Festival, Hampshire and Middlesex in the Tonbridge Week. It may be mentioned that Huish's benefit yielded £675. The Kent Nursery, which has already produced such excellent players, appears to possess valuable batting recruits in Hubble and Munds, and promising all-round cricketers in Hardinge, Skinner, and Woolley.

The Warwickshire eleven will be the same as in recent summers except that Mr. A. C. S. Glover may appear more frequently, but Mr. F. R. Loveitt does not appear to be available. Smith is deputy wicket-keeper, and Weldrick, a batsman born in Yorkshire, will probably obtain a trial. Essex and the Universities have not renewed their fixtures. The home match with Northampton will be at Coventry, the rest at Birmingham.

Mr. G. L. Jessop reports succinctly *re* Gloucestershire: "Our side will be practically the same as last year. No new discoveries have been made of any great batsmen or bowlers. The Cambridge match is continued. Taking into account the poor report *re* balance-sheet that some of the other counties have to bewail, we have no reason to be displeased."

Mr. Murray Anderson writes: "Somersetshire plays the usual counties, meeting five at Taunton and four (Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, Sussex, and Lancashire) at Bath. All our last season's amateurs are available again, Messrs. L. C. H. Palairet and P. R. Johnson as often as the claims of work will allow. Messrs. Phillips and Daniell having returned from abroad, will again play regularly under Mr. S. M. J. Woods, captain for the thirteenth year. We have a new professional bowler, a younger brother of Cranfield, qualified, and we hear of some young amateurs coming on. Our financial prospects were not good last year, but we hope to put that all right this season."

Mr. Turner observes that it is too early to form any idea of what colts would be of service to Notts, who have all their team of last summer available, with some likely recruits on the ground-staff, and the same list of county fixtures as in 1905.

Leicestershire has substituted engagements with Kent for those with Sussex, and again enjoys the financial advantage of playing home engagements on both Bank Holidays. Pougher will still coach. Several young cricketers of promise are on the ground-staff, including

Hampson, a useful second-string wicket-keeper; Palmer, who is left-handed; Curtis, Looms, and Astell. All last year's professionals and amateurs are again available. Thanks to the share in the profits of Test Matches amounting to £315, a balance of £107 is shown, thus reducing the debt due to the bank to £763.

Essex is troubled with lack of funds. On the question of Mead it is obvious that until he approaches the committee the latter can do nothing; but as his eight wickets in first-class cricket last year cost 251 runs, it may be that some of his old skill is lost. Mr. Borrodaile denies that the bowling of Essex is weak, and lays all the blame on the fielding. As usual, Mr. C. E. Green generously defrays the expenses of Peel and Lockwood, who are to coach before the regular season. Much is expected from Connor, a fast right-handed bowler, said to be alert in the slips. Benham, who is coach at Winchester, with additional opportunities should do better, and J. Freeman is a reserve wicket-keeper of promise. Major Turner and Rev. F. H. Gillingham will more frequently appear, and the rest of the team remain undaunted by reverses in excess of victories. The matches with Warwickshire have been dropped, Gloucestershire and Northants being met instead. The West Indians play their first county match at Leyton, and the out-fixture with Kent is at Tunbridge Wells instead of at Canterbury.

"Derbyshire," Mr. Barclay Delacombe writes, "will have to rely chiefly on the same eleven, but it is hoped Messrs. A. E. Lawton and G. Curgenven will be able to play more regularly. Though no colts of great promise are in view, there is every reason to expect a marked development in Cadman, while Norton looks like making a really first-class player. Derbyshire welcomes Yorkshire, Surrey, and Northants at Chesterfield, Leicestershire at Glossop, and the other counties who were encountered last summer at Derby. A greatly increased subscription list is anticipated, which will permit more to be done in the way of encouraging young players, of which there are many of promise."

With the possible exception of Captain Greig and Mr. G. N. Bignell, who will both be in India, Hampshire will have all last year's cricketers available. Mead, a left-handed slow bowler, and Badcock, who is fast right-handed, will receive trials, and are rather confidently expected to strengthen the attack. The Hon. C. N. Bruce, of Oxford University, will assist as often as he can. The Army will be encountered at Aldershot, where Surrey will also be met; Warwickshire plays at Basingstoke, Kent at Bournemouth, Somersetshire, Sussex, and Worcestershire at Portsmouth; Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Northants, Leicestershire, and West Indians at Southampton.

Mr. A. M. Miller has most kindly responded to my request to

write upon the subject with which he is so identified, to the following effect:—

"The Minor Counties Association, which includes the second elevens of Surrey and Yorkshire, and will this year, for the first time, include that of Lancashire, is yearly attracting more attention. It was founded in 1895, and there were then seven counties playing in its competition; in 1906 there will be twenty competitors, including the three second elevens just mentioned. It is unsatisfactory in regard to the system of arranging matches, as at present a county may pick and choose its opponents, and by avoiding the stronger counties and selecting the weak it can finish high up in the table of results, while the stronger counties, by playing each other, have not scored so many points, and are, consequently, not at the top; this, however, will be righted shortly, as at the last meeting it was only postponed as all the counties had made their fixtures for 1906. There are two schemes to select from. The one discussed at the annual meeting divides the counties into two groups of ten each, which play each other once during the season, with a final match between the top counties of each group. The other advocates a system by which the counties are divided into four groups, each county playing two matches with each other, the top county of each group to play in a semi-final match, and the two winners to play a final, and the winner to be the champion county of the second division. Which of these two schemes will be adopted it is hard to say, for both have their respective merits, but on the whole the four-group seems to be the easiest to work. A few of the competitors do not welcome the second elevens of first-class counties in the competition, and think that if they do enter they ought to have a separate supply of cricketers and not play those who are on the borderland of the first-class eleven. It is needless to say that the counties holding this opinion do not play the second elevens; but it is the wish of the majority of the minor counties to play against the best sides they can, and thus try to improve their standard of cricket. Although Surrey second have been in the competition since 1899 and Yorkshire second since 1901, neither have yet succeeded in being at the top of the table of results. The wickets in minor county cricket are not on the whole as good as the first-class counties play on, as they have not the money to spend on the up-keep of their grounds; but they are improving steadily, and there is little to be found fault with in this respect. The umpiring, which in the old days before independent umpires were adopted was most unsatisfactory, is now quite the reverse.

"One frequently hears discussed the respective merits of some minor county and those towards the bottom of the first class, and

the advent of Northamptonshire in the first division was watched with the greatest interest. Considering that they finished above three others in the list in 1905, it shows that there is not such a wide gap between the tail of the first division and the top of the second. Personally I think that the standard of first-class cricket should be judged by the first dozen on the list, and not the last five. Although it would be considered hard lines to turn down into the second division some of the first-class counties, it must be borne in mind that it is equally hard on any minor county that is better than some of the existing first-class counties to keep it from promotion. There ought to be, and no doubt will be in the future, some plan devised by which a minor county can obtain promotion by merit."

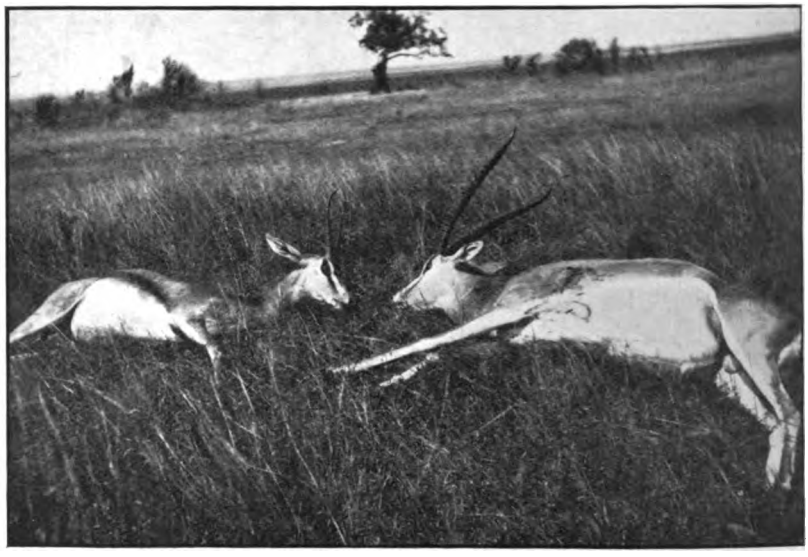
The last suggestive paragraph is far too pregnant to be adequately dealt with towards the close of a lengthy article hampered by severe compression. It is, however, possible that ultimately there may be three classes: (*a*) the first ten who may compete for the county championship; (*b*) the second eight composed of the last six of the present first-class counties and the two highest of the present minor counties, who would compete for the second-rank championship, both these classes to be included in first-class averages; (*c*) the remainder of those engaged in the Minor Counties Competition. If the bottom county of one class played a match with the top county of the class below for their respective qualification in the ensuing year, a great stimulus might be given to the whole tournament of English county cricket, whilst the strain of too many matches would be perceptibly relieved, as no shire would have more than eighteen championship fixtures.

Finally must be dealt with the prospects of the forthcoming West Indian tour. It is open to doubt if the committee of the M.C.C. will decide that any of their fixtures shall count in first-class averages, but considerable interest will, in any case, be excited by their visit. On the last tour, in 1900, five victories could be set against eight defeats, but Lord Brackley's Team in the West Indies in the spring of 1905 had to put up with three disasters against eleven successes. On the present occasion, Mr. F. E. Lacey has arranged a capital programme, commencing at the Crystal Palace, against London County, on June 11, and concluding on August 18 at Northampton. An England Eleven is met at Blackpool, Lord Brackley's Team and M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's, and the following first-class counties have home engagements with them:—Essex, Surrey, Hampshire, Kent, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Notts. The other games are with a Minor Counties Combined Eleven at Ealing, Wiltshire, Northumberland and Durham, Norfolk, South Wales, and Scotland.

The Sports Sub-Committee of the West India Club, acting in co-operation with the West Indies and with Mr. F. E. Lacey, have obtained some guarantees as well as generous assistance from the counties. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that the gentlemen playing for the Islands are in the truest sense *bonâ-fide* amateurs, who will only receive their bare expenses while on the tour. Though not yet appointed, it is probable that Mr. A. E. Harrigan, the captain of Trinidad, will officiate in that capacity for the team. He is a big hitter, who never considers he has done himself justice until he has hit a six. Burton, the black bowler from Demerara, who was the best on the last tour, is coming again, this time with Cumberbatch, another bowler of colour, right-handed medium-paced, considered the pick of Trinidad. These two will bear the brunt of the attack, with Mr. S. Smith (a slow left-handed bowler who took six wickets for 17 runs *v.* Barbadoes) and Mr. R. Ollivierre as chief changes. The latter, a brother of the amateur now playing for Derbyshire, and in style modelled on him, much impressed Lord Brackley's Team when he scored 99 and took seven for 38 and four for 19.

The last tour suffered from the absence of Mr. H. B. G. Austin, who was serving in South Africa. We shall now see the most graceful bat in Trinidad, who scored 83 for the Combined Islands against Lord Brackley's Team. Mr. Constantine will be remembered for the brilliant way in which he punished the bowling of Dr. W. G. Grace and Mr. A. E. Stoddart at Lord's. Mr. Learmond, a steady but vigorous bat, is reported to have much improved since his former visit. Mr. P. Goodman, who made 104 *v.* Derbyshire in 1900, obtained the only century, as well as another 75, against the last English touring side. Mr. Challenor is also reported to be a stylish run-getter. The wicket-keeper is Mr. C. K. Bancroft, of Barbados, and, presumably, Mr. J. E. Parker is selected as reserve stumper. Layne is a bowler said to come with his arm, and Mr. C. S. Morrison is chosen to afford occasional assistance in that department. Whatever proportion of victories they obtain, the West Indians are sure to enjoy a very instructive and enjoyable tour.

The foregoing must abundantly prove that there is reason to anticipate a busy and important cricket season.



MALE AND FEMALE PETER'S GAZELLE

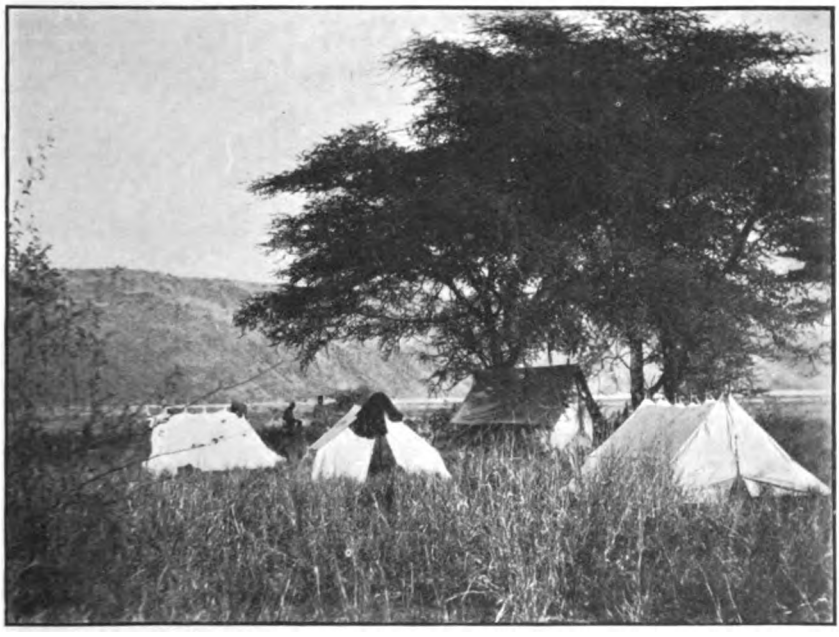
BIG-GAME SHOOTING AT LAKE BARINGO

BY C. V. A. PEEL, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S.

AFTER a five days' hard march over very rough country, I pitched camp on the edge of a huge open plain a few miles north-east of Lake Baringo. The heat here in the middle of the day was very great, and I think I must have had a touch of the sun, for the first two days I felt very ill, and was unable to go out hunting. The first morning I got on to the open plain I saw a great deal of game and caught sight of the first wild giraffe I had ever set eyes upon. He looked positively gigantic as he slowly walked up wind. Numbers of Peter's gazelle and Thomson's gazelle were about, also a single ostrich, but all very wild.

Keeping close under cover of some thick thorn bushes I next came upon a large herd of oryx antelope feeding on the open plain. It was impossible to get near them, so I tried a prodigiously long shot, which for a wonder came off, and a fine bull oryx lay kicking in the sand. After we had got the skin off I turned to go home, as I was still feeling very weak and ill; and while walking along, a small herd of zebras was seen to be approaching us. As they appeared to be about to offer a grand chance for a photograph at very close quarters, I laid down my rifle, and taking cover in the thick bushes, began to get my camera ready. The zebras stopped; I was

obliged to make towards them, and was stalking along very, very quietly with my eyes intent upon them, when I all but walked on to the top of a huge rhinoceros which lay in a deep depression in the ground before me. With a loud snort the beast jumped up and, wheeling round, stood sniffing the air. Armed only with a camera I thought the best thing to do was to squat slowly down behind a bush and await events, expecting every moment he would charge up wind right at me. I felt so excited that I forgot all about the camera I was holding, for I might easily have taken a grand snapshot of him as he stood only a few yards away, looking particularly formidable. After waiting for what seemed an age to me, he turned



CAMP SCENE

slightly sideways and moved past me at a tremendous pace, snorting and blowing and crashing through the tiny bushes like a runaway steam-roller.

I was very thankful when the boys came up with my rifle. We searched the dense bush for some time, but saw no more of the rhino.

Next morning from my tent door I could see such a sight of game that it was difficult to credit it in these days of game laws and restrictions. Almost at my feet in this bush country I made out with my naked eye several herds of Peter's gazelle and two herds of impala, including three fine bucks. The impala in the Baringo

country carry the finest heads of any I have ever seen, the horns rarely measuring less than 30 in. round the curve.

Farther on I could detect innumerable herds of Peter's gazelle. Still beyond us out on the open plain my glass showed me a never-ending procession of zebra and oryx, with a single rhino and its calf. In the far distance I discerned the same tall figure of my friend the big giraffe standing like a leaning tower of Pisa right out in the open. This panorama, backed by giant mountains and a rising sun, was the sight of a lifetime. Turning my back on the plains and facing hills, I made out a single cow koodoo; but although I searched all the rocky slopes within sight, I failed to make any more out.

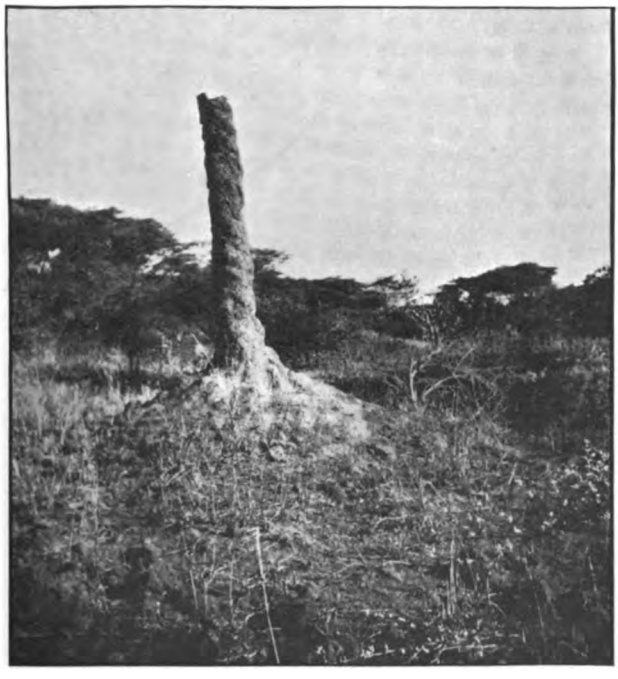
About eight o'clock I saw what I took to be a small herd of

MY PORTERS

eland mixed up with some zebras, and began the stalk at once. It proved the most arduous of any I had so far undertaken, owing to the amount of game between them and me. I had left my gun-bearers behind as usual, as they had proved themselves a positive nuisance when a scientific stalk was in progress, for they never seemed to take in the situation in the least degree. As the time passed, all the while I was worming myself on my belly I was in constant dread lest my gun-bearers should get impatient after so long a wait and show themselves, but luckily they knew by experience what would happen should they dare to do so.

I now saw a fine bull eland make as though to join the main body, but unluckily he turned away and went and stood under some

thick bushes out of my sight. After using my glass for some minutes I became aware that a very large herd of eland were before me. Behind every tree and bush were gathered together three or four of these gigantic antelopes. I made frantic struggles through the grass to get nearer, and at length spotted a second bull, at which I fired, hearing the bullet tell. There was a wild rush of animals for the open, and I counted as many as fifty cows and four huge bulls. I sat down and made some shocking shooting at the last of these latter, which I took to be my wounded one, as he moved so slowly and badly. The whole herd were soon out of range, when one of my men ran up saying he had seen the bull I had wounded, so I walked up to the place and found a lot of blood. We followed the spoor amongst rocky hills for some half-mile, when my gun-bearer pointed out what he said was the eland. Personally I thought it was an ant-hill, for I could see no head. However, I sat down, and at eighty yards made one of the worst shots in my life! But somehow I thought I was firing at nothing, and that may partially account for the miss. To add to my conjecture the thing I aimed at never moved, and I was fumbling in my pocket for another cartridge when an enormous bull eland ran from behind the bush and away! He stopped again after going a hundred yards, and I distinctly heard the bullet tell on him; however, he moved slowly out of sight. I raced after him till I could go no further, and sank exhausted amongst the stones. We followed the track for miles, but lost it eventually in stony ground.

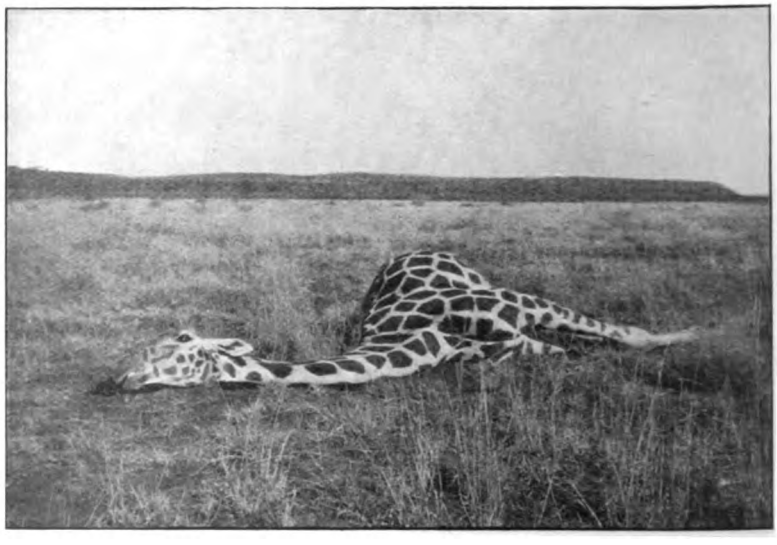


GIANT ANT-HILL

Next morning I felt so sick at the thought of losing so fine a

trophy, that I once more set out to try to find his tracks. By seven o'clock we had taken up the blood spoor, but it was terribly slow work owing to the rocky nature of the ground. Whilst we were going along we heard a terrible commotion in the bushes to our left, and I expected to see the inevitable rhino (which swarmed in this part of the country) come blundering into us; however, it turned out to be a herd of six giraffe, and a very interesting sight it was. Their walk is majestic in the extreme, but when it comes to running these great camel-like animals cut rather ridiculous figures.

But to proceed with our tracking. We had been going about four hours, and I could see my boys were beginning to get tired of it, when, as we were descending into a rocky gorge, I suddenly saw the eland far below me running slowly down hill. At length he



GIRAFFE

reached the bottom, went out into an open space, and stood under a solitary tree. Now was the time for a stalk! Feeling the wind carefully by throwing grass into the air, I crawled and crawled towards him until I was a hundred yards off. No further could I get owing to want of cover. I flattered myself my stalking was generally good, but my shooting—oh, I knew how bad it could be! I took plenty of time and careful aim before I fired, but the eland never moved. Had I hit him or missed him? Yesterday's proceedings were to be reproduced again, I feared. I crawled nearer (I was horribly excited, I own) and fired again. The eland did not move. I got up and ran towards him. He still stood with his head in the shade of that solitary tree. All at once he seemed to realise

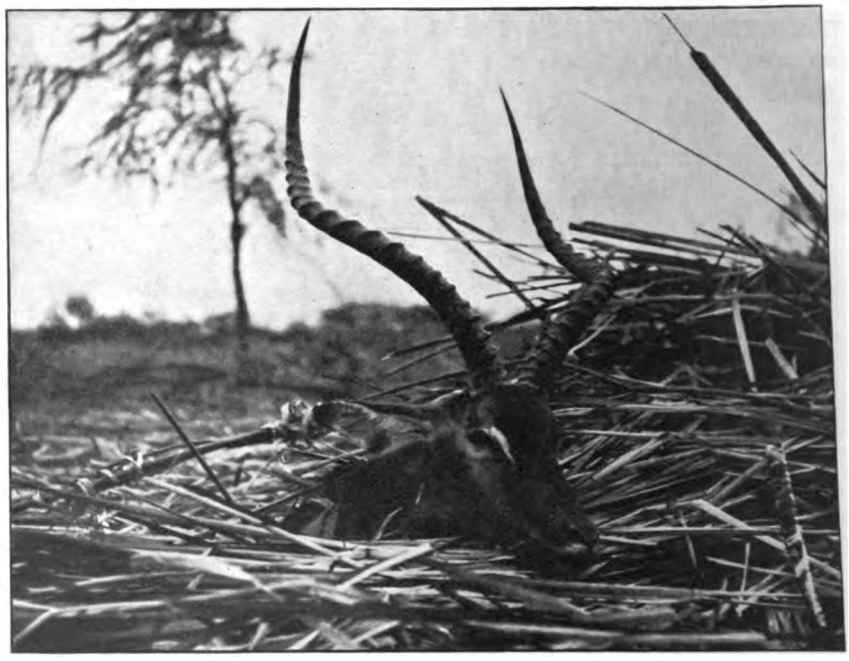
that he must be off. He put up his head, saw me, and started to run. Was I going to lose him after all? I ran as I never ran before, found I gained on him, and got up to within twenty yards of him; then as he turned his great broadside to me I put a bullet through his heart, bringing him down in a kneeling position. After photographing him I tried to get at his throat with my knife, but he was game to the last, and with a low bellow he flourished his horns about me in threatening fashion, so that I was obliged to end his troubles with another ball. He was a superb bull eland, measuring from tip of nose to end of tail 11 ft. 1 in. His girth was exactly 7 ft. and his height at the shoulders 5 ft. 10 in. His horns measured 14 in. in length.

GUN-BEARER AND ORYX ANTELOPE

Next day I was wandering about the bush on the edge of the open plain, when all at once I saw approaching me in the distance a huge bull giraffe. With head and neck bent low, with stooping shoulders and slow wandering gait he was making straight for me. Getting my gun-bearers safely hidden from view—a matter of no little difficulty, as they insisted on walking upright instead of crawling—I lay amongst some aloes to await events. There were a number of Peter's gazelle about; some of them had seen us and were running or walking about suspiciously. They turned the giraffe, so that I judged he would walk past me at about three hundred yards. This would never do, I thought, so I prepared to stalk him, and if possible cut him off. Every now and then he would stop

and watch the gazelle and then proceed in his accustomed leisurely fashion. I left my patch of aloes and began to crawl on all fours. I soon found out I had plenty to think about. In the first place, after crawling but a few yards, I perceived a huge rhinoceros walking slowly away from me about one hundred yards in front, then I had the gazelle to keep out of the way on my right, and my quarry the giraffe was coming on at a goodly pace, albeit it looked so slow.

The bushes here were pretty high, so I ventured to stand up and show myself, first to the gazelle to get them if possible quietly



IMPALA

out of the way. It was a risky proceeding, but it had the desired effect, for the gazelle slowly walked across me. I was now left with the rhino to deal with. He insisted on stopping every minute or so to feed, so that I could not get on. I feared he would either stampede the giraffe or the giraffe would stampede him, in which latter case I might probably have to run for it!

I tried all the time to keep calm, but I was getting so close (barely thirty yards) to the rhino that I was beginning to wish for a gun-bearer with a second gun, as I held only a single-barrelled ·450 cordite rifle. However, the wind held right, the rhino moved quietly, the giraffe approached rapidly, and I reached a small bush

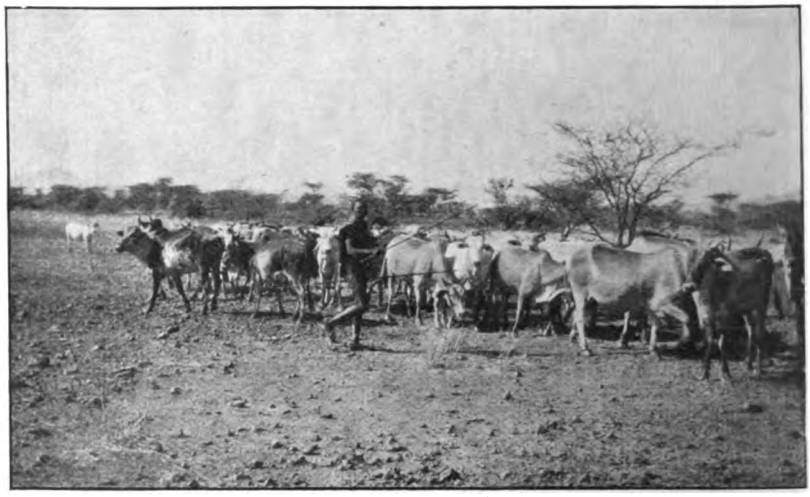
in safety. Here I sat down, cocked my rifle, and waited for the gigantic tower to appear—waited for what seemed an age. In reality it was barely a minute. At length the creature strode in sight, and I never beheld such a wonderful picture as he presented as he stalked out from behind some small thorn trees and stood broadside on watching me from the open. He was quite two hundred yards away, but realising I should never have a better chance I took aim and pulled the trigger. With a crash that could be plainly heard even at that great distance, the huge beast fell heavily to the ground.

MASAI WOMEN

His total height was about 16 ft. 2 in., his height at the shoulders 8 ft. 10 in., and his girth exactly 8 ft. 4 in. He was a specimen of the southern or two-horned variety, with light fawn-coloured markings on a white ground.

One day, being short of meat for the porters, I determined to shoot a couple of Peter's gazelle, which simply swarmed in the thick bush about here. We soon found a herd, which I stalked. The biggest animal had its head hidden in a bush, but it offered a good chance, so I fired. It galloped for fifty yards full tilt and then fell over dead. It turned out to have a very good head, and I

had just got my camera out to photograph it when for the second time a rhinoceros appeared on the scene. He walked slowly past, so we sat stock still till he vanished into the bushes, and luckily



MASAI CATTLE

neither saw nor winded us. I swopped my Mannlicher for my ·450 cordite, and following up the huge imprints in the sand we came

PORTERS

up with him in a very short time. In a crouching position I advanced behind his tail until at length he turned to feed in a thorn bush; I then, losing no time, fired into his left shoulder at once. He

dropped on to his knees, and cramming in another cartridge I fired again, knocking him right off his fore legs. He banged the ground about with his head for a minute, and then all movement ceased. His front horn measured 23 in., but I have often seen larger rhinos. After having great sport with gazelle, impala, oryx, Jackson's hartebeest, and waterbuck, I went down to the shores of the lake. Here I got a hippo from a dug-out native canoe, and saw the old tracks of buffalo and elephant. But the heat down by the lake was terrific,

SUK WOMEN

and so were the mosquitos, which forced me to beat a hasty retreat out of what must be a magnificent game country. We marched through thick thorn bush the first day, and the porters got charged by a rhino. The number of tracks of these animals is incredible in this part of the country, and the wonder to me was that we did not see more of the animals themselves.

On the way back we tried for elephant at Lake Hannington, but the tracks were all old.

CAMP SCENE

WATERBUCK

I shot near the lake an enormous python which lay in my path one early morning. I all but trod on it, taking it to be the stump of a tree! The reptile was so heavy I could not lift it. It measured exactly 15 ft., and its greatest girth was 16½ in.

The natives about these parts consisted of Kamazia and Suk, and were friendly. The Suk, I think, are the most extraordinary-

SUK, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARY MATTED HAIR

looking people I ever beheld. The men mat their long hair into a huge pouch or bag, in which they keep various articles, such as beads, tobacco, snuff, etc. From this pouch proceeds a long curved bristle ending in a small ball of fluff, reminding one exactly of the head-dress of a pantaloon in a Christmas pantomime.

THE RACING SEASON

BY THE EDITOR

WHETHER a racing season will prove exciting, merely ordinary, or exceptionally dull, must always be a matter of the purest speculation before it begins. There may be a phenomenal lot of two-year-olds to rival the wonderful year 1885, when Ormonde, Minting, The Bard, Saraband, and others started their careers; and then of course some animals we have already seen may make extraordinary improvement; whilst in addition there are always a few dark three-year-olds that for some reason or other have missed their two-year-old engagements, the most notable of these at the present time being His Majesty's Nulli Secundus. When I wrote an article similar to this twelve months ago I quoted Richard Marsh, who had been kind enough to write to me saying that he much preferred Morès to Nulli Secundus —the latter, he observed, "looks like making a very big horse, coming late, and is rather on the coarse side. He has not nearly such good action as Morès, whose action is almost perfect." I had seen both colts as yearlings at Sandringham and had been greatly struck by them. At present, for some unknown reason, unfounded opinions

have been formed about the two, the son of St. Simon and Nunsuch being preferred to the half-brother to Zinfandel, and from the fact of Nulli Secundus having been nibbled at for the Derby it is evidently supposed that there are great possibilities about him. How the idea obtained currency it would be interesting to know, for the trainer himself is quite in the dark.

For some years past the three-year-old colts have rarely risen beyond the "moderate" standard, though it need hardly be said that Pretty Polly is famous among fillies as one who will always live in Turf history, and happily she is starting her preparations for the season's work in perfect fettle. She of course stands out by herself, and it is only to be hoped that Presto II., the only animal that has ever finished in front of her on a racecourse, will come to Ascot in June to let us see how right or wrong that result may have been. Shrewd and practical racegoers dislike excuses and always look on them with suspicion, but a journey across the Channel may upset a mare—or a horse either for the matter of that. It is unquestionably a handicap. Presto ran creditably last season, winning nine races out of thirteen; Pretty Polly was absolutely invincible, and until Presto beats her again there will be a strong consensus of opinion in England that for once, in the Prix du Conseil Municipal at Longchamps, she did not give her running.

What one usually looks at first in a consideration of the season is the Derby, and there are materials, so far as can be judged at present, for a sufficiently interesting race. In such little betting as has taken place, Lally has naturally been made favourite. His performances last season merit the position. After his first essay, when he finished third to undistinguished animals—but frequently "first time out" counts for nothing—he failed only twice in nine races. At Ascot he was called upon to do duty two days running, and probably on the second occasion felt the effects of his first race. His other defeat was perhaps his most creditable performance, for it took place in Ireland, he had the long journey "in him," and this, in the opinion of experienced men, as a general rule reduces a horse greatly below his form; but yet he only failed by a short head to give no less a weight than 20 lb. to a more than useful colt in Athleague. That Lally was the best two-year-old of the season is accepted; but there is always one great question about a three-year-old, and that is whether he stays. Amphion, his sire, cannot be rated as a stayer, and none of his sons or daughters has been successful over a distance of ground. It remains to be proved whether Lally can stay. He has not quite held his position in the market. A rumour on the subject of his wind got abroad, but this may mean nothing: such stories are often current without reason.

Lally is doing good work, but it will be some weeks yet before he is fit enough to be tried, and until it has been ascertained that he can last at top speed for a mile and a half, 7 to 2 is an absurd price to take about him for the Derby. He is not in the Two Thousand Guineas, but has been entered for the Newmarket Stakes, run a fortnight later, on May 20, that being his first engagement of the season.

What is there to beat him? Returning to my article of a year ago I find that Colonel W. Hall Walker, in a long letter he was good enough to write to me, included a eulogy of Black Arrow. The colt, he said, would probably rank in the first class, and if he did not prove as good as Bendigo, his owner declared that he would be greatly disappointed, for Black Arrow looked and moved in a manner which suggested his superiority to either of his half-sisters, Jean's Folly or Cherry Lass. He won his first two races in the manner which was expected of him, so that after Ascot his price for the Derby was inquired about, and it is said that in the anticipation of his proving a wonder no more than 5 to 2 was offered. His performance at Goodwood, however, was nothing short of a tragedy. With odds of 20 to 1 on him he went to the post, but comported himself there in such mad fashion that the price gradually diminished to 100 to 7 on him. He resolutely declined to start, and took no part in the race, to the consternation of all connected with him. Next time out he retrieved his character by winning the Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes at Derby, and so was esteemed a certainty for a similar event at Kempton, in which he met Lally, set to give him 4 lb. The betting here was 5 to 2 on Black Arrow, 3 to 1 Lally, 100 to 6 others; but Lally had things his own way, as Black Arrow refused to gallop. On the following Tuesday he would do nothing in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster; and at Newmarket, in the Clearwell, if possible he did less. What may happen in the case of the black son of Count Schomberg and Black Cherry this year, who can say? The colt, by the way, is described as a brown, but in truth he is black, and against horses of this colour a strong prejudice exists in many quarters. He has two dozen or more engagements, starting as early as April 5, and some people seem to have a strong idea that he will fulfil his early promise. I can only repeat, who can say?

Another horse backed for the Derby is Pretty Polly's half-brother Admirable Crichton, who, as Mr. Peter Purcell Gilpin wrote to me before the colt had ever run, "for make and shape, temper, constitution and action, is likely to shine as a racehorse." He did not come out till the Second Newmarket July Meeting, and was then understood to be so backward that in a moderate field of five for the

Chesterfield Stakes 3 to 1 was offered against him, the favourite at 11 to 8 being a bad filly called Rayon, a daughter of Diamond Jubilee and Asteria, who has yet to win a race. He got badly away, but came through his field and won comfortably. Admirable Crichton reappeared at Goodwood in the Rous Memorial, in which he was only opposed by Sweet Mary, in receipt of 5 lb. more than sex allowance, and odds of 11 to 4 were freely laid on her; but after a great race, for which Maher who rode her was praised in some quarters and blamed in others, the colt won a short head. After Goodwood he suffered from the illness which so frequently attacks racehorses, but it was thought that he had recovered when the Middle Park Plate was run for, and he was generally preferred to his

LALLY
(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

stable companion Flair, who, however, beat him rather easily. With odds of 6 to 4 on him he then went to the post for the Dewhurst Plate, in which he ran badly behind Picton, Malua, and Gingal; so that in his case there are doubts as to whether his illness has not left a permanent mark. He is going on well at present, but this means little; horses often move attractively in their work and seem to be at their best until a question is seriously asked them. When he is to run is probably not at present decided. He is in at Liverpool the first week of the season, within a few days of the date when this number will be issued, but it seems likely that he will not carry silk until the Two Thousand, run on May 2, in which he might meet Black Arrow, Nulli Secundus, and others of less note.

Another that has been modestly backed for the Derby is Sarcelle, who won three races last year, and was thrice second. He is a son of Gallinule and Croceum, and may of course have made phenomenal improvement; unless he has done so it seems improbable that he will be found good enough, though on his last outing, when beaten by Flair at Kempton Park, he was giving her 10 lb. over weight for age. She, however, won as she liked. Flair is of course a mare who must be taken into consideration if—but this "if" is all-important—she retains her form; as to which it cannot be too often repeated that a good two-year-old filly is almost as likely as not to be comparatively worthless the following season. She may have improved as Memoir did; she may, on the other hand, have gone to pieces. A couple of years since another daughter of St. Frusquin, Fiancée, was supposed to have a great career before her. She had won all her races as a two-year-old, and her friends were convinced that she was just the sort of mare to train on into something notable; as a three-year-old she was worthless for racing purposes and was turned out of training. Game Chick is another recent case in point, and indeed innumerable instances of the same thing might be quoted. Flair was among the best of a nice lot of three-year-old fillies last year, which included Sweet Mary, Ulalume, Water Flower, and Colonia, of whom, however, Colonia was a stone behind Black Arrow. Doubts as to whether Sweet Mary would stay have always been current; and Water Flower, after winning five consecutive races, retired in July, which she would scarcely have done had all been well with her. "Makes a noise," is the whisper with regard to the daughter of Watercress and Pansy. Between her and Ulalume there was in any case little to choose, and the latter (Gallinule—The Message) seemed, so far as one could guess, more likely to train on. But this admittedly is pure speculation.

Other "possibles" in the Derby are Gorgos, Malua, Picton, and, some people imagine, the White Knight, a son of Desmond and Pella, who gained a little reputation which may or may not turn out to be justified. It is not his public performance on which it is based. Malua was talked about as a stone in front of Achilles, and when he came out for the Fulbourne Stakes at Newmarket in July he shared favouritism with Water Flower. After behaving badly at the post he was left some lengths, and finished third, the race being held to prove nothing. With 8 st. 1 lb. on his back he was made favourite for the Prince of Wales's Nursery at Doncaster, in which he could get no nearer than seventh. On the second of October, he won for the first time, though this did not amount to much, and Picton beat him by two lengths in the Dewhurst.

Doubts, it will be perceived, exist with regard to the three with the best credentials. Lally may not stay; Admirable Crichton may not have recovered from his illness; Black Arrow may decline to start, or to race if he does start; and anyone who wants to bet is therefore taking serious risks. Not improbably the best of last season's two-year-olds remains unmentioned. This is Vain Glory, a daughter of Wildfowler—Fräulein. She has only run in Ireland, where she has been consistently successful. Her form, judged

BLACK ARROW

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

through Athleague, makes her out the same animal as Lally. There is not much money to be won in Ireland, and her five consecutive victories have only brought her in £1,554. If all is well with her she will probably come further afield this season.

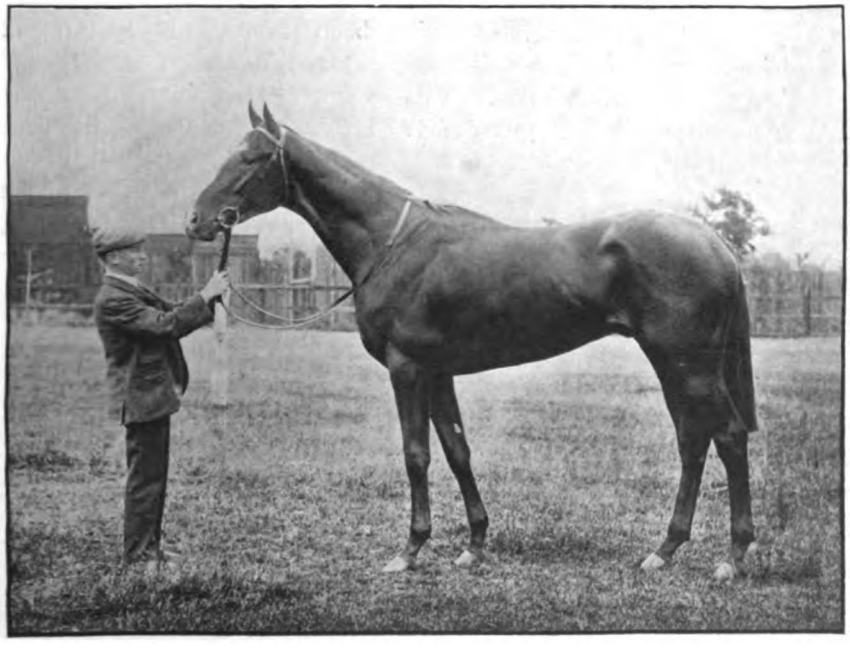
The Ten Thousand Pound races—so called—do not promise particularly well. Three of the animals entered for the Princess of Wales's Stakes are now jumping hurdles with moderate success, if any—Rydal Head, Lochryan, and Helter Skelter. M. Blanc

has three left in, Gouvernant, Jardy, and Val d'Or, and the selected appears to have an easy task, though St. Amant is also engaged, and so far is doing well at Stockbridge. M. Blanc's two four-year-olds are also in the Eclipse, together with Gorgos, Llangibby, Lally, and Gingal. This also looks like going to France; and the two names of Jardy and Val d'Or crop up again in the Jockey Club Stakes, where, too, Cicero is entered. I chanced to meet Lord Rosebery a few days before writing this article, and heard from him a good account of the colt's progress. He may be out at the Newmarket Craven Meeting—at least, he seems to have an easy task in the Biennial, his only engagement before the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. Notwithstanding that Cicero won the Derby, his reputation suffered last year, for there was no mistaking the fact that Jardy would have beaten him had the son of Flying Fox been nearly himself. Cicero, however, appears to have been somewhat unduly depreciated, for notwithstanding that Val d'Or beat him in the Eclipse Stakes, there was only half a length between them, and the French colt was receiving 33 lb.

Asking Lord Rosebery about his two-year-olds, he replied that nothing was known about them, though they all looked to him like Derby winners, which he found was usually the case in February, and very far from being the case three months later. With regard to other two-year-olds, several of my friends amongst owners and trainers have with their accustomed kindness written to me on the subject. Marsh is good enough to say: "The two-year-olds I have this year are rather on the big side, consequently backward, and I have, of course, had no opportunity of testing them in any way. I never like to train two-year-olds if of any size while they are growing and their bone and sinews are hardening up. The most promising to look at are His Majesty's Slim Lad (St. Simon—Laodamia), White Frère (St. Frusquin—White Lilac), and Perambulator (Persimmon—Spy Glass), also a hardy, racing-looking filly Victoria (St. Simon—Meadow Chat). I should prefer Perambulator if I had to take a single one, though he may not come till late. Lord Wolverton has a beautiful colt, a remarkably fine mover, called The Welkin (Flying Fox—Woodbury), her second foal. This is quite a 'classical' one to look at. Mr. James has only one colt—St. Savin (St. Simon—Aboyne), and the mare's produce have been so disappointing that it does not do to expect too much, though he is a nicish horse. Of his eight fillies, the sister to Atlas, and a daughter of Diamond Jubilee and Lucina, are the most promising. Morès and Nulli Secundus are still giving us hopes. They are perfectly unknown quantities, never having been tried."

Several of my trainer friends have answered my inquiries by a

kind invitation to go down to stay with them, and judge for myself, which it would be a treat to do if there were fourteen days in a week. Mr. Gilpin sends me what little information he can. Writing from Ireland, he says: "Major Loder's two-year-olds have only gone over the last few days, and I had merely a cursory glance at them in the stable here before they left. Weathercock (Gallinule—Chinook) and Galvani (Laveno—Gallinaria) are two fine, well-grown colts, and Adora, own sister to Pretty Polly, is a very nice filly. So is the wiry, racing-like Miranda (Gallinule—Clarehaven). She was, however, breaking when I left." He also is kind enough



ADMIRABLE CRICHTON
(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

to ask me to go and look over his stable, and I hope perhaps later to gain material for a further article.

The master of Beckhampton writes: "My selection of the two-year-olds sent last year has yet to be proved correct, as I never had a chance with my horses while the fever we so unfortunately contracted from the army horses hung about." And it may be added the Darling seems to have been shamefully treated by the late Government, so much so that his sympathisers round about Marlborough are, I know, heartily delighted at the removal of Mr. Arnold-Forster from office. "This year," he continues, "I have only a few two-year-olds, out of which I like a black colt of Captain

Greer's by Gallinule—Reclusion, and a filly by Diamond Jubilee—Cymbeline, called Prodigy, the property of Lord Dalmeny." My friend Major Beatty prefers of his lot a big horse by Carbine—Galinne, called Cargill, and I have a particular interest in this animal, as I persuaded the late Colonel McCalmont to buy the dam. Others that Major Beatty has hopes of are Stage-struck, a chestnut filly by Isinglass—Light Comedy, half sister to Peter Jackson, Light Comedy's first foal; and a chestnut colt by Gallinule—Excellenza. "I have nothing else among the dozen," he adds, "at all likely to make history, and I only hope these three may do something. If three out of a dozen go at all I suppose one ought to be thankful. It is marvellous what becomes of the long string of promising two-year-olds year by year."

Colonel Hall Walker, who was so particularly instructive and accurate last year, writes guardedly. He has fourteen two-year-olds of which he has never formed a high opinion, though he fancies nevertheless that they may all win races. The two he likes best, a colt and filly, are not so well engaged as others of less promise. Some of Percy Peck's were badly amiss last autumn, and all his are unusually backward. He did not win a single two-year-old race last season, and so is rather despondent on the subject of his youngsters. Alec Taylor does not think he has any particularly promising two-year-olds. Best of his string he likes a brown colt by Marco—Last Link II.; a bay colt by Collar—Wafer II.; Jubilee, bay filly by Diamond Jubilee—Jeunesse Dorée; Comus, chestnut colt by Cyllene—Galeottia; and a bay colt by Tyrant—Escalade. Joseph Cannon's favourites so far are a brown colt of Sir Samuel Scott's by Ladas—Ardvourlie, and a couple of Mr. Curtis's, Elan (Eagar—Hanoveria) and Emma Eames (Bay Ronald—War Gallop). From Kingsclere I received a kind invitation to go and see for myself. There are seven young St. Simons that would be worth a longer journey, and others by Carbine, Ayrshire, Orme, Ladas, Isinglass, St. Frusquin, Velasquez, Donovan, who should do something to atone for the disappointments of last year, with an own brother to Flying Fox—Pipistrello and an own sister to Sceptre among the failures. The latter, Crown Ornament, is no longer in training; but Porter was never enamoured of her, though he was of Culzean (Ayrshire—Miss Gunning II.), who will presumably be seen for the first time in due course.

Mr. R. C. Dawson picks of the lot under his management Lord Carnarvon's Hermes (Gallinule—The Message), own brother to Ulalume, and Sintram (Gallinule—Gay Rose). Major J. D. Edwards likes several, though never too confident, and fully aware how frequently disappointment succeeds hope. Mr. J. Buchanan's

Sandstone (Black Sand—Lottie Hampton) pleases him; and he thinks well of five belonging to his managerial brother: Raytoi (Santoi—Achray), Yentoi (Santoi—Rot), Viz (Vitez—Mabel II.), Mr. Girdle (Ortolo—Dhurade), and Tinkabelle (Santoi—Angry).

Mr. George Lambton, who twelve months ago picked Victorious and Gemma as likely to win races, tells me that he has five nice fillies. "The one I like best is Wife of Bath," he kindly writes, "a brown filly by St. Simon—Canterbury Pilgrim. She is sound, a good mover, and if she were a trifle bigger I should have no fault to find with her. Maybole, another brown, by Ayrshire—Pace Egger, looks like going; Witty Girl (bay filly by St. Simon—Betty Wise), Vada (bay filly by Volodyovski—Polynesia), and Ste. Claire II. (bay filly by Isinglass—Santa Brigida), should be ashamed of themselves if they can't race. The colts do not strike me as so good, unless a great big bay by Orme—St. Victorine turns out well. If the Ormes had not been so disappointing, I should have great hopes of him." It will seem odd to some people to hear the sire of Flying Fox described as disappointing, but for the last two or three years his children have done very poorly. Tankard is a most moderate colt, yet by meeting a worse than himself, Carstone, in a match, he secured over £700 by a short head, and by another short head he beat Mondamin and Dionard, animals whose existence the reader has probably never realised, thus winning £1,808, without which Orme would have had a very small total to his credit.

As for jockeys, it is to be hoped that some capable lads will be found as Templeman was last year. To have ridden 66 winners in a first season is probably unexampled, but the success was in a large measure due to the 5 lb. apprentice allowance, which, for instance, gave the Cambridgeshire to Velocity instead of to Santry, as it gave the Cesarewitch to Grey Tick instead of to Zinfandel. The allowance was the more unsatisfactory in important races because handicappers were placed at a disadvantage. When they were dealing with horses trained in a stable to which a prominent apprentice was attached, they were tempted to frame their weights so as to discount the advantage; but it frequently happened that the boy rode for some other stable, and so 5 lb. was deducted from the weight which had been properly allotted. The practice in riding, of course, did the lads good, and it was a temptation to put good ones up in order that the allowance might be claimed. As things are at present apprentices will have ample opportunities. They can ride with 5 lb. off "in all selling races and in handicaps of a guaranteed value of not more than 200 sovs." These last words do not restrict the number of races quite to the extent that might be supposed, for "guaranteed value" means the amount advertised in the conditions

of the race. Stakes made by owners of horses engaged are not taken into consideration. Thus "The Racing Stakes of 200 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, half forfeit," might have a large entry and be worth a good deal of money.

One general hope will be that His Majesty may meet with better fortune. For the last four years his average of winnings has been considerably under £2,000, and it need hardly be said that this sum goes a very small way towards meeting the expenses of entries and forfeits, not to add of breeding, training, travelling, running, etc. Of course there were the great years, £26,819 in 1896, and £29,385 in 1900, and the sale of Diamond Jubilee for 30,000 gns. last year was a big item to the good; but owners with long strings of well-bred horses expect to win races.

It may be interesting to wind up with a list of animals destined this season—it is to be hoped—to carry the Royal colours. They consist of:—

Moifaa, br g, by Natator—Denbigh, aged.
Rainfall, br c, by Clwyd—Deluge, 6 yrs.
Nulli Secundus, br c, by St. Simon—Nunsuch, 3 yrs.
Morès, b c, by Ladas—Medora, 3 yrs.
Cheverel, ch c, by Persimmon—Cheveronny, 3 yrs.
Slim Lad, br c, by St. Simon—Laodamia, 2 yrs.
Sir Plume, br c, by Persimmon—Courtly, 2 yrs.
Isograph, b c, by Isinglass—Amphora, 2 yrs.
Perambulator, b c, by Persimmon—Spyglass, 2 yrs.
Periclui, ch c, by Persimmon—La Caroline, 2 yrs.
White Frère, ch c, by St. Frusquin—White Lilac, 2 yrs.
Cynosure, ch c, by Cyllene—Nenemoosha, 2 yrs.
Victoria, b f, by St. Simon—Meadow Chat, 2 yrs.
Alexandra, b f, by Persimmon—Ambleside, 2 yrs.
Perimeter, b f, by Persimmon—Vane, 2 yrs.
Osella, b f, by Orme—Ecila, 2 yrs.
Flower of the Loch, b f, by Florizel II.—Loch Door, 2 yrs.

SCAFELL FROM DALEGARTH BRIDGE

SCOUTS AND OUTPOSTS

BY CLAUDE E. BENSON

" Now for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill."—*Cymbeline.*

A FEW days before Whitsuntide, 1905, the hall of the Wastwater Hotel (Wastdale Head, Cumberland) was graced by a type-written document, which, whatever its merits or demerits, brought about some admirable sport on Whit Monday. After an introductory recommendation by the distinguished gentlemen, including the distinguished writer, who had drawn them up in council, the rules proceeded :—[1]

" Subject to certain conditions (explained below) the Scouts, two or three gentlemen from Boot, will endeavour to make their way to Angle Tarn without being intercepted by the Outposts, patrols of gentlemen from Wastdale, every one of whom is invited to

[1] These were "for this occasion only." A set of General Regulations is now being prepared, and will no doubt be published in due course in one or more of the mountaineering journals.

take part in the sport, if not on this, then on some future occasion, as it is to be hoped this venture will become a recognised form of recreation.

"N.B.—This sport is not to be confused with a variation that was attempted some years ago.

"The Scouts will leave Boot at 10.15 a.m.

"The Outposts will leave Wastdale at 10 a.m.

"The sport will conclude at 2.30 p.m., and Outposts and Scouts will assemble at Angle Tarn at 3 p.m., when the respective scores will be calculated.

"The operations of the Outposts will be confined to that portion of the Bowfell Range lying between the Shelter on Esk Hause and the Three Tarns, but they shall not operate on the Langdale and Langstrath side of the fells till within half an hour of the time limit, except in pursuit of a Scout already challenged by two or more Outposts in concert. Operations on the Eskdale side shall be unrestricted except by the boundary limits, Esk Hause Shelter and Three Tarns.

"The operations of the Scouts will be unlimited in area, but, like those of the Outposts, limited by time.

"A Scout shall be adjudged 'captured' if summoned 'Surrender!' within easy hail by two or more of the Outposts in concert. EASY HAIL shall be determined by the Scout, who will in honour signal his acknowledgment that he has heard the summons distinctly.

"A Scout shall be held to have put an Outpost out of action for the day if he touch him out of Easy Hail of another Outpost.

"A Captain of the Outposts, whose authority shall be absolute, shall be appointed by show of hands at the Sty Head. It will be his duty to give, if necessary, a description of the Scouts.

"The Outposts will wear a handkerchief tied broadly round each arm, so as to avoid being confused with non-players, *e.g.* shepherds, tourists, etc.

"Any communication (except the employment of someone not taking part in the game) between Scout and Scout and Outpost and Outpost is admissible.

"The score shall be reckoned as 30 per Scout, either to the Scouts if they evade the Outposts, or to the Outposts if they capture the Scouts. In the event of a Scout putting an Outpost out of action, 10 points shall be added to the Scouts' score."

The amount of hard work disguised by this unassuming document may not be apparent. I will endeavour to explain.

Bowfell (2,960 ft.) is the most graceful fell in the Lake District. In "the altogether" of mountain form it is, perhaps, inferior to

Great Gable ; in climbing possibilities (and impossibilities) it is infinitely so ; but in beauty, in my opinion, it has no rival, and beauty of outline does not generally (with all respect to dear old Skiddaw) signify excessive ease of access. By the rough process of applying a two-foot rule to an inch-scale map I have calculated that towards the head of Ling Cove on the south-west it falls about 1,000 ft. in a quarter of a mile; towards the Three Tarns, south, about 1,000 ft. in a third of a mile; and towards the foot of Rosset Gill, north-east, about 2,000 ft. in a mile. Towards Esk Hause on the north-west there is a rugged up and down descent of some

DALEGARTH BRIDGE

500 ft. in about a mile and a quarter. The slope towards Three Tarns is chiefly grass, with a few boulders. The north-eastern and south-western slopes are mildly precipitous, with a few ferocious features over which a man may step a couple of hundred feet without suffering more than momentary inconvenience, besides plenty of little drops of 30 ft. or thereabouts. The north-easterly side of the ridge between the summit and the crags which buttress Esk Hause is more or less scarped, but almost everywhere easily practicable; and Ewer Gap, on the Langdale side of Hanging Knott, affords an easy, if somewhat rough, descent from Bowfell towards Angle Tarn.

From Boot in Eskdale to Bowfell summit is a grind of somewhere over six miles, entailing an ascent of rather over 2,500 ft.; from Wastdale Head, between four and a half and five miles, the ascent being about the same. Some of the Outposts on Whit Monday, 1905, came from Nether Wastdale, five and a half miles from Wastdale Head, and had to go back in the evening.

The first tentative regulations quoted above, trivial and crude though they may seem, were not framed without much mental and physical sweat of the brow.

Late on Saturday afternoon, June 3, 1905, three men might have been seen, as the old-fashioned three-volume novelist would have written, outside the inn at Strands in Nether Wastdale, consuming bread and cheese and beer with anxious haste. The consumption of food and drink was due to strictly ordinary causes—hunger and thirst; the haste and anxiety were attributable to the fact that one of the Scouts was missing, and it was thought that he might have sprained his ankle, or fallen over himself, or something. Poor fellow! Just as the three were girding up their loins to quit the fleshpots in search of him, he came in sight and made a bee-line for the beer, to be captured ignominiously within ten yards of his goal by two gorged Outposts.

This was a day of fiascos. H. and B. and myself had been out that morning from Boot on Hartley Crags seeking climbs and finding none. Then lunch was late, or we were late for lunch, the result of which was that we had to race immediately after a heavy meal, with disastrous consequences to the morrow's sport.

We were to have a preliminary canter. R., the author of the scheme, had been over to Boot the previous evening with the information that he, with a detachment of Outposts from Nether Wastdale, would guard the ridge line of Irton Fell, nearly a mile in length, against two Scouts. As, however, he feared the contingent would be few, he wanted to borrow one of us. I was selected. I was to have had half an hour's start so as to give me time to get into position. Thanks to lunch being late, I only got ten minutes, and when I did arrive I found the patrol was small indeed—R. himself and a lad. Nevertheless the day was not wasted.

In the first place it was decided that the Outposts must have time to occupy their ground before the Scouts reach the field of operations. B., that afternoon, had made such speed that he arrived on the ridge line within five minutes of myself, and was through our defences before we had a chance of posting our scanty forces. We never sighted him—we never had a chance of sighting him—till he was safely past us.

This rule is of importance, and a liberal allowance of time

must be given to the Outposts in which to man the "fighting zone."

The contention on the question of what constituted "Easy Hail" waxed warm. One man advocated 100 yds.; another 200 yds. I, as I purposed to be an Outpost, suggested that my side should be provided with shot-guns, loaded with sparrow hail; but the proposal was not taken kindly. In vain I protested that we should only fire at the legs, and that puttees would form a moderate protection. B. objected that puttees were "beastly hot" in summer,

HARTLEY CRAGS, ESKDALE

and added some quite unnecessary remarks about the possible inaccuracy of my aim.

The words "will signal his acknowledgment" ("in honour" was merely inserted as a provision against a temporary attack of mountain or some other deafness) are pregnant with hard work and panting lungs, inasmuch as they necessitate the Scout and the two capturing Outposts being all three in view of each other; otherwise the Scout might fall a victim to the mountain echo, the "unsolicited reply to a babbling *Outpost* sent." The worst of it is that the mountain echo is not always, like Wordsworth's, "solitary, clear,

profound." It often indulges in vain repetitions, and it is quite conceivable that a Scout might imagine that he was being hailed almost simultaneously from several quarters, whereas the challenge would actually have come from a single Outpost. Some of the cliffs are regular whispering galleries.

The possibility of putting an Outpost out of action gives a splendid opportunity to an active and enterprising Scout. Like Androgeos at the sack of Troy, he may have fallen right into the middle of his enemies, but by a quick dash he may run in on and capture one Outpost whilst the challenge of the other is still an inarticulate shouting, in which case the pursuer becomes the pursued, and the second Outpost has to fall back on his supports in shame and confusion of face lest he share the fate of his comrade.

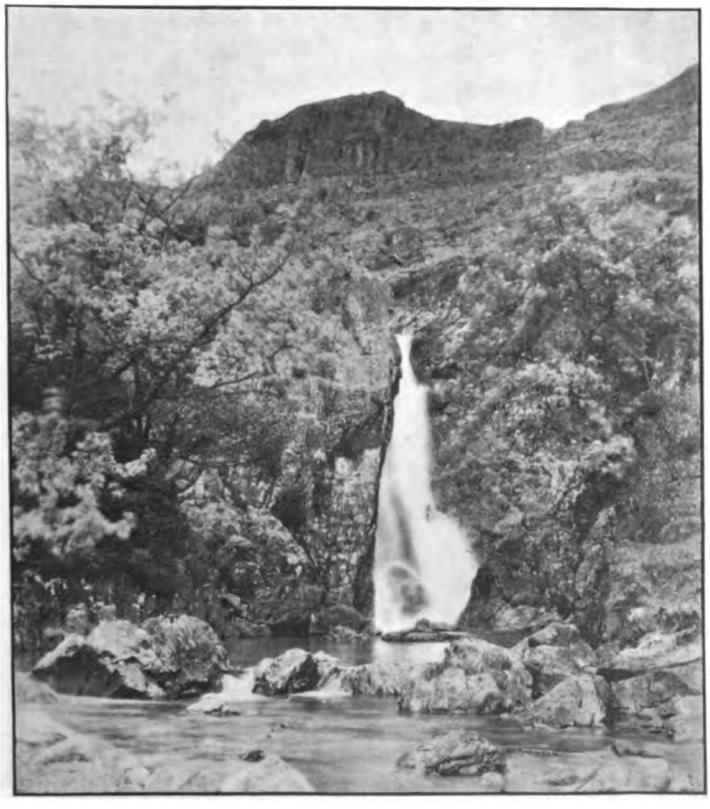
During our experimental run I had noticed a considerable lack of organisation on the part of myself and my two companions, R. especially showing a disposition to disregard his own orders. Hence the necessity for a captain. H. was loud and vehement in his advocacy of a distinct and distinguishing badge for the Outposts. As there was not the slightest indication of opposition on the part of anyone, his insistence seemed to us rather waste of energy till we learned the reason, which was also the cause of our past anxiety and future indigestion. There were shepherds on the fellside, and these he had mistaken for a contingent of Outposts from Nether Wastdale, and had been compelled to "lie low and say nuffin" for a miserable hour, at the end of which he effected a painful and tedious escape under cover of a stone wall. He did not seem interested in the suggestion that the shepherds might also have seen him, and taken him for a wandering lunatic, and switched the conversation off on to the stone walls.

Everybody who has been to the Lake District knows the fellside stone walls, and everybody loathes them. Still, it was thought they would be useful cover. They are not; they are a nuisance. Historically they may be interesting enough, but they tend to spoil sport. An Outpost stationed at the juncture of two stone walls running at right angles to each other may well put an unreasonable area of the fighting zone practically out of action, whilst he himself has a very poor time, either grilled, or chilled, or blown to rags. Again, in misty weather they give the Scouts an undue advantage. At this game, at any rate, natural hazards are preferable.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown in the red west when we left Strands and breasted the slope of Irton Fell. The world went very well then. At Eskdale Green we called a halt to raise our glasses to the King of Prussia (Inn), and a little further on we had further refreshment in the "liquid notes that close the eye of

day," from a nightingale that seemed to be pouring out its whole soul in melody.

The next day was, I regret to say, in respect of its avowed object, a fraud; in regard to the sport, most instructive. My companions had been good enough to accept my suggestion for the Whit-Monday course, and our proposal was to walk up Eskdale, reconnoitring the ground as we went and keeping an eye open for any likely climbs, our objective being Bowfell Links, where there



ESK FALLS

is a series of gullies which were, and remained, for us, new ground. B. had a heavy camera with legs, and a cloth to wrap his head in; I had 60 feet of rope in my rucksack. H., who is as big and strong as both of us together, came with nothing, as assistant porter. It was an ideal day for photography, a chance it would have been wicked to miss; also it was hissing hot. I had left town at midnight on Thursday, reached my hotel at Boot at eleven on Friday morning, gone up Bowfell at midday to have a look at the Links

(which I did not see, as the mists were so thick one could not make out anything ten feet from one), and come back to Beckfoot to meet the others who had run up from Manchester. The previous day we had been hard at it, with the exception of lunch and the interlude of bread and cheese and beer, and anxiety, from nine in the morning till a quarter past nine in the evening; and the Links, owing to some atmospheric, or optical, or psychological illusion, seemed more like sixteen miles off than six. B. took many photographs, including one of a curious rock that, viewed at a certain angle, looks like the high priest in *Aïda*, whilst H. and I scrambled about on boulders and discussed the climbing possibilities of Heron Crag and other cliffs.

It was at this time that B. definitely decided on his plan of attack, whilst I very generously gave him all the assistance I could; for a conviction was beginning to grow on me that Whit Monday would not see me on the fells, as the exigencies of work would probably compel me to return to penal servitude in London.

From Esk Pike (marked 2903 on the Ordnance Map, but left nameless for some reason, or want of reason) the ground runs down in a tongue, some two miles in length, through Yeastyrigg and Gate Crags to Throstle Garth. By starting vigorously it would be possible for the scout to reach Yeastyrigg Crags before the advance pickets of the Outposts. The ground there is much broken up and affords admirable cover. Moreover the Outposts would hardly dare to push their skirmishers so far in advance of their supports, as the outlying pickets would be in extreme danger of capture. Thence it would be comparatively easy to work one's way up the rocky shoulder of Bowfell by Hanging Knott, and make a bolt by Ewer Gap, or a less hurried descent by some more difficult route, to Angle Tarn. This plan B. followed on Whit Monday, and passed right through the thick of the Outposts, whom he could hear all round him, reaching his goal undetected, and thus scoring 30 points to his side. His companion was not so fortunate.

On Whit-Monday morning a score of Outposts set out from Wastdale Head, including the Nether Wastdale contingent, who, be it remembered, had eleven miles more to travel that day than their fellows. The Sty Head was reached in forty minutes, good going. S. was elected captain, R. having modestly waived his claim to the post, which was his undoubted due in view of the part he had taken in originating the sport. Instead, he led his party to the furthest point, over by the Three Tarns, and to them belongs the honour of securing 30 points for the Outposts, thus making the game a meritorious draw, for B.'s companion was about as likely a Scout as one could select.

B.'s triumphant career has already been recorded. It now remains to relate the adventures of F. B. What the concluding initial signifies shall remain an impenetrable secret, but it might very well be Bluebottle, to judge from the marvellous way he crawls up rock faces. B.'s attack was frontal; F. B. preferred a turning movement, and, confident in his own powers, made for Shelter Crags.

There is no finer walk in the Lake District than the traverse of Bowfell from Wrynose by Crinkle Crags, provided you keep rigidly to the ridge line, though I have no doubt that many a tripper would describe it as "simply 'orrible, what got on his nerves, fair!" There the paper bag ceases from troubling, and there the gingbereer bottle

GATE CRAG FROM ESK

is not at rest, for it is not in being. Besides which the views on either side are magnificent.

By the way, there is only one thing more objectionable than an empty gingerbeer bottle at rest, and that is one in motion. Anyone who has scrambled up a steepish fell side, the summit of which is guarded by picknicking trippers, who have arrived by the easy way, will know what I mean. People who throw stones or bottles over edges ought to be pole-axed.

F. B. reached Shelter Crags in good time and safety, and all might have gone well but for the Nether Wastdale men. For him to attempt to cross the grassy space by Three Tarns was to court

capture. Below was Langdale, to which a descent could be made unobserved by Crinkle Gill. But then came the question of getting up again. The natural exit is by Rossett Ghyll, a rough pass just over 2,000 ft. in height which, according to the late Mr. James Payn, must be done on all-fours. Is it not written by an unknown poet—

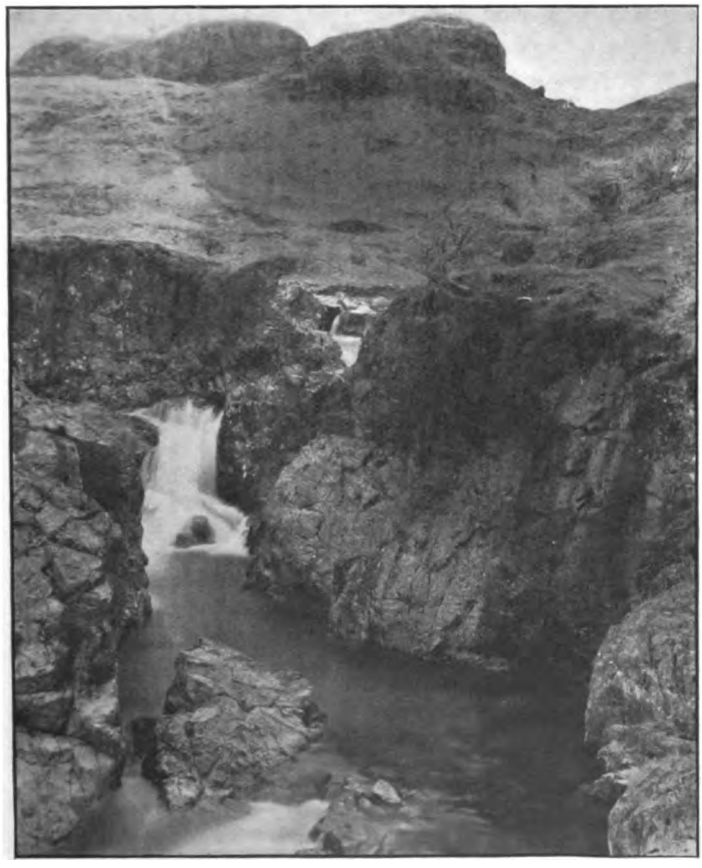
> If I were a lover and loved a lass,
> Who lived on the top of Rossett Pass,
> While I abode at Dungeon Ghyll;
> I'd swear by all that's good and ill
> To love and cherish her ever and ever,
> But visit her—never!

Also a partial descent might be made and the traverse of the Langdale face of Bowfell attempted. It is rather rough going, but the scenery both near and distant is very fine, and, to the geologist, the glacial striations on Flat Crags should be of interest; but F. B. had come out to "get there," and there was that horrid contingent of Outposts—and time was flying. The Outposts did not move, but the minute hand did, and the consequence was that F. B. did not reach Angle Tarn till after the time limit had expired.

The possibilities of this sport are great. One advantage is that it should not be materially affected by weather, so long as it remains weather, and does not turn French and spell itself *tourmente*. For the Scouts a hot, clear, still day is the least desirable. In addition to and apart from the fatigue of the initial run in the stifling, breathless valley, and the fag of grinding up a sun-beaten slope, extreme caution would be necessary. Scrambling up screes is always tiring and seldom noiseless work, and the fall of a pebble under such conditions echoes like a pistol shot, to the sure and certain betrayal of the luckless (or careless) scrambler. In thick weather the Outposts would, of course, hunt in couples for fear of being put out of action in detail by the stealthy attack of the Scout. On such occasions the element of chance would enter largely. The Scout might very easily walk through the line, upright, in the attitude proper to dignified man, undetected; on the other hand he might quite as easily blunder on to a brace (or is the correct military term "a file"?) of Outposts, and be taken before he had time to realise, and attempt to remedy, the situation. The ideal day is fortunately not uncommon—a day of light sunshine, light breezes, light haze. The chances then should be equal, without advantage or disadvantage to one side or the other. It is true that on the fells in such weather there is an element that, to use the tripper's language, is calculated to "get on the nerves, fair," though I doubt if it would affect *him*. I know of nothing more eerie than the whispering of a light air

through the grass on a mountain-side, that strange, seeming-soundless movement that is yet so full of sound.

If it is not clear that this new sport affords abundant exercise for lung and muscle, I have ill expressed myself. It is, however, calculated to cultivate other physical powers—the ear must be constantly alert, the eye ever watchful. I do not accept the theory that the Boers were better marksmen, *quâ* marksmen, than we. They



THROSTLE GARTH, ESKDALE

may have made better shooting, but, if so, it was because their trained eyes could distinguish clearly, whereas our men saw, as it were, comparatively through a glass, darkly. Time and again when I have been out hunting on the fells have I been outsighted by the dalesmen. "There's a hound in yon crag." "Ay, it's Ringwood!" And it was. By myself I should probably not have "spotted" the hound, and even when it was pointed out I could not recognise it.

Yet I have high professional authority for believing (I paid three guineas for about as many minutes' information on the subject) that my sight is abnormally keen. The explanation is that the sense, as in the case of most men who are compelled to drag out the long year linked with heavy day on day in great cities, is only partially developed.

For Scouts and Outposts judgment and decision are necessary. The greatest talent a general can possess is the intuition of what is happening "on the other side of the hill." Also, if Scout sights Outpost, or *vice versâ*, a plan must be immediately decided on—by the one to evadė, by the other to ensure capture. In our prelimi-

ESKDALE—THE "RAMFIS" STONE

nary canter on Irton Fell so narrow was the margin that B. escaped the Outposts by less than three hundred yards. Had we agreed to sweep that part of the ground five minutes earlier, he would, I think, have been caught. I write "I think" advisedly, because he might have out-generalled us at the last moment.

One conclusion I have arrived at, as Mark Twain would say, by gravel train. I suppose few men know more about the hills of Great Britain than B. He is a quick traveller, has a good eye for country, is active, ready, resourceful. Still, I do not believe that if the Outposts had been, say, our Ghurka troops, he would have got through the cordon. The "deer-stalking" faculty is natural to man. I am not at all sure that the office of Outpost is not at least as exacting as that of Scout.

Of the scenes of wild beauty, of delicate loveliness, of stern grandeur amongst which this sport conducts you, it would be out of place to speak. "The Lake District is one of the fairest places on the earth. This opinion must not be attributed to insular prejudice; it coincides with the verdict of men of acknowledged intellect and taste, men who have travelled far and seen much. In storm or calm, sunshine or mist, winter or summer, Lakeland is lovely."

Whether the sport of Scouts and Outposts will ever become popular it would be idle to attempt to prophesy. Its main disabilities are that it demands hard work and constant attention. Still, I venture to think that to us who rejoice in the exercise of our physical faculties such will not form its least attractive features.

BETTING

BY G. H. STUTFIELD

THERE appears to be great activity amongst the Anti-Gamblers in various countries at the present time. A Bill is to be brought into the Senate of the State of New York, which is said to have the support of the Governor, making betting on the racecourse a felony, the Bill apparently sweeping into its net both backer and bookmaker alike. What the chances are of such a measure passing may be left to individual prognostication. The point for the present is that such a scheme is in the air. Further, in our own country, we have various corporations, notable amongst them that of Newport, inserting clauses in their Private Bills directed against the street bookmaker, making him liable to arrest on the spot, and imprisonment without the option of a fine on a second conviction. These provisions would of course go a great deal further than the local bye-laws which have of late years been enacted, but have certainly proved powerless to suppress the business. Then there are all sorts of rumours about Lord Davey and the Bishop of Hereford being again on the war-path. It is said that they contemplate bringing in a Betting Bill of a very drastic character, no doubt encouraged by the large Radical majority in the new House of Commons. Probably the composition of the House will be favourable to legislation of this kind; but it is also hinted that a Bill is in contemplation entrusting the licensing of all racecourses to the County Councils, thus so far superseding the authority of the Jockey Club. One need scarcely dwell on the mischievous effects of such an arrangement, which, however, will be almost certain not to pass.

Even in France, a country by no means of an ultra-"goody" character, of late years stringent measures have been taken against bookmakers on the racecourse. This, almost needless to say, was merely the enforcement of a law passed some years ago, and was in-

tended not for the suppression of betting, but in the interests of the Pari-Mutuel, and various public institutions which profit thereby.

A good deal has of late been written in the press about the possibilities of the Pari-Mutuel coming into general use in this country. One thing is certain: that while betting has of late years undergone a considerable change, the change has not involved any diminution in volume. True it is that the magnitude of betting transactions is very much less than it was in the days of the Bentincks and the Hastingses; the heavy plunging that went on then is not known nowadays. The compensating feature is that betting is very much more widely spread and more generally indulged in amongst all classes of society: all ranks from the highest to the lowest can now have their "bit" on, though it be only a small bit.

But this is not like the betting of old; the above state of affairs is symptomatic of an important change which for the past quarter of a century has been coming over betting. In former days, all the betting that took place off the racecourse was "ante-post betting," *i.e.* on future events, often months before the contest came off, and at odds which were publicly stated and advertised.

This species of betting now occupies a comparatively small place. Where twenty years ago the Derby market for the next year would begin after the decision of the two-year-old races at Ascot, nowadays the list of transactions recorded on a Derby at the opening of the year is infinitesimal. Much might be written as to the cause of the decadence of the future-event betting; suffice it here to point out that the change has taken place. The betting of the present day for the most part consists of "starting price," and the post betting, or taking the odds on the racecourse. It is a palpable fact that starting-price betting has of late grown enormously in popular favour, largely no doubt owing to the facility it offers to the small backer to have a wager without going on to the racecourse. It brings within his range every unimportant race of that or any subsequent day, about which there is not and never would have been any future-event betting. But for the existence of starting-price betting these small races would never be within the reach of the small stay-at-home backer at all.

Now the Pari-Mutuel is essentially, and in the most proper sense of the term, a starting-price instrument. It no doubt has its advantages as well as its disadvantages; for instance, those who have studied the returns in the French sporting papers cannot fail to have noticed how greatly the Pari-Mutuel prices returned are in favour of the backer as compared with those of the bookmakers. In point of fact, from the nature of the system, the backer gets the real starting price, and not

a mere bookmaker's quotation; the money is divided (subject to deductions) amongst those who actually back the winning horse. It is of course much more available for betting in small sums than in large; and in this way it would be a useful agent for starting-price betting in towns. Whether it would ever be adopted in the rings of the racecourse is a different matter. It certainly would not do for betting heavily there, as it is essentially a ready-money system, and in the case of people who want to bet heavily would involve their carrying about large sums of money in their pockets instead of sending a cheque on the following Monday. If it is ever to be adopted on the racecourse at all, it will probably be in the smaller rings only, and not in what is commonly known as Tattersall's. Of course it is said that at the time you put your money on you do not know what price you are getting, so that a man who is for the moment so much to the bad is not aware how much he has to stake in order to "get round." But as against that he receives the full price, and probably a better one.

From the point of view of the bookmaker, or keeper of the machine, the advantage and disadvantage may be shortly summed up. The keeper of the machine cannot make the large profits that a bookmaker can—this is an obvious consequence of the fact already alluded to, that the depositors in the Pari-Mutuel almost invariably get better prices than they do from the bookmaker. On the other hand, unlike the bookmaker, making his money as he does solely by percentages, he cannot get hit. Many a time the starting-price bookmaker finds that he has laid heavily against a street-corner tip in London; and the horse, not being fancied in the paddock, goes out to a very long price at the start, on which the bookmaker has to pay. This is obviously not a risk incidental to the Pari-Mutuel.

One word on the legal side of this question. The machine most clearly would not infringe the Betting House Act, not even in the case of a man who kept a Pari-Mutuel in an office, and invited customers to come in and put their money on. Some writers in the press have gone astray over this matter, and suggested that the Pari-Mutuel might be held to be a "place"; but it must not be forgotten that the only person who is liable in this respect is the occupier or keeper of the place, which he uses for betting with all comers. The keeper of the Pari-Mutuel does not bet himself with subscribers; he is merely a stakeholder; as the name of the apparatus would show, it is the subscribers who are betting with one another. As far as its use on the racecourse goes, there was a prosecution under the Vagrant Act for setting up a Pari-Mutuel on the public part of the racecourse at Wolverhampton. It was alleged that this Pari-Mutuel machine was an instrument of wagering on a game of

chance, within the meaning of that Act, and so it was held by the Court. The decision was no doubt due to a misunderstanding of the real functions of the apparatus. The Court—in its ignorance—thought it was something like a teetotum or roulette table which depended purely on chance, not seeing that it was really only an instrument for registering the actual number of bets made. It is strange that this decision was given by Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice, who lamented the operations of the machine as an instance of ingenuity which might have been better applied. This was the same Cockburn who twenty years earlier introduced the Betting House Act into the House of Commons, carefully avoiding any interference with Tattersall's and the other recognised clubs. However, racecourse managers need not fear this aspect of the question, as the machines would be in the enclosures, which are, of course, private property, and the Vagrant Act only applies to gaming in public places.

Another aspect of the introduction of the Pari-Mutuels may be noticed. Betting disputes would be largely reduced in numbers, every transaction would be for ready money, so there would be no default on the backer's part, and it would be impossible for the keeper of the machine to abscond without settling with the winners. There would therefore be no fear of welshing, the principal danger that the small backer has to contend with in the cheaper racecourse enclosures. It is also difficult to see how disputes could arise as to the rights of the parties in any transaction, as the conditions under which the apparatus works are simple enough. A fruitful source of dispute under existing conditions—the proper starting price in any given case—would no longer exist; backers of the winner take what is in the apparatus, minus the percentages; no more and no less. This, of course, is far from the case with the ante-post betting, which, as we have already pointed out, plays but a small part in modern speculation. Transactions of this class were always subject to a somewhat elaborate code of rules, known as Tattersall's Rules of Betting, which was a code drawn up and acted upon by the members of Tattersall's Club. At one time the committee of Tattersall's was really the hierarchy of the betting fraternity. They decided intricate questions under the rules, and, in a sense, acted as a debt-collecting agency for their members. They had this control over defaulters, that if they reported a man as a defaulter to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, he was warned off the Turf, and thereby became disqualified from taking any part in racing.

There was also another body which had considerable influence in adjudicating upon betting disputes and enforcing

betting claims. We refer to the committee of the Newmarket Rooms. This was another betting club, which met at Newmarket, probably very largely composed of the same personnel as Tattersall's; but it was a different club, and dealt generally with bets contracted at Newmarket. Of late years, as betting markets, both Tattersall's and the Newmarket Rooms have been on the wane; in fact, Tattersall's may be said to have become extinct for some years.

Some few years ago a great change took place in the composition of the tribunals to which we have alluded. Dissatisfaction was sometimes felt that there was no adequate provision for backers and bookmakers being impartially represented, as the composition of the committees on any particular occasion was always doubtful. At Tattersall's the bookmaker was inadequately supported: on the committee of the Newmarket Rooms the bookmaking element usually predominated. Not long ago the two bodies by mutual consent amalgamated and formed a central body for the decision of betting disputes and the enforcement of betting claims, which body may be said to have almost a national character. It, of course, has no legal status; in fact, its formation took place very quietly, and probably the majority of racing men are ignorant of its existence. And whereas the old committee's functions were supposed to be confined to disputes between members of their respective clubs, this committee will now entertain complaints or disputes between any persons, whether members of the club or not; but, as we have said, Tattersall's as a betting club or market has long been a thing of the past. At the same time the old nomenclature has been preserved: it is known as Tattersall's Committee, and its composition is such as to inspire every confidence in the justice and impartiality of its decisions. The Stewards of the Jockey Club give the same recognition to its report of defaulters as to that of the Tattersall's Committee of old. But if the Pari-Mutuel came into general use, this new committee would have but little to do.

MY PATENT FALL TO THE OFFSIDE, SWINGING OVER SADDLE AND LANDING ON ONE'S FEET (THE HORSE SHOULD BE STANDING ON ITS HEAD)

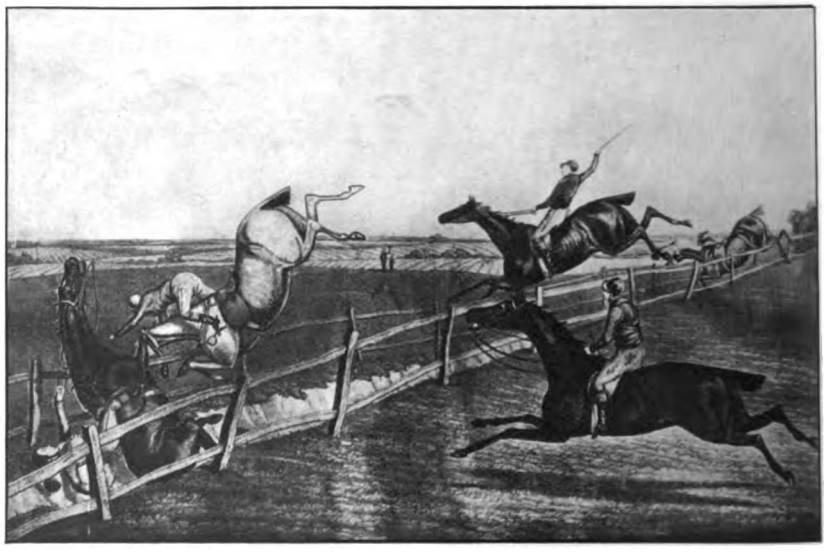
THE ART OF FALLING

BY LILIAN E. BLAND

THOUGH so many people write on the subject of riding and hunting, I have never seen any remarks on the art of falling; yet it is really quite necessary to learn how to fall, and it ought to be part of a hunting education. Having had a rather varied experience in falls, which must have averaged at least 250 in the first two seasons, and having never been seriously damaged, I think my methods must have some good qualities? To explain this rather high total of accidents is simple. A few years ago I returned to Ireland, determined to hunt. I had always ridden any animal that I had been able to beg, borrow, or steal, but never had a chance of hunting, and was absolutely ignorant about fences, or how they should be "negotiated." One day when I was poaching on a neighbour's bog I found a clump of white heather, and on the strength of this good luck asked my father (not for the first time!) to give me a hunter; when, to my intense delight, I was presented with the sum of £20. Needless to say I felt condescending to all millionaires, and an auction being advertised of horses, cobs, etc., I lost no time in inspecting them, and calmly marked my catalogue with animals that I fancied. An

unfortunate veterinary surgeon who laboured under the impression that I was an escaped lunatic followed me round, gently remonstrating that he could not possibly examine all the horses for me, and that his charge was £1 1s.; which mercenary remark made my friendship for him cool considerably.

After exasperating several farmers to the verge of frenzy by uncomplimentary remarks on the looks of their horses, in the hope that the price might descend to the cash in my pocket, I sadly watched the few animals I liked knocked down to bidders at £100 or so. In desperation I was meditating theft, when a very shady individual informed me in a stage whisper, "Yer honner, I've the crathur down the strate ye're afther lookin' for." The animal, on



A STEEPLECHASE—FIRST MILE

(Copied from a print by H. Alken, Jun., by permission of Mr. Flint, Rugby)

inspection, proved to be a three-year-old grey mare, standing over on her fore legs, with a coat like a sheep and a mane like a door-mat; she was trembling all over with excitement, and looked as mad as a hatter. To make a long story short, I bought my first hunter. Incidentally I may say that three years afterwards she won first prize as a hack the only time I showed her, and one of the best judges in Ireland said she was the most beautifully-shaped mare he had ever seen.

The only hounds within reach of me then were a certain pack of draghounds; the mare had not been schooled, neither had I, so we learnt the way not to jump together. The hounds were fast,

and needed all their speed to save their lives; and of course I rode full gallop at all the fences, with the natural result over a trappy country that we were frequently down, generally, I must say, on the right side to continue, and her wonderful speed made up for the few seconds lost in falling. For a long time I looked upon falling as part of the game. The riding, if peculiar, was exciting, four or five horses often being down in the same ditch in a struggling mass; but no one, as a rule, was damaged. The riders held on to the back of their saddles, shot over the fences without giving their hunters time to follow; slipped backwards on to the ground in a sitting position when their steeds rose at a fence—in fact, it was the quaintest hunt in creation; and I learnt to fall!

A STEEPLECHASE—SECOND MILE

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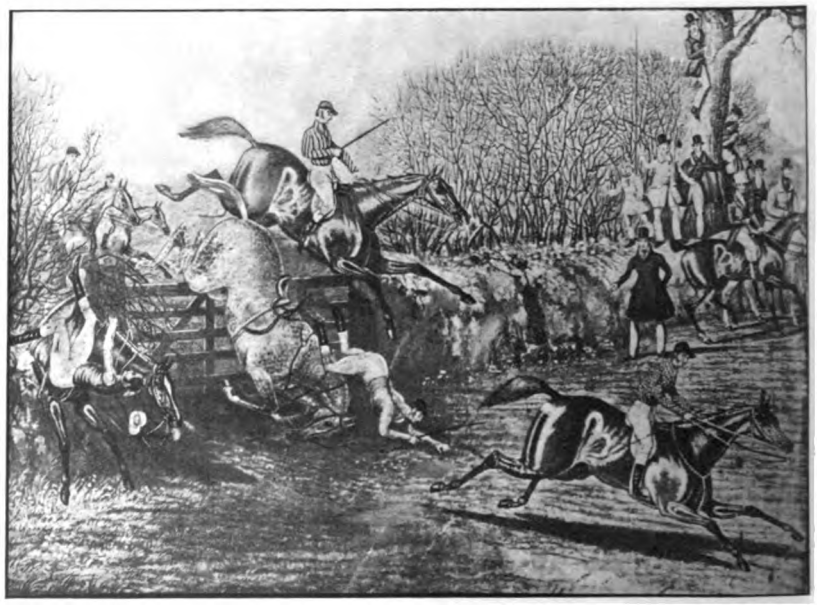
There are many ways in which a horse may fall. Generally the mistake is made on landing, and usually either because the horse has taken off too soon or too late. When horses blunder on to their heads or drop their hind legs in the ditch, the best plan, in my opinion, is to sit still—it is 10 to 1 you can pull them up, or they recover themselves. On the other hand the horse may roll back or roll over, and then is the time to slip out of the saddle when your foot touches the ground; if he rolls to the off side, slip over the off side also, and avoid his legs and the crutches.

One can overdo the sitting still, but that is where judgment comes in. I stuck to the saddle one day when the mare fell into a

ditch, but she got up in such a series of rolls and plunges that when she recovered her legs again I found myself hanging head downwards on the off side, with my foot caught in the stirrup. Fortunately I had hold of the reins, and kicked with great energy for some time before I got clear. My advice to ladies when the horse falls is to sit still while you can, and if you must go, depart over the off side. You have the advantage of escaping the crutches and getting a clear fall. The method of doing it is thus: Put your head down on the off side, your right hand down the horse's shoulder, swing your legs over and down, and you land on your feet with the reins in your left



A STEEPLECHASE—THIRD MILE

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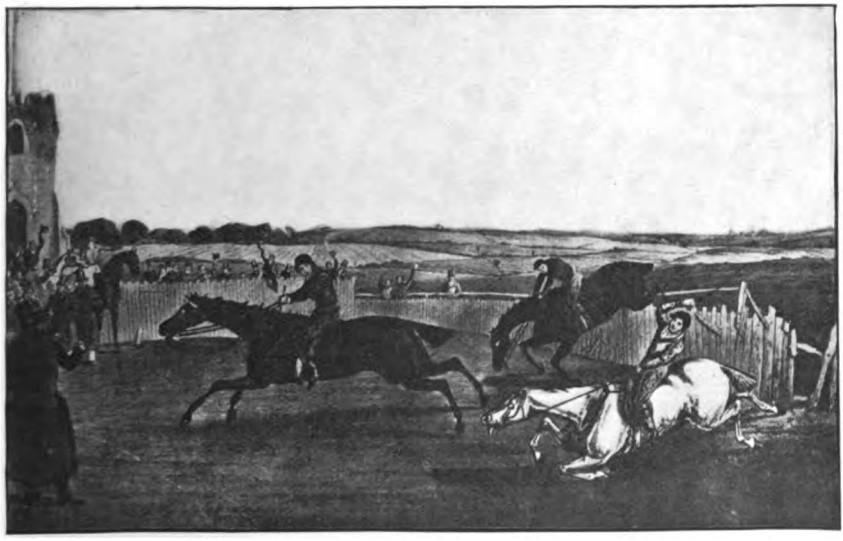
hand. If a horse is turning a somersault, or in any mishap when he is falling over on to his head, it is very easy to do, as you merely go with the horse. One of the secrets of good falling is to have your muscles perfectly slack, on the principles of the South American rough riders, who sit a bucker by balance, going easy with the motion of the bucks. My father, who was out there for some years, saw an Englishman trying to ride one of these buck-jumpers, striving to sit tight and grip, and he simply got his back broken in the saddle. One often sees "Fatal Hunting Accident" in the papers, which generally turns out to be someone riding a tired hunter home, on the "'ard 'igh road"; the horse stumbles, and the rider

falls heavily on to his head, generally with the result of a broken neck; if he had learnt to fall, he would have come off easily on to his feet.

A side saddle is almost impossible to get out of when a horse is coming over backwards; but occasionally, if you leave his head alone and throw your weight forward, a horse may save himself by turning on his hind legs and coming down sideways. I remember a clever brown cob coming back with me over a slippery bank and ditch. Two horses had come down at it first, and my effort was perhaps rather half-hearted. The little chap got his forelegs over the bank and seemed to me ages struggling and slipping. I knew he would come over, but I could *not* get off; finally, just as he fell



A STEEPLECHASE—FOURTH AND LAST MILE
(Copied from a print by H. Alken, Jun., by permission of Mr. Flint Rugby)

back, I managed with a wrench to fall to one side. After that we got up again and accomplished it safely; only, to my intense disgust, I shot clean over his head on landing. My feelings were somewhat mollified by finding an excuse in a badly-sprained riding muscle and a crutch straightened out like a poker; in fact, my numerous accidents were rather expensive, as I got one saddle broken four times.

My little mare taught me to fall, but I spoilt her with the drag-hounds, and was never able to teach her wisdom over fences. She was absolutely careless, would never look where she was going, and seemed to enjoy falling. She invariably fell over timber that would not break, and one day we happened to be the first over a timber gap, the only jumpable place in the fence (hounds fortunately were

not running). She turned a complete somersault so quickly that I had not time to get clear, and she lay on the top of me, of course blocking the way. The field behind thought I was killed, and it apparently did not enter their heads to scramble over on foot. Fortunately my head was free, so I managed to wriggle my arms out and get them round her neck. Then I began to kick her somewhat feebly in the ribs; however, it had the desired effect; she gave a fearful groan, and rolled partly up, and I pulled myself out a few inches more. She fell back again, which process was repeated three

CAPTAIN BECHER ON VIVIAN—AYLESBURY STEEPLECHASE

(Copied from a print by Pollard, by permission of Mr. S. B. Darby)

times until we both struggled up together, and as long as I live the expressions on the row of horrified faces staring at my resurrection from the other side of the fence will make me laugh.

The mare was staked to the bone on her forearm, and we retreated to the nearest farmhouse, where I was able to get some carbolic. Unfortunately, while I was cleaning the wound, "herself" rose up, knocked the front teeth out of the man who was holding her, and tried to eat a doctor who offered to sew her up! We had ten miles to limp home, and top boots are not comfortable to walk in.

Another fall that remains ever green in my memory happened while jumping a rotten bank in Queen's Co. The mare topped it for once, her forefeet caught under a root, and like a flash she was standing on her head. The sudden jerk had doubled me in two across the crutches, and the sensation of her hind-quarters coming over was not pleasant. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a man galloping back towards us. When you are having an accident it is extraordinary how long it seems to take, while really all is over in a few seconds. On this occasion I quite thought it was all up with

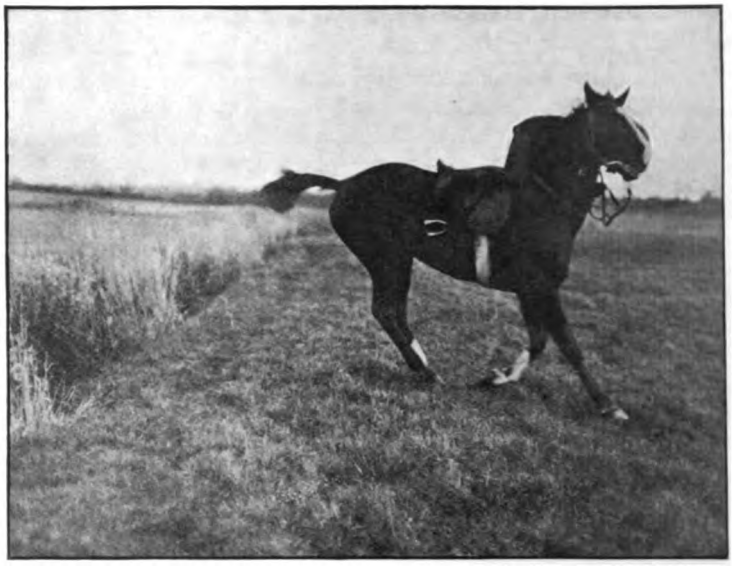
DAN SEFFERT ON GRIMALDI JUMPING OVER RED DEER

(Copied from a print by Pollard, by permission of Miss Darby)

both of us, but at the critical moment the root gave way, her legs slipped on, and we righted, the man imploring me to sell "that dangerous brute"; but I think very few horses would have recovered from the position we were in.

Certainly side saddles are cruel inventions, both for the horse and rider, and I hope in some enlightened age they will be consigned to museums. It is, after all, merely a matter of fashion, and if the right set of ladies would show their common sense by adopting men's saddles it would become the rule and not the exception to see ladies riding astride.

If anyone wishes to practise my methods of falling, I would respectfully suggest a dummy horse, and something soft to fall on. It might not be so comfortable in the hunting field, and few people can spare the proverbial nine lives, which in my case are multiplied by an indefinite number of ooo's.



"THE PAIN OF PARTING THUS"—THE HORSE HAS JUST LANDED OVER A BROOK

BOOKS ON SPORT

MAST AND SAIL IN EUROPE AND ASIA. By H. Warington Smyth, M.A., LL.M., F.G.S., F.R.G.S.; Royal Thames Yacht Club. Illustrated. London: John Murray. 1906.

It is difficult to imagine that anyone can possibly know more of the boats of all countries than is known to the author of this work. The amount of detailed knowledge it contains is really nothing short of amazing, and it is recorded with much literary taste. Mr. Smyth is indeed something of an artist, and one is inclined to say of a poet also, many of his descriptions being remarkable alike for charm and vigour. A previous volume from the author is called "Five Years in Siam," and his residence in that country of course accounts for his familiarity with the craft of those latitudes.

There is something fascinating to many minds about the simplest of boats, as Ruskin noted in a fine essay on the "Boating Spirit." He was eloquent on "that rude simplicity of bent plank that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea. There is an infinite strangeness in the perfection of the thing as the work of human hands," he wrote; "I know nothing else that man does, which is perfect, but that." The passages quoted are too long for reproduction, but we commend them to the attention of readers; as also this fine description from Kinglake's "Eöthen":—

"You see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly black sky above and an angry sea beneath; you watch the grisly old man at the helm carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy, supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast; you see him understanding commandments from the jerk of his father's white eyebrow, now belaying and now letting go, now scrunching himself down into mere ballast, or bailing out death with a pipkin. Familiar enough is the sight, and yet when I see it I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat with the brain of a man, and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black heaven and ocean."

The boatmen—builders and sail-makers—of all countries have their own peculiarities. No stronger, finer sea-boats are to be found in the world, Mr. Smyth declares, than some of the Swedish fishing craft. The open boats used in the cod and herring net fisheries are, in their way, perhaps the most remarkable craft afloat. Their characteristics are monstrous beam and great strength. For a length of 17 ft. some of them have a beam of 13 ft., and yet, owing to the beautiful curves, there is no sense of awkwardness about them. Of these and well-nigh every vessel mentioned there are pictures, indeed the book is copiously illustrated, and with excellent judgment. The author describes Holland as the land of the sailing-boat *par excellence*. It is the Mecca of the modern yachtsman. Certainly no Western race is so amphibious as the Dutch, it is said, and no land animal except the duck takes so readily to navigation.

"Where do the English come in?" it may be asked, and Mr. Smyth with complete impartiality gives us our due. He has a special admiration for the Cornish lug-sail, "probably as near perfection in cut as any sail upon the seas; and while the sail-maker has acquired the art of cutting, the fisherman is no less successful in the art of setting. . . . The clean-lined Cornish boat is a yacht not only in appearance but in speed, and especially in the highest test to which men or vessels can be put, beating to windward in a sea way. . . . The most inspiriting thing that any man may see, or still more take part in, is the beat out of the Newlyn fleet in half a gale of wind from the eastward; a hundred or more racing for the fishing-ground, like a flock of hardy, brown-winged sea-birds."

On the subject of foreign boats, Mr. Smyth does not quite agree with writers who have credited the Malays with building craft the lines of which are unsurpassed by European types, but their boats are admirably suited for their coasts. He disagrees also with the criticisms which are commonly passed on Chinese junks. As an engine for carrying man and his commerce upon the high and stormy seas the writer asserts that it is doubtful whether any class of vessel could be more thoroughly adapted to its purpose. The student of ships and shipping could have no better guide than the author of this remarkable book.

PRACTICAL RIFLE SHOOTING. By Walter Winans. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. 1906.

That the Vice-President of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain is a master of his art is a matter of common knowledge, and he says what he has to say about it in effective fashion. At the present time, when Rifle Clubs are springing up in all direc-

tions, and adding continually to their membership, the appearance of this little book is most opportune, and the task of compiling it could not have been undertaken by abler hands. Mr. Winans writes of target and of game shooting, to instruct the novice who aspires to be an all-round shot, for to be good at one is far from necessarily to be good at the other. On the contrary, indeed, Mr. Winans lays it down that "the better a man learns to shoot in slow shooting at a fixed target, in the prone or back position, or even when kneeling, the worse shot he will become for shooting at moving targets, or for quick shooting and for shooting in the standing position and *vice versâ*." We should have thought this too sweeping, but one differs from the author with well-founded hesitation. Not to overdo deliberate shooting is a point on which he is emphatic, but surely there are men who adapt themselves to circumstances and situations? We have known not a few of them indeed.

In the matter of sport we cordially approve Mr. Winans's humanity. "It should be a rule," he writes, "never to go on till you have accounted for what you have shot at, in dead, or gone away clean missed. A wounded animal ought always to be followed up and killed if possible. Unfortunately it is only too common to hear men say, 'Let's get on! There's no use in looking any longer!' when the finding of a wounded animal or bird proves at all troublesome." It is worse than a pity so to give up if there be evidence that anything has been hit; but it occasionally happens that a man who has missed will believe, or sometimes we fear affect to believe, that he has hit something which he has never touched, and which is safely ensconced in the next parish. We like this little anecdote of a roe: "Last year, at a big wild-boar drive in the Ardennes, I was next to a man who has shot many boar and deer. A fine roe buck passed slowly close to him and he did not even take up his gun, although he had a pair, in the usual way, lying cocked on his 'rest.' When that beat was over I asked him why he did not shoot. He said that the little buck came along skipping, and as the wind blew the dead leaves about on the snow he played about and hit at them with his fore-feet like a kitten, until he could not find it in his heart to kill the little animal."

THE GAME OF JU-JITSU. By Taro Miyake and Yukio Tani. Edited by L. F. Goblin and M. A. Grainger. Illustrated. Published for the Japanese School, 305, Oxford Street, by Hazell, Watson & Viney. 1906.

Ju-jitsu has of late been much discussed, and those who are seeking information about it will find what they want skilfully—and often naïvely—set forth in this book. The "game," as the authors

call it, is recommended from every point of view. It is a practical means of self-defence which may always prove of value, since it enables the weak to overcome the uninstructed strong, and it is of peculiar service in keeping its exponents fit. "Nature does not demand that a man should be a mass of fat and atrophied muscle at fifty," the authors state, and to avoid such a distressing condition of affairs the practice of ju-jitsu is held to be the best of all possible ways.

The "player" exerts himself, of course, but at the same time it is, or should be, the great object to overcome his antagonist by knack: to employ the full strength is bad ju-jitsu. A certain amount of activity is essential, as will be understood when it is observed that one of the first lessons is how to fall. The authors admit that some people have what they consider a "strange dislike" to falling down. It is based on the notion that when they fall they are apt to hurt themselves, and that idea is, some readers will be inclined to imagine, not without justification, based on experience. This, however, is only because they do not know how to fall properly; when they have learnt, our instructors maintain that the knowledge will "make falling as easy and as comfortable as sitting on a chair." The authors are evidently masters of their subject, and express themselves so clearly that by means of this book, and of course with the aid of a companion, a great deal may be learnt, though it is no doubt advisable to seek instruction from the expert himself when possible.

ROBERTS' BILLIARDS FOR EVERYBODY. (Issued from Roberts' Billiard Academy.)

This book was written by "The Author," no more definite name being given. It may be assumed, however, that Roberts read and approved, and the little volume therefore has a certain value. It is rather "made up," one chapter being the reprint of a sketch by the late Mr. James Payn contributed to *Household Words* in 1859, and though characteristic of the entertaining novelist's work, not what one looks for in a volume of instructions. The chapter and photograph of the "Ladies at Billiards" might also have been omitted; but the diagrams are useful; players bad and mediocre may learn much from some of the pages, and those who are interested in little facts concerning the game will find a summary, such as that Peall made the record spot-in break of 3,304, starting on November 6, 1890. He scored at the rate of 100 in five minutes, and for over two days his unfortunate opponent never had a stroke. His longest run of spots was 584.

MOTOR CAR MECHANISM AND MANAGEMENT. By W. Poynter Adams. In three parts. Part I.: The Petrol Car. Illustrated. London: Charles Griffin and Co. 1906.

Few things are more surprising at the present day than the development of mechanical knowledge amongst a class of men who a very few years ago were superlatively ignorant of the subject. This is, of course, one of the results of the introduction of motor cars. People naturally like to know something of the machines they drive. A little acquaintance with them creates a desire for more, and so not a few owners who take charge of their own motors are really experts. The writer well remembers sitting in a car which was about to start for a speed competition. The professional chauffeur and another professional attached to the stable had been endeavouring for a quarter of an hour to put right something that had gone wrong, their endeavours being unsuccessful, whereupon the owner of the car took the matter in his own hands, and in five minutes the machinery was in perfect order. The owner in question was, however, the present Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and he is, needless to say, an absolute master of the business; but numberless other men follow in his footsteps at a more or less respectful distance.

It is by means of such books as this that the requisite knowledge is acquired. The contents of the volume are derived from a series of lectures which the author delivered at the Academy of Motoring, 85, New Bond Street, and these practical addresses well deserve reproduction in book form. The matter is clearly and succinctly treated, with illustrative diagrams when necessary. This particular volume, it will be perceived, deals with "The Petrol Car." It is to be followed by others on "The Electrical Car" and "The Steam Car."

THE COMPLETE BRIDGE PLAYER. By "Cut Cavendish." London: T. Warner Lawrie. 1906.

We have already noticed this work. On its first appearance we had the pleasure of warmly commending it, and that the commendation was justified seems to be sufficiently proved by the fact that a second edition of it was in requisition only a week after the publication of the first, in March last year. This is a third issue dated February, 1906; and when one considers the multitude of Bridge books which are coming from all directions, no further praise of one which thus holds its own can be needed. A feature of the new edition is the chapter on "Misery Bridge," a variety of the game which is steadily making its way. The author thinks that it has only to become still better known to attract multitudes of players.

"HUNTING IN LONDON."

IT is proposed to start in the next—the May—number of the *Badminton Magazine*

A NEW COMPETITION

entitled

"HUNTING IN LONDON."

Thousands of people every day pass unconsciously by objects of interest without ever seeing them. Some years ago a book was published under the title of "Eyes and No Eyes"; and that is the notion we are adopting.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

REPRESENTING SOME CONSPICUOUS VIEW OR OBJECT

WITHIN FOUR MILES OF CHARING CROSS,

and competitors are invited to hunt for the subjects of the pictures, to say what and where they are, and, tearing out the page containing the views, to send them to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, with the description beneath.

We probably shall not choose "The Cross of St. Paul's," but if we did, those words written under the photograph would be all that is necessary.

To the successful competitor at the end of six months—when, that is to say, he has hunted twelve scenes without a failure—

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, with a further prize of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR THE SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THE THIRD.

In the event of several competitors hunting without a slip the prizes will be divided.

We shall make it a point to select fairly prominent "bits" which multitudes of those who walk, ride, or drive about London must continually see.

We may add that this will in no way interfere with the Photographic Competition, the popularity of which is proved by the well-nigh daily receipt of photographs from all parts of the habitable globe; a phrase which perhaps sounds magniloquent, but is a simple statement of fact.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

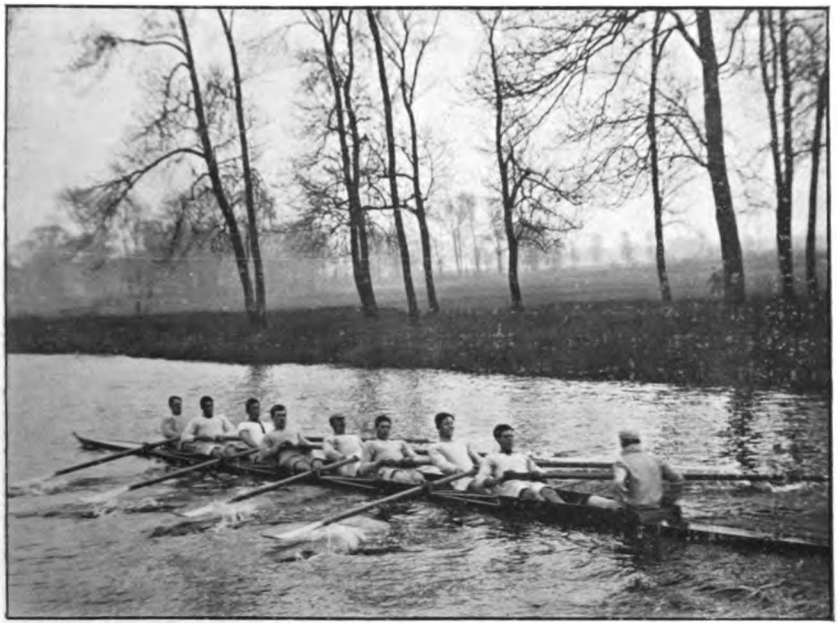
The result of the April competition will be announced in the June issue.

THE FEBRUARY COMPETITION

The Prize in the February competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln; Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge (two guineas); Mr. G. Hailing, Broomland House, Cheltenham; Mr. G. A. Park Ross, M.B., Addiscombe Grove, Croydon; Mr. E. H. H. D'Aeth, Folkestone; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down; Miss A. Dalton, St. Moritz; and Mr. F. Cecil Cobb, Margate.

A GOOD JUMP
Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels

THE QUANTOCK STAGHOUNDS
Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln



THE 1906 CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY EIGHT

An interesting feature of the photograph is that the positions are reversed throughout, the boat stroke setting the time from bow side

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

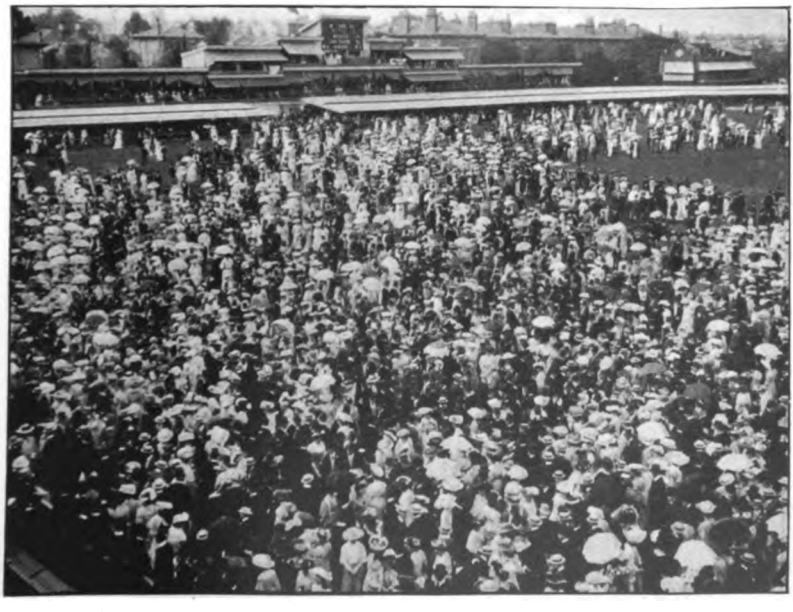
RUGBY FOOTBALL—CHELTENHAM COLLEGE *v.* CHELTENHAM TOWN ON THE COLLEGE GROUND

Photograph by Mr. G. Hailing, Broomland House, Cheltenham

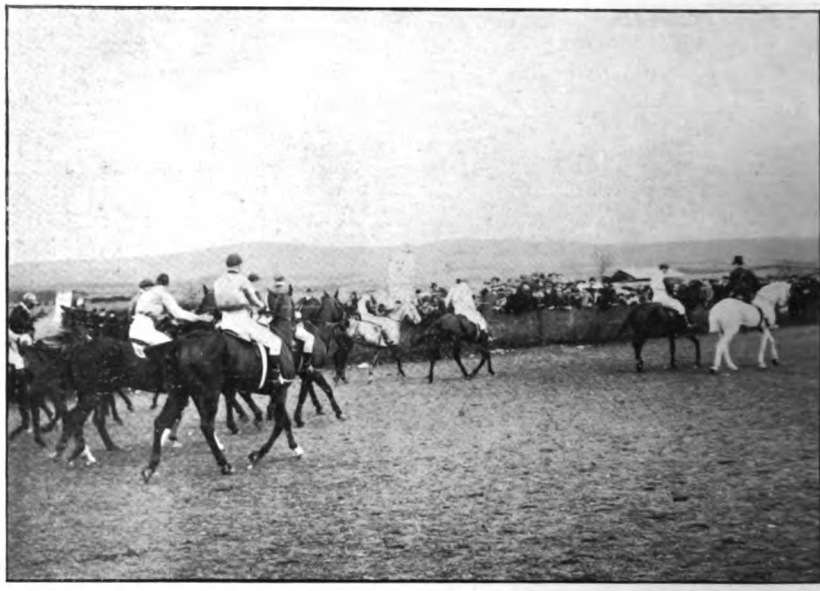
BELGIAN OFFICERS' SPORTS
Photograph by Miss Lizzie Gully, Brussels

BOLSTER FIGHT ON WHITE STAR LINER "TEUTONIC," JULY 4, 1905
Photograph by Mr. J. R. Earber, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park.

"A GIBSON GIRL"—SNOW MODEL COMPETITION AT VILLARS, SWITZERLAND
Photograph by Mr. J. C. Barrett, Southport



THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH, 1905—FROM THE TOP OF THE PAVILION AT LORD'S AFTER HARROW'S SECOND INNINGS
Photograph by Mr. J. J. Astor, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.



THE PARADE FOR THE NATIONAL HUNT CUP, PUNCHESTOWN
Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down

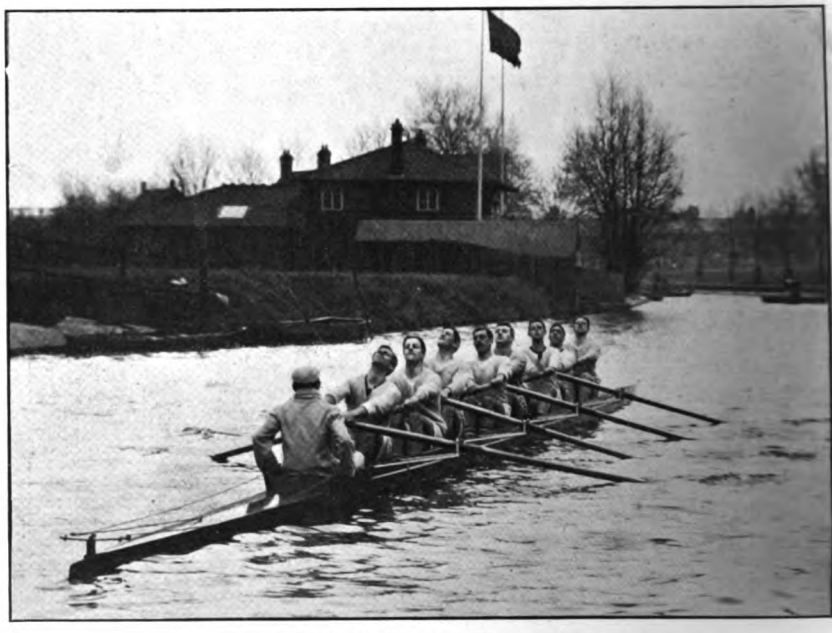
A PONTOON FERRY ON THE MAZOE RIVER, MASHONALAND, IMPROVISED FROM WATER-DRUMS AND THE CAMP BATH
Photograph by Mr. G. A. Park Ross, M.B., Addiscombe Grove, Croydon

A CHECK—EAST KENT FOXHOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. E. H. H. D'Aeth, Folkestone

IBEX SHOT IN BALTISTAN

Photograph by Captain R. Tyndall, 1st Durham Light Infantry, Lucknow



THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT, 1906

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

INTERNATIONAL TROTTING AT LE VAR—ROYAL NORMAND BEATS TRICOLORE IN THE PRIX MONTE CARLO

Photograph by Mr. P. T. Oyler, Monte Carlo

SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS AT CADEWELL NEAR TORQUAY, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. J. C. CHAPMAN—MR. WASHINGTON SINGER, MASTER

Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, South Devon

SCOTCH TERRIER AND PUPPIES AT ABBOTTABAD, INDIA

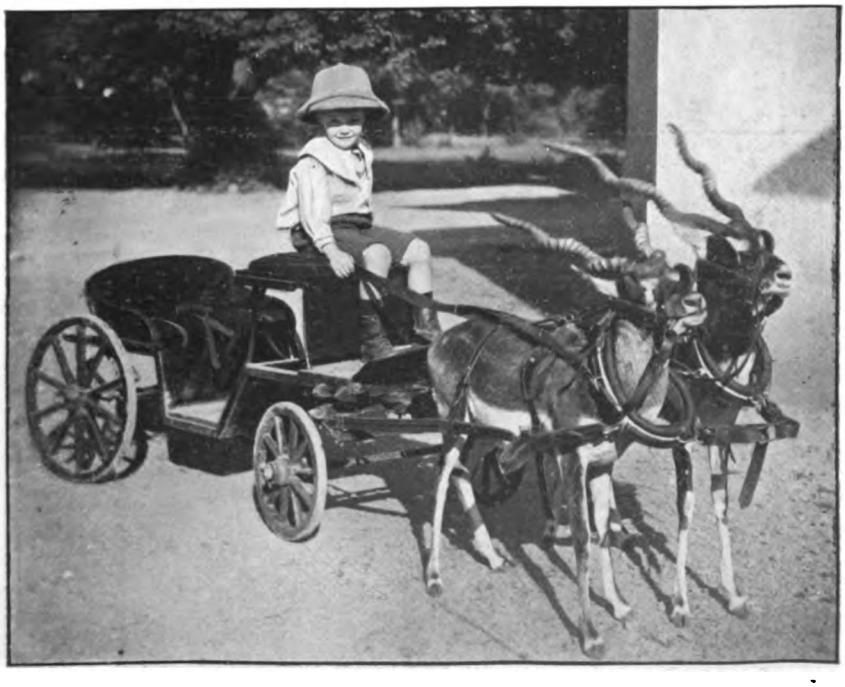
Photograph by Major Lathbury, R.E.

FIGURE SKATING, MONTANA LAKE
Photograph by Mr. J. A. French, St. Ann's, Donnybrook, Dublin

UNCARTING THE DEER WITH THE CO. DOWN STAGHOUNDS
Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down

LADIES' INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY TRIAL MATCH AT CHELTENHAM—WESTERN COUNTIES *v.* SOUTHERN COUNTIES

Photograph by Mr. H. G. Swiney, Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham



A SMALL PHAETON DRAWN BY BLACK BUCK

This pair can trot eight miles an hour, and were trained by an old native in the Alwar State, Rajputana

Photograph by Mrs. G. G. B. Commeline, Fyzabad, India

THE RACE FOR THE ASHBOURNE CUP ON THE CRESTA RUN, ST. MORITZ, FEBRUARY 17, 1906

Photograph by Miss A. Dalton, St. Moritz

JUMPING ON THE SANDS

Photograph by Mr. F. Cecil Cobb, Margate

ROYAL FLUSH
(From the painting by Wright Barker)

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

VII.—MR. W. F. LEE, J.P.

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

MORE than a century since, in the year 1801 to be strictly accurate, the Edinburgh Cup, a much-coveted trophy, was won by Mr. William Lee, of Grove Hall, Knottingley, Yorkshire. Just a hundred years later the same race fell to his grandson, Mr. W. F. Lee, the present master of Grove Hall, who will be best known to many readers as one of the trio of handicappers. Mr. Lee's sporting performances have been mainly confined to the North of England, so much so that not a few people are unaware of the manner in which he qualified for the important position he holds. Amateur handicapping is all very well in its way; on rare occasions it may be near the mark, sometimes may even hit it; but if anyone has horses of his own, and especially if he rides them himself, it is remarkable what a quantity of knowledge he picks up, how forcibly he begins to realise what weight his animals should carry—this, of course, including an appreciation of the weights that should be carried by the others.

A man must be in the thick of it to understand thoroughly. He has, we will say, only just 3 lb. too much, hopes for the best, but the finish comes, the 3 lb. tells, and instead of winning a head he is just beaten by that exasperating margin.

"Grove" Hall, which stands near to the historical town of Pontefract, round which so many interesting and exciting associations cling, is supposed to be a corruption of "Greave" Hall, and parts of the building are said to be over a thousand years old. The "Greave" was a state, or perhaps it should rather be said a county, functionary, whose mission was to defend his frontier from attack—in this case from the incursions of the Picts and Scots; and the present owner's father, wishing to perpetuate the ancient name, at one time proposed to revert to the original nomenclature and called the place "Greave," but his death put a melancholy end to the project, and as "Grove" the place still stands. Mr. Fred Lee, as the master of the estate is generally called, throws back to the winner of the old Edinburgh Cup. The taste for racing seems to have skipped a generation, the late proprietor of Grove not caring for the Turf—disliking it, in fact, possibly because the sporting tastes of his predecessors had made a serious hole in the revenues; but Mr. W. F. Lee is an all-round sportsman, on horseback and on foot alike. Devoted to his county, religiously entertaining the idea that Yorkshire is at the head of the handicap, his sport was to a great extent confined to the borders of that shire; though of course, if opportunities for distinction arose elsewhere, further north or south, they were not neglected.

Destined for the Army, Mr. Fred Lee abandoned the idea of following the profession of arms when he succeeded to the estate on the somewhat sudden death of his father. He had hunted from boyhood, chiefly with the Badsworth Hounds, occasionally with the York and Ainsty, the Holderness, and Lord Middleton's, and had attained to years of discretion before he first tempted fortune between the flags. One of his hunters named Prophet was so excellent a jumper, and possessed such a nice turn of speed, that it seemed a pity not to win a few races with him, and on Prophet he accordingly turned out for the first time in a silk jacket. This was in 1883, and part of the fun was to train the horses at home, as also to train himself, for he had a constant tendency to get beyond convenient racing weights. The enterprise was successful, and when a keen sportsman has won a race it is natural that he should want to keep on winning. Mr. Lee had no vaulting ambitions. He did not lay himself out for the National—it was always possible that he might get hold of a good horse that would do something big some day, but to do a bit more than hold his own at local meetings,

MR. W. F. LEE

and prepare and ride the winner of a decent sort of chase, was practically then the summit of his aspirations.

His first win was on a mare called Jura, who did good service for her owner, he himself performing on her. On Jura indeed he won several races, one after meeting with much disaster by flood and field, flood being represented in this connection by the water jump. At the finish he had only one, Mogalore, to beat; and Mogalore, reaching the fence first, came down heavily. Jura followed, having apparently won her race; but down she came likewise, though her owner was speedily up again, and eager to repair the mishap by setting off again with all speed. An affable stranger who was standing close to the jump gave him a leg up, but so clumsily that he found the web of his iron twisted round his leg in a curiously complicated fashion. With desperate haste and rather fumbling fingers he attempted to put it right. "No 'urry, sir, no 'urry! Take yer time. The other bloke's dead!" was the attempted encouragement of his friend, who had probably not seen many riders knocked out; for "the other bloke" was speedily on his legs again. Jura was useful in her class. At Wetherby one day, owner up, she won; the next race he also carried off on another of his little string, The Widgeon. Jura came out the following day and won again, but The Widgeon had earned 13 st. 3 lb., and could not quite manage it a second time of asking.

Horses up North have apparently to carry weights which seem excessive to the less robust denizens of the South. One race of which I find record in the books is as follows:—

	st.	lb.	
Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Morebattle, 5 yrs. . .	12	0	(owner).
Mr. W. F. Lee's Loch Leven, 6 yrs.	12	13	(owner).
Mr. C. Perkins's Hawkeye, 6 yrs.	16	0	(owner).

Betting 5 to 2 on Morebattle. Won half-length.

As Mr. Lee's operations became a little more extensive he gave up home training, having been to a great extent indeed forced to do so, for Mr. Hope Barton, owner of some of the land on which his gallops were laid out, caused a cricket ground to be constructed on a spot which upset the whole arrangement; so Mr. Lee sent his horses to Lund at first, and afterwards to Steel, riding himself, of course, whenever possible, for it was in a great measure the fun of this that tempted him to race.

There never was a gentleman rider in constant practice whose actions were not misjudged by the crowd. The average racecourse-frequenting blackguard knows what rascalities he would perpetrate if only he had the opportunity, he chuckles over the cleverness of their inception and performance if (according to his idea of the case)

they win his shillings for him, whilst if he suspects that a horse whom he has backed has not been allowed to do its best, hanging is too good for the unspeakable villain who was not "having a go." It happened once at Catterick that Mr. Lee was on an old horse called Helmet, Mr. C. C. Dormer on Petit Duc. There was a third starter, but he was of no account; and such a good thing did the race appear for Mr. Lee's horse that 3 to 1 was laid on him. So strongly did Mr. Lee entertain the view that he had a monkey on Helmet, and Mr. Dormer, convinced that Petit Duc had no chance, also backed the favourite. It came to a finish—each jockey rode his hardest, and Helmet was beaten, Mr. Dormer losing his bet by winning a length on Petit Duc. It proved an expensive win for

GROVE HALL, KNOTTINGLEY—THE RESIDENCE OF MR. W. F. LEE

Mr. Lee—£500, but he had made a mistake and had to pay for it heavily. It was rather hard, however, to see a rough nudge his friend in the side—and hear him say, as the rather despondent jockeys went off in search of a little lunch, "Just look at them two, Bill! They've cut up the bloomin' race between 'em, and now they're goin' to 'ave a bottle on the strength of it!" If it could have been driven into that rough's head how much the "cut-up race" had cost both riders he would have been amazed; but of course he would never have believed such a thing possible.

That every race rider is a model of immaculate virtue is not suggested, and once Mr. Lee profited unwittingly by an artful little

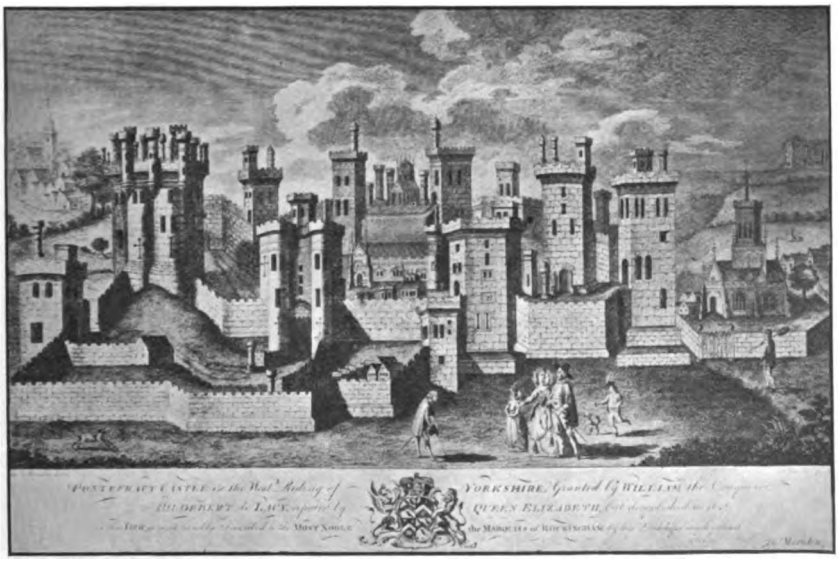
trick, played of course without his knowledge, for his benefit. He had a mare called Assyria who had been beaten on one of the northern courses chiefly because she was badly drawn; for the inside horse, No. 1, had a tremendous advantage, and the animals on her whip hand were correspondingly handicapped. She was at first ordered home, but being engaged in a race later in the afternoon her owner decided to keep her to take her chance. As it happened her jockey found an opportunity of assisting at the draw for places, a ceremony which was perhaps less carefully managed there than it is at some other courses, and to the vast satisfaction of Mr. Lee Assyria obtained the coveted position. She got well away and won comfortably. "You were lucky in the draw," the owner remarked to his jockey, as he met him after the race. "Yes, I was like to be. I kept that number in my pocket!" he quietly replied. Certainly he was very "like to be" in the circumstances.

That Mr. Lee was a good horseman was agreed, and it is to be noted that the only races ever won by a horse called Roseal was with him in the saddle. The successes were not many, four or five in all, but nobody else could ever persuade Roseal to win anything. On the whole as a rider luck was on his side in the matter of accidents, or rather escape from accidents, for he never broke a bone, though he had his share of ugly-looking falls. One of the worst was on Burton, whom he bought because he had beaten a useful animal called Glenquoich, whom many readers will remember. Burton had a very awkward trick of bolting into the paddock, and as the field approached the dangerous corner Mr. C. J. Cunningham, aware of the horse's peculiarity, very kindly called out, "You'd better come inside me, Fred!" for had Mr. Lee done so his horse would have been kept straight and prevented from practising his accustomed device. He was going on nicely, however, just behind something ridden by Mr. George Lambton—Mr. Lee neglected to avail himself of his friend's thoughtful suggestion—and suddenly whipping round Burton dashed into the paddock, giving his rider a very nasty spill which knocked him out for a long time.

Everett, the foundation of a big scandal and warning-off in days before he came into Mr. Lee's possession, was one of the best-known horses he has owned, and old Bringari, who ran till he was nineteen, was another; but best known of all was Royal Flush. Mr. Lee noticed him running exceptionally well—for some distance, at any rate—in a selling race at Manchester, and claimed him accordingly, with most satisfactory results, for he won a number of good races and proved a highly remunerative investment, though his chief successes—the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood—were gained after the owner of the white jacket,

blue belt, had sold him, and he had passed into the hands of the Americans. The horse, by the way, was supposed to have a desperate temper; and the gentry from whom Mr. Lee claimed him, angry at his loss, took away head-stall and everything, leaving him loose in his box. Robson, however, went in, put his handkerchief round the horse's neck, and so quietly led him away, no sort of resistance being attempted.

Good judge as he is, Mr. Lee made a mistake when in search of a jumper that he thought would prove a bit out of the common. He took a great fancy to an animal named Bonspiel, sufficiently moderate on the flat, but having all the cut of a good-class steeple-chaser, and with dreams which almost extended to Liverpool he



PONTEFRACT CASTLE, FROM AN OLD PRINT

sent Bonspiel to be schooled. Nothing would persuade the brute to jump anything, and patience being exhausted, the attempt was at length abandoned.

In 1900 the Stewards of the Jockey Club were looking for a handicapper, and Mr. Lee heard of this from his friend Mr. Richard Ord. "Lots of impossible people have applied," Mr. Ord observed. "I'll be another impossible, then," was the answer; and Lord Durham, at the time senior Steward, afforded the aspirant a trial from which he emerged most successfully. He had been accustomed to make handicaps of races in which he had entered his own horses, and having been playing the game for several years, had a thorough comprehension of its rules. The work was the more congenial to

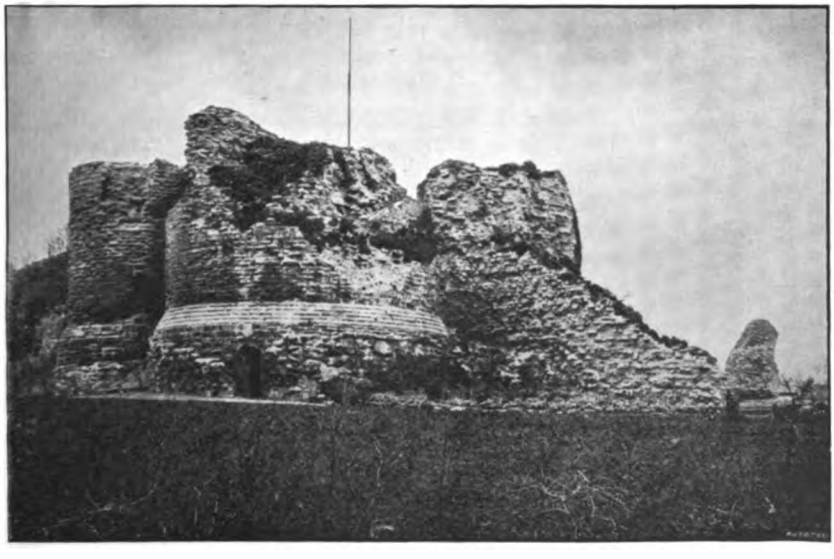
him because of his association with two special friends in Messrs. T. Dawkins and A. Keyser; and the trio work together on the most cordial terms and with results which are in the highest degree satisfactory, as need hardly be said. A few years since severe censures on the handicappers were found in the papers almost daily; now it is a comparatively rare thing to come across a reasonable criticism. Certain owners are naturally discontented, because they have so "manipulated" their horses—it is difficult to find quite the right word to describe the operation—that they appear on the book to have earned a clement weight; but there may be quite excellent reasons why the handicappers have not accepted the running, and in this respect the Stewards of the Jockey Club specially allow them to act on opinions which in the case of the present Committee they are convinced will be well founded.

It may interest readers to know how the handicappers work. To begin with, they pick the (probable) top weight, and then write down the names of the entries in something like the order in which it seems likely they will be ultimately found. This is to a great extent guesswork, and very often when details come to be examined and the form carefully looked out, with assistance from mental or written notes that have been made at various times when watching races, the rough draft of the order is considerably upset—on occasions, indeed, it is found that something should be higher than the original top weight.

There are many exasperating incidents in the handicapper's path. Form is often just as contradictory as it well can be, and he has to puzzle out why. Perhaps, for instance, he may laboriously frame a handicap on Saturday which includes animals who are running during the day or at the beginning of the next week. He studies the returns in the evening papers or on the tape at his club, with anxiety which merges into satisfaction as he notes how exactly the performances agree with his estimate. Nothing could be more satisfactory until, being in the country on Thursday morning, and a long way from a telegraph office or a station, he reads the report of Wednesday's racing, and finds that in several important particulars it turns his handicap—sent to Messrs. Weatherby last night and now in the press, with barely time for alteration—completely upside down. Hopeless has beaten Saladbowl four lengths at even weights, and he has got them as nearly as possible 14 lb. wrong. It is easy enough to alter this, always supposing of course that there is sufficient time to do so; but the mischief is that such an alteration would put half the others in demonstrably wrong places. It is as easy to pull a handicap to pieces as it is hard to make one.

Winners who are coming into form have, of course, to be raised, and it is extraordinary how two-year-olds in particular improve as they lay on muscle and advance in condition. It is hardly less extraordinary with what rapidity they deteriorate when they begin to lose muscle and go off, and it is instructive sometimes to compare the running in a Nursery and in a handicap next year. The alteration of form is frequently almost incredible.

The present system with the committee is for each of the three to make his own separate handicap and to compare the result. "What is your top weight?" is asked, and if there be a difference of opinion the point is argued out. An idea prevails that a good



PONTEFRACT CASTLE—RUINS OF ROUND TOWER

(Photograph by Oswald Holmes, "Advertiser" Office, Pontefract)

way, and one probably adopted, is averaging variations, but this is never done for what are regarded as excellent reasons. As for owners, Mr. Lee pronounces them wonderfully kind and considerate, for they must occasionally, if not frequently, see things in the *Calendar* which can hardly fail to disappoint them. "They know we do our best," is Mr. Lee's explanation of their amiability, and as to the taking of all possible trouble and the exercise of patience and care there cannot be the least doubt. Mr. Lee is far too good a sportsman not to be anxious to give every one a fair chance and "may the best horse win."

POLO AT RANELAGH—A STRONG ATTACK

PROSPECTS OF THE POLO SEASON

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

THE last fox of the season has been killed in all save the rugged moorland districts, and the thoughts of the men who have been enjoying sport with hounds during an exceptionally open winter are turned to polo and other pastimes of the summer months. For weeks past some of the provincial polo clubs have opened their gates to members, and everything is in readiness for the start of the London season. That polo has grown largely in popularity during the past decade is generally agreed, but the best possible evidence of the expansion of the game is furnished by the fact that 350 matches are played during an average season at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. Polo managers have plenty to do under modern conditions. Improvements of various kinds have to be put in hand as soon as one season ends, and by the beginning of the new year preliminary programmes for the ensuing season have to be issued. This year the fixture lists of the three foremost London clubs fit in together very satisfactorily. Clashings are to be noted here and there. For example, Aldershot Day at Ranelagh falls on a date also set aside for the semi-final ties of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham. But with the two clubs working on individual lines these little disadvantages are practically unavoidable, and viewing the programmes on the whole there is not much to complain of.

What are the prospects of the London season? That question is answered most hopefully by the managements of the clubs concerned; but they, of course, are largely at the mercy of the weather, for a wet summer means abandoned matches, postponed tournaments, and comparative failure all round. Play was stopped on about twenty days in London last season, which made a formidable hole in the three short months over which the game extends.

One thing can be remarked with some amount of confidence: Tournament polo will be of exceptional interest. It is satisfactory to observe that the tendency nowadays is for players to form themselves into recognised teams, and to get as many games together as can be arranged. The Rugby team, following the famous Sussex

A GOOD RUN WELL STOPPED BY THE BACK

combination, have shown us how much can be accomplished when the methods of each member of a side are well known to the others, the whole team being thus enabled to work like one man. Individual brilliance still counts for a very great deal in polo, but a want of understanding between a No. 1 and the man behind him, or between the back and his No. 3, must prove a tremendous handicap in a well-fought game, no matter how ably the players may do individually. Other things being equal, it is always odds upon a regularly-constituted team beating four players of similar strength who have never acted together before. Over and above all this there is something particularly sporting about a team which sticks together, and, winning or losing, goes through various tournaments in practically unbroken order. Again, how much more interesting

for the lookers-on to watch a tussle between teams they know well, than to witness a disjointed game between the Blue Rovers and the Etceteras, or teams with other absurdly-concocted titles! Of course one is well aware that it is not always practicable, owing to business and other reasons, for four players to be regularly together during the season, with a fifth man ready to fill an occasional gap; but when it can be done it adds unfailingly to the delights of polo.

Of team play pure and simple Rugby are perhaps the best exponents in modern polo, and with such admirable tacticians and sure hitters on the side as the brothers Miller, as also a stud of ponies that cannot be surpassed, this well-balanced team is certain to fill a leading part in the principal tournaments so long as its present constitution is preserved. Mr. George Miller was not quite so successful last season as before his very bad accident in India, yet the surprise is not that he was a trifle less dashing than previously, but that he played as well as he did after a long absence. Probably we shall see him as good as ever again, and in that case Roehampton will find themselves seriously challenged for the championship they hold. Polo players will understand that the rivalry between the Roehampton and Rugby teams is of the most friendly nature, inasmuch as they are both really representative of the Roehampton Club, whose great playing strength is made apparent by this fact alone. Nevertheless, no polo enthusiast would care to miss a tournament match in which Roehampton and Rugby were drawn together, each side having a full team out. And I am sure that, providing the ground was in good order, no match would be better calculated to bring out all the finer qualities of polo. Roehampton and Rugby did come together on one occasion last season, in the final tie of the Open Cup at Ranelagh; but Rugby, without the services of Mr. George Miller, were overmatched by the brilliant combination opposed to them. For Roehampton at No. 1 was Captain Herbert Wilson, a good man all round, and certainly one of the best we have for a position whose importance is often vastly underestimated; at No. 2 Mr. Morres Nickalls, who played some delightful games last season, and to my mind showed greater improvement than any other first-class man; at No. 3 Mr. Patteson Nickalls, always consistent and often brilliant; and at back Captain H. Lloyd, who varies a great deal, but on his best day has no superior in defence. These were the winners, for the second year in succession, of the chief tournament of the Ranelagh season, and a few days previously they had won the Champion Cup at Hurlingham, though here Mr. Morres Nickalls was displaced by his brother Cecil, whose tremendous energy and strength in riding-off is very harassing to the opposing back. Roehampton won their first Cham-

pion Cup easily enough, but their final tie with the Old Cantabs was perhaps the most disappointing match of the whole season. Mr. Freake was partially incapacitated by his fall in the first ten, and this unlucky mishap put all the Cambridge men off their game, so that it would be absurd to recall this match as a real trial of strength between Roehampton and the Old Cantabs. Earlier in the tournament the Cantabs had shown their true form against Rugby's best team, and it would be a rare treat for all lovers of a keen game to see the Old Cantabs at full strength endeavour to reverse the result with Roehampton during the coming season.

Unfortunately this cannot be, for the simple reason that the Old Cantabs will be unable to muster full strength. Indeed, their

ALL IRELAND OPEN CUP TOURNAMENT AT PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN

captain, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, informs me definitely that "there will be no Old Cantab team this year." Everyone interested in the game will receive this news with regret. Since Mr. Buckmaster left Cambridge, the Light Blue team has been one of the most popular in London polo, and has twice won the Champion Cup and the Ranelagh Open Cup. The Cantabs will be greatly missed. The reason for their disappearance—only a temporary disappearance, it is to be hoped—is that Captain Godfrey Heseltine is in India with his regiment and Mr. Freake has given up polo and sold his ponies. It is possible that Mr. Freake's decision to retire from the game may not be definitive, and it would not surprise me to see him in the thick of the fight at Hurlingham or Ranelagh before the season expires. But

this is merely blind prophecy, as in a letter which lies before me Mr. Freake says, "I shall not be playing polo this season in town, and very probably not in the country." Happily there is Mr. Buckmaster left of this fine side, and it would be pleasant to see him and Mr. Rawlinson again in a team of Freebooters such as won the Champion Cup of 1902. But the probability is that Mr. Buckmaster will play in the tournaments for a Moreton Morrell team, which will include Mr. C. T. Garland and possibly Mr. Cecil Nickalls. Lord Wodehouse, who may also play for Moreton Morrell, is rapidly qualifying for a place with the Old Cantabs. His game improved steadily all the time he was at Cambridge, and some first-class London polo will tend still further to his advancement. On his Cambridge form he is worthy of a place in the House of Commons team which Mr. Winston Churchill will doubtless lead on to the field this year, whilst other members may be Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Ivor Guest.

According to present arrangements, Roehampton will enjoy the services of their old team this year in the Champion and Open Cups, and providing they are as well served for ponies as they were last season they must take a very great deal of beating. The same team which won the Champion Cup in 1901 and 1903 will represent Rugby in the chief tournaments, viz: Messrs. Walter Jones, G. A., C. D., and E. D. Miller, while in the County Cup and the Roehampton Junior Championship the Rugby Club will be represented by Messrs. J. Pearce, J. Drage, W. Balding, and O. Hastings, who had a stiff struggle with Cirencester in the semi-final of the County Cup last year, but, having managed just to win this match, they vanquished Kingsbury very decisively in the final. Cirencester were not altogether satisfied that the best men won on the occasion of their tie with Rugby, and, if it so happens that the two teams should be drawn together again this year, we may expect a very keen and spirited encounter, in which both sides will go "all out."

In such tournaments as the Roehampton Cup, in which not more than two players in the Recent Form List are eligible, Roehampton may have to call upon a new No. 1 and No. 2, as the brothers Grenfell, who helped to win the club's chief trophy in 1903 and 1904, have arranged to play for the Magpies. In this team Mr. Ulric Thynne has been able to preserve an admirable *esprit de corps*, and I should much like to see them win a good tournament. The Magpies were originally started as, and intended only for, soldiers past and present. But few old soldiers are available, and present soldiers find it so difficult to get away from their official duties nowadays that it has been necessary, in order to get up a good team, to admit Yeomanry Officers past and present. It is under this heading

that the Grenfells are playing for the Magpies. The team will be selected from the Duke of Roxburghe (who now finds himself in the Recent Form List, a position earned by his powerful play last season), Mr. Ulric Thynne, Mr. Cecil Grenfell, Mr. R. Grenfell, the Duke of Westminster (a rapidly improving player), Capt. S. F. Gosling, and any soldiers who may be available. The four first-named players will probably represent the Magpies in the Champion and Open Cups, and it is hoped also to run a Magpie team in the Ranelagh Novices' Cup and the Roehampton Junior Championship, which are to be brought off in the same weeks as the more important tournaments.

When are the Americans going to make another attempt to win back that handsome trophy which for twenty years has been securely

RIDING HARD FOR THE BACK-HANDER

held by the Hurlingham Club? Our transatlantic cousins have resisted all our endeavours to recover the America Yachting Cup, and are not a little proud of the fact, so that we in a smaller way may be pardoned for a feeling of satisfaction that we are still on top so far as polo is concerned. It must be remembered, of course, that Hurlingham won the Cup at Newport at a time when the development of polo was considerably more advanced in England than in the United States, and ever since the Americans have been under the disadvantage of having to bring their ponies to England and play under the Hurlingham rules, which differ very materially from the American rules on the points of off-side and stick-crooking. Still, it was a very gallant display which the officially-recognised team of 1902 made against England on the Hurlingham ground, and though

they were soundly defeated in the end, our visitors had the satisfaction of winning the first of the three matches.

Considering the new code under which they were playing and a slight inferiority as to ponies, especially in regard to weight, the Americans did remarkably well in 1902, Mr. Larry Waterbury in particular proving himself worthy of comparison with our best players, and it is certain that all people interested in polo would welcome another really powerful American combination to this country. Some young players are coming to the front in America, but the American Polo Association apparently does not consider the time ripe for another properly-organised visit to England. A number of American players, however, are seen on the London polo grounds every season, and it is interesting to know that some of them are to play together this season under the title of the American Freebooters. Many fixtures have been arranged for this team at Hurlingham, Roehampton, and Ranelagh, and no doubt we shall see them in some of the minor tournaments, though I cannot call to mind four American players now in this country who could go for the Champion Cup with any reasonable hope of success. I have seen it stated that the American Freebooters will be composed of Messrs. F. J. Mackey, Isaac Bell, R. J. Collier, and J. I. Blair, who played together once or twice last season; but at the moment of writing Mr. Mackey tells me that nothing definite has been settled in regard to the precise composition of the team.

We shall all be glad to see Ranelagh with worthy representatives in the Champion Cup. I am officially informed that this is to be the case in the coming season, and the side will consist of Mr. Aubrey Hastings, Captain L. C. D. Jenner, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Captain F. E. Guest. This should prove a well-balanced combination, particularly strong in attack. There are not many better No. 1's now playing than Mr. Hastings—to whom hearty congratulations on his triumph in the Grand National Steeplechase—and with that resourceful No. 2, Captain Jenner, behind him, he should be especially dangerous in opening out the game. Mr. Gill very rarely plays an indifferent game, and Captain Guest has a tremendously strong back-hander, though he lacks the great variety of strokes possessed by Mr. H. Scott Robson, who was the Ranelagh back two seasons ago. Both Captain Jenner and Mr. Gill, of course, are always on the spot at Ranelagh, and the four are likely to get plenty of opportunities of working together and developing those principles of combination which go so far towards commanding success in tournament polo. Sundry improvements have been effected at the Ranelagh Club since last season, including the erection of a new Royal pavilion. Aldershot Day is again likely to be one of the

chief features of the Ranelagh season, and it is certainly a very great achievement to bring off a complete tournament in a single day, which speaks eloquently for the resources of the club. Those enterprising managers, the Messrs. Miller, have likewise been effecting improvements at Roehampton, and special pains have been taken in making the surface of their third ground as good as that of the two match grounds.

A promising feature of the London polo season is the proposed visit of the Irish team. On June 16, the Saturday preceding the Champion Cup week, England and Ireland will meet at Hurlingham in the third annual International match. England won the first two matches of the series, but at Dublin last August the Irishmen

WELL-MATCHED TEAMS AT RANELAGH

proved triumphant with a team which was wholly representative of Irish polo. True, the English side—Mr. A. Rawlinson, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. P. Nickalls, and Major Neil Haig—was not quite the strongest which Hurlingham could have placed in the field, and Mr. Nickalls was playing on strange ponies, but on previous form it certainly seemed strong enough to defeat any native team which Ireland could produce. Yet the Englishmen were beaten fairly and squarely, and Mr. A. Rotherham, Mr. S. Watt, Major C. K. O'Hara, and Mr. P. O'Reilly thus followed up in glorious style their victory in the All Ireland Polo Cup. This is the team which, all being well, will bring their ponies over and face the forces of England on June 16.

Beyond all doubt the success of the Irish team in the Open Cup

and the International match last year has given a great stimulus to polo in Ireland. Providing they can get together before they come over, the Irishmen are certain to give a good account of themselves, no matter how powerful the opposing combination. Unfortunately the players forming the team are unable, as a rule, to obtain a game together until they go out for a tournament, but it is to be hoped that under the exceptional conditions of the present year means will be found to remedy this obvious disadvantage. Polo has unquestionably made great progress in Ireland during the last few years both as regards the number of players and the quality of the ponies. Last year there were thirteen county clubs where regular play took place in addition to the All Ireland Polo Club. Prospects for the coming season are very good, and it is hoped to bring off the usual five tournaments on the A.I.P.C. ground, viz., the County, Novices, Open, Military, and Subalterns Cups. The last two are not now of the importance they used to be, owing to the difficulty of soldier teams getting leave to travel; but the games between the 11th Hussars and the Inniskillings for two years past have been well worth seeing. Last year an Irish team won the Open Cup for the first time since first-class English teams began to go to Dublin. The County Cup is a very keenly-fought tournament, confined to Irish teams. Major C. K. O'Hara, the captain of the International side, has been the mainstay of polo in Sligo, and it was principally owing to his efforts that the record of this team in the County Cup is the remarkable one of seven wins in nine years. North Westmeath have won the cup for the last three years, though in the first round last season they only beat Co. Dublin after fifteen minutes' extra play. Mr. P. P. O'Reilly and Mr. A. Rotherham play for this club, and Mr. S. A. Watt plays for Derry; but both he and Major O'Hara get very little polo until they come to Dublin for the tournaments at the end of the season.

Polo calls for so many of the qualities which one desires to find in the thoroughly efficient cavalry officer that it is a relief to know that the danger of Army polo being vetoed by the military authorities has practically disappeared. The danger was very real two or three years back, and that it was averted was largely due, I think, to the timely formation of a sub-committee of the Cavalry Club for the purpose of governing the Inter-Regimental Tournament and bringing down the outlay of time and money by the various polo regiments to the lowest possible limits. The sub-committee showed that the Inter-Regimental could be conducted on comparatively inexpensive lines, and by so doing probably saved the life of the tournament. Excellent as its work had been, this sub-committee was not on a footing to represent polo matters authoritatively. It

was felt in the Army that it had not sufficient power to deal with the general principles of the game, especially as regards the conditions laid down for limiting the expenses of regimental polo. Accordingly a meeting of senior officers was held at Hurlingham last July to consider the matter. The splendid result was that a new committee was formed, so strong in all respects that every doubt as to the future of the game in the Army must be entirely dispelled. Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, Inspector of Cavalry, and himself an old polo player, is the president of the new Army Polo Committee, which comprises cavalry brigadiers, officers commanding regiments, representatives of corps interested in polo, and the old Inter-Regimental Committee of three, whose

MOONLIGHTERS *v.* RANELAGH—AN INSPIRITING GALLOP

management of the details of the tournament are not to be interfered with. Thus is the position of Army polo immeasurably strengthened.

The outlook for this season's Inter-Regimental is bright. The 17th Lancers, winners in 1903 and 1904, have gone to India, but their place in the tournament will probably be filled by that famous polo regiment, the 7th Hussars. The 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, holders of the trophy, are sure to be "on the premises" once again, but they will encounter very formidable antagonism from their old rivals, the 11th Hussars, and from the 20th Hussars, who ran into the final last year. Considering that this was their first season in English polo after a lengthy spell of foreign service, we may expect the 20th to do even better than in 1905. It is for the good of the

game that no one club should dominate the situation, and this is the happy position in military polo just now. The 11th Hussars are going to Dublin from Curragh to replace the Inniskillings, who are moved to Ballincollig in Co. Cork. They have taken over the polo ground there, formerly utilised by the 3rd Dragoons, but there are no players at Ballincollig except themselves, and this can scarcely fail to prove detrimental to the Inniskillings' chances of retaining the Inter-Regimental Cup. From Aldershot I hear that the 8th Hussars will in all probability be stronger than they ever have been, owing to Major Wormald, of the 7th Hussars, having been transferred to them. The other Aldershot teams, the 5th Lancers and the King's Dragoon Guards (who came on a great deal towards the end of last season), will not alter much. Major Stanley Barry informs me that the new committee of three for the management of the details of the Inter-Regimental Tournament comprises Major Milner (1st Life Guards), Major Ansell (Inniskilling Dragoons), and Captain Lee (20th Hussars).

There is no question of the great progress made in London polo, but are the provincial clubs flourishing to a like extent? One cannot say that all of them are, the want of playing members being keenly felt by some organisations. But a number of county clubs are going along in a very prosperous way, notably the Blackmore Vale, Cirencester, Liverpool, and Rugby.

I have asked the secretaries of the majority of the provincial clubs for their opinion of the prospects of the season, and much interesting information concerning the present position of county polo has been the outcome. At this point I may be allowed to express my gratitude to those gentlemen who have been so kind in supplying me with information for the purpose of this article. My only regret is that the want of space debars me from utilising at the present time all the interesting details which have been sent to me.

Taking the clubs alphabetically, one comes first to the Bedford County, which was started six years ago by Mr. Harry Boileau, the Master of the Old Surrey Foxhounds. The club has two grounds, one boarded, on what used to be the old Bedford racecourse, which is very excellent old turf, and never gets really hard. As at Wembley Park and elsewhere, polo ponies can be hired at so much a chukker, which is very useful for officers home on leave from India who want to get some polo without the trouble of getting a stud together. Mr. J. R. Verey, the hon. secretary, tells me that the ground has been well dressed since last year, and the prospects of the club for the ensuing season are very good, the collapse of the St. Neots Club last season having increased the number of playing members to twenty-three.

"Prospects are excellent with the Blackmore Vale," writes Mr. H. E. Lambe, "and several new playing members and players are now inquiring for 'polo' boxes as well as 'hunting' boxes in the neighbourhood." To show the progress made by polo in the South Western Division, Mr. Lambe mentions that within the last five years clubs have been started at Fremington (N. Devon), Cardiff, West Somerset, Otter Vale (Ottery St. Mary), and Exeter, an increase which no other division of England can show. "The sooner the railway companies," continues Mr. Lambe, "are made to understand how polo has increased of late years, and that they should give special rates for the transit of ponies, the better." Since receiving this correspondent's letter I am glad to notice that some railway companies have arranged to make small concessions to polo players, though the movement is by no means general. Captain

AT PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN—A GOOD NEAR-SIDE STROKE

Phipps Hornby, the old Rifle Brigade player and president for the second year of the County Polo Association, is one of the mainstays of the Blackmore Vale Club, which also possesses one of the most promising players of the day in Mr. H. S. Harrison. Mr. J. Hargreaves, after a rest last season, has replenished his stud, and will be heartily welcomed back to the polo field.

Rivalry between the older club at Cirencester and the B.V. is always very great in the County Cup Tournament, and they have each succeeded in winning the cup at Hurlingham. I am glad to know that prospects are favourable at Cirencester, but at Burghley Park, Stamford, they are only fair. Recently this club has not been so strong as earlier in its career, owing to other clubs having sprung up in the surrounding districts. Captain Lionel Lindsay tells me

that a good season is expected by the Cardiff and County Club, a number of attractive matches with teams like Blackmore Vale and Cirencester being looked forward to. This club is forging ahead, and it is worthy of note that at the end of last season a syndicate of playing members acquired a number of good polo ponies with a view to letting them out to members or their friends during the coming season. Mr. Ivor Guest has promised to bring a team to Cardiff, and Mr. Clifford Cory has started a club at his residence, Llantarnam Abbey, near Newport. There is also talk of starting a new club at Abergavenny. Major Wilson, of the King's Royal Rifles, well known in Irish polo circles, is now stationed at Cardiff, and will play for the club this year, and so will Viscount Windsor, who joined quite at the end of last season, but played well in the tournament.

Mr. W. C. Harrild, who thinks that polo in the North of England "has improved and increased very considerably in the last few years," says that the Catterick Bridge Club has about twenty-five regular players, and good prospects of some five or six new playing members for the present season. Since last year the old polo ground has been enlarged to full size, and a second one added, both boarded and perfectly level with good old turf. While on the subject of polo in the North of England I may as well deal with the prospects of other clubs in Yorkshire and Lancashire. Mr. N. P. Dobrée, the secretary of the Holderness Club, is not so optimistic as Mr. Harrild in regard to the progress of the game in this part of England. "Like most clubs in the North," he writes, "we suffer from want of players. We always have good 'gates' at every match; in fact, larger than in any other county club in England—and many clubs that I know have tried for the public support. During the last year or two several new clubs have been started in the North, but all have a hard struggle to exist, owing to lack of support (both players and the public). Catterick Bridge, Liverpool, and Wirral are the only clubs in the Northern Division that really flourish through having a sufficient number of active players, but each has a difficulty in raising a team to go away."

The Harrogate Club, I am told, is in a delicate state of health chiefly owing to lack of new members and a lamentable want of keenness on the part of the old. The club has been unable to obtain a suitable private ground, and so must continue to play on the Stray. If the members do not take a more practical interest in the club, and turn up to practise with more regularity, it is to be feared that the prospect of good sport for the coming season is a poor one. A much more hopeful account comes from the Leeds Club. The captain reports four new members, which will bring their

playing strength up to twelve. Prospects with the Middlewood Club are said to depend solely upon the number of playing members. The first team is strong, and there is a likelihood of a useful second team. The York County Club hopes to keep the game going, but is very short of playing members, and dependent on the cavalry regiment quartered in York for sufficient men to make up games.

Liverpool continues to hold a strong place in county polo, and it is pleasant to observe this, as it is the oldest civilian club in England. It was started originally in 1872, but died out for some years after that, and it was entirely due to Mr. W. Lee Pilkington

JUDGING POLO PONIES AT RANELAGH

that it was restarted in 1885. He himself was honorary secretary for some twelve or thirteen years, and since then the office has been filled by his brother, Mr. G. H. Pilkington, who shares with Mr. G. H. Melly the distinction of being the only two playing members left who were with the club when it was resuscitated. Liverpool reached the semi-final stage of the County Cup last season, and with about thirty playing members the prospects of the club for this year are favourable. The same may be remarked of the Manchester Club, which has a remarkably good full-sized ground at Ashley, belonging to Lord Egerton. Hitherto the ground was in Trafford Park, but as most of the playing members (who muster twenty-five,

the limit number) objected to a ground in a town and close to the Ship Canal, the club had to look out for a new ground in the country, and were fortunate enough to find the one at Ashley. Manchester, I am told, has amalgamated with the old Bowdon Club, which should prove a great benefit to both. The Wirral Club's prospects for this season are tolerably good. Playing members are fairly numerous and keen, so there should be plenty of good club games. Those who have been playing for Wirral of recent years are still available, and there are several new players to choose from.

The North Devon Club is at present in a flourishing condition with about sixteen regular playing members and 200 non-playing, while the Plymouth Club claims the same number of honorary members, of which about twenty play regularly. The active members are mainly confined to the Services, though there is a fair sprinkling of civilian players. The outlook for the season at Plymouth is hopeful and bright, the advent of the Rifle Brigade, so well known for their good polo, being a promising feature. The West Somerset Club is gaining new members, and anticipates a very successful season. Prospects are fairly good with the Warwickshire Polo Club, and Captain Miller forecasts a very good season for the Rugby Club. The Wellington Club has been most successful up to the present, and shows every sign of still further increase and improvement this year. The game has been taken up very keenly by the civilian element in the district, a fact which is particularly satisfactory to the military members of the club. Favourable reports come from the Eden Park, Worcester Park, and other clubs in the neighbourhood of London, and, taking a wide view of county polo, one may reasonably predict for it a successful season in 1906.

This article cannot be brought to a close without an acknowledgment of the admirable selection of photographs supplied by Mrs. E. S. Hughes, of Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down, whose illustrations show the life and action so typical of polo.

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XV.—MR. LYNCARGO'S PROFESSIONAL

BY FRANK SAVILE

"LYNCARGO?" said Carruthers. "I don't think there can be more than one. You mean the millionaire—the man who's just settled down in our part of the world. He bought poor Sackville's place after the smash."

Halbeigh nodded.

"The man, without a doubt," he agreed. "What sort?"

Carruthers laughed.

"Unique!" he cried. "There's no other word for it. To begin with, he wouldn't desire the honour of *your* acquaintance," he said. "Why? Because you're a peer, which in *his* alliterative vocabulary becomes 'parasite.' He's death on the leisured classes; 'The drones must die,' is his favourite quotation."

Halbeigh whistled ruefully.

"So that's his line, is it?" he commented. "Genial old boy he must be. Has he *any* redeeming qualities?"

"Two," said Carruthers. "His golf links and his daughter. The first are about the best private ones in Great Britain. The second's a great deal prettier and nicer than the daughter of such an old ogre has any right to be. Haven't you ever met her?"

"Yes," said Halbeigh, curtly. "I met her last week at the Braids'."

Carruthers laughed.

"I see," he said; "and your admiration is serious enough to cause you to take an interest in a possible father-in-law. You'll find him rather more interesting than you bargain for, I expect."

"I suppose he's accessible to ordinary politeness?"

"It depends what you call 'ordinary.' The neighbourhood called. He has returned few of those calls, or rather permitted his

daughter to return them. The ordinary landed proprietor, living or starving on his meagre rents, is anathema to him. If a man owns land he says he should make it his business to work that land, and not sit at home while others work it for him. His temperature rises so high in the presence of a mere squire that he has to forego the pleasure of that sort of company—or so he gives out. He is the antithesis of the usual *nouveau riche:* he doesn't care a hang for titles or social prestige. He entertains 'captains of industry' now and again, Americans as often as not. He has made a golf course along the foreshore of the firth which is supposed to be a vision of delight for completeness. He has hired Alastair, the ex-champion, for his professional."

"No!" said Halbeigh. "Jack Alastair worked in our gardens years ago. He and I learned our rudiments of golf together as boys. I used to hear from him occasionally. I think I shall drop him a line."

"I dare say you'll find him an interesting correspondent on the subject of his employer," said Carruthers. "He ought to have had some amusing experiences. Well, I must be moving!"

He gave his companion a nod, and strolled away, leaving Halbeigh before the club smoking-room fire, apparently wrapped in a brown study.

He came out of it in time to return to his rooms, and there change his town attire for the flannels of the country-seeker. An hour later he was at Euston, parading down a platform in search of that desideratum of the travelling Britisher, an empty smoking compartment.

Suddenly he came to a halt opposite a first-class carriage which was by no means empty. A lady bowed and smiled from its open window. Halbeigh bowed, wrenched open the door, and sat down.

"Now, what stupendous luck!" he exclaimed. "Where are *you* off to, Miss Lyncargo?"

"To Leame, to spend a week with the Frobishers; and you, Lord Halbeigh?"

He gave a boyish shout of delight.

"To do the very same thing!" he cried. "My word! what ripping games of golf we'll have together. I'll put another forty yards on to your drive, if you'll stick to what I tell you, see if I don't!"

She smiled at his enthusiasm.

"You seem to take my desire to learn for granted," she replied. "Life isn't all golf. There are other duties, sometimes."

"I know," he agreed; "Bridge and that sort of thing. But I always refuse to play before dinner; I think it's simply rotten to

stuff indoors when you can be out; and if you *are* out—why, naturally, you play golf!"

She laughed, but she viewed the young man with very sympathetic eyes.

"I know you're not really such a monomaniac as you make yourself out," she said. "I hear you're a crack shot, and Mr. Carruthers says he'd rather trust to your advice on a horse than to the best vet. in London. Why haven't you done something with all your knowledge, Lord Halbeigh? You were talking farming to Captain Graves the other day like an expert, and yet——" She shrugged her shoulders.

"And yet?" he repeated.

"And yet you're so idle," she answered, simply.

"Idle!" He looked at her reproachfully. "Why, I'm busy every hour of the day. Didn't I spend whole strenuous afternoons over your golf education at the Braids'? I'm afraid you're not a very grateful young person."

She shook her head.

"I'm very grateful," she answered, "and that's why I'd like to see you doing work one could respect you for. Couldn't you earn your own living?"

He grinned, but not very mirthfully.

"As a matter of fact I suppose I *do* earn it, such as it is, by acting as my own agent. Not that the land really brings me in anything—it's mortgaged up to the hilt."

"And yet you spend your life as you do?" she reproached him.

They were off by now, and Halbeigh realised with joy that they could not be interrupted for another hour. He leaned forward with a confidential air.

"It's delightful to be lectured by you," he said, cheerily. "Please go on!"

Perhaps it could hardly be described as a lecture, but certainly the lady's conversation claimed his very closest attention till they both arrived at Leame station.

Five days later Lord Halbeigh could be seen escorting Miss Lyncargo from the golf links by way of the Frobishers' garden. The afternoon was uncommonly hot, and they had played thirty-six holes. His lordship proposed a halt and a rest under one of the famous Leame cedar trees.

"I've let you over-tire yourself," he said.

There was a distinct heightening of colour in the girl's cheeks at the obvious tenderness in his tones. She sat down silently.

On the distant terrace a footman appeared, scanned the prospect keenly, departed, and reappeared almost instantly with a

salver. He approached the pair and handed Miss Lyncargo a telegram.

"It came an hour ago, miss," he informed her, "but we didn't know where to find you."

She tore the envelope, read, and then, almost involuntarily, uttered an inarticulate exclamation of annoyance.

"I've got to go home at once," she announced.

"No!" he remonstrated. "Why, you came for the week, as I did."

"My father's orders," she said, curtly; "I must go and find my maid and see about packing."

"But—but, hang it all!" cried Halbeigh, "if you're going right off like this, when—when am *I* going to see you again?"

The prospect seemed to have suddenly sapped his mental vigour. He stood before her the picture of consternation.

"I—I don't know, Lord Halbeigh," she said, with something which sounded suspiciously like the echo of a sob.

The young man seemed to find this sign of weakness strangely encouraging, or so his action proved. For he gave a hasty glance behind him and then fairly took Miss Lyncargo in his arms.

"I know I'm a pauper and a rotter, my darling!" he said, with conviction, "but 'pon my soul I love you to distraction. I can't let you go!"

The girl gave him one glance which began in protest but ended in surrender, and then allowed her head to rest very comfortably against the lapels of his coat.

In the shadow of the verandah the footman—whose body, but not whose eyes, had been obscured by the creepers—hastened to descend with stirring news to the pantry.

* * * * *

Five minutes latter the new-made *fiancée* was vouchsafing her admirer some unpalatable tidings.

"Someone has been talking—or writing," she told him. "Yesterday I got a letter asking if you were staying in this house. I answered 'yes.' This wire is the result. He hates a lord like poison, dear. He'll be simply furious!"

"I'm the least of all the lords, and not worthy to be called a lord," cried Halbeigh, "considering that I haven't two thousand a year to bless myself with. Won't that melt his heart? I'll drop the title as soon as look, and save a lot by it."

She shook her head dismally.

"Nothing will melt his heart except to prove to him that you're a working man, and a successful one," she answered. "Well—we'll have to wait two years. I'll be of age then."

"*Two years!*" vociferated her lover, in horror-stricken accents. "Two years! You talk as if they ended the day after to-morrow!"

She looked at him demurely.

"Of course, if you can't wait——" she began, but Halbeigh hastened to close her lips by drastic methods.

This interlude having been satisfactorily terminated, the point of Mr. Lyncargo's consent again came up for discussion. Somewhat gloomily Halbeigh confessed that the prospects of success in obtaining it were not alluring.

"I don't think any reasonable business man would appraise my talents at more than a pound a week—as a navvy," he confessed. "I could be a gamekeeper or the secretary of a golf club. Which would you prefer?"

She shook her head.

"Father doesn't approve of preserving, and he wouldn't consider a secretaryship *work*."

"My handicap is plus four," he argued. "I should be as good as a professional."

"You could hardly combine the posts," she smiled.

For a moment he stared at her—silently. Then the light of a most illuminating reflection began to shine in his eyes. His face grew suffused with excitement. He drew his lady love towards him and began to speak with intense rapidity and animation.

At first her features expressed amazement, then protest, next abundant mirth, and finally assent. She looked at her beaming cavalier with undisguised admiration.

"It's—it's really rather romantic," she allowed.

"Romantic! It'll be simply heavenly!" declared the enamoured youth, and again gave dramatic proof of the intensity of his feelings—to the great satisfaction of the butler, who had been moved to occupy a dominant if inconspicuous point of vantage in the verandah as the result of the ungrudging report of his lieutenant.

* * * * *

"I'd do pretty well everything to serve your lordship," admitted Jack Alastair, "but this is just awful!"

He was sitting in his little shop, surrounded by the tools of his craft, and eyeing Lord Halbeigh with an expression of undiluted awe.

The latter would scarcely have been recognised by his friends. He wore a suit of neat but distinctly *passé* tweeds, a cap which had seen better days, and a more than dingy pair of boots. His enthusiasm for disguise had carried him over far. Alastair was distinctly the better dressed man of the two.

"You're not to call me 'your lordship,'" said Halbeigh, severely. "I'm Reginald Smith, your old playmate, and a fine golfer."

"Well, but, sir——" compromised the other.

"There are no 'buts' and no 'sirs,'" was the retort. "I'm surprised at you, Alastair. Here is your old mother getting very frail and shaky, and all alone, yearning to have her boy within reach in her declining years. The Club at Fulkington, not ten miles from your old home, needs a professional. The obvious thing is for you to apply for the post—at once. I'll see that you get it, and I make you an offer of a pound a week above and beyond your salary. With your talents you're burying yourself on a private course."

"It's the master I'm thinking of," pleaded the other. "I've no right to disappoint him."

"Disappoint him!" cried his tempter, "when right here to your hand is a colleague whom you can recommend with confidence to take over your post—the friend of your childhood, trustworthy, and playing at plus four! What more could he want?"

"Nothing, your lor'—I mean, sir—I should say, *Smith*," answered Alastair, desperately. "But the week after next he's entertaining Mr. Plunderbilt Flash, the American. The jealousy between them two about their golf courses is something to frighten ye, and Mr. Flash is bringing his own professional, Willie Beck, with him. If I leave him in the lurch at a week's notice with *them* coming, he'll be like to assassinate me!"

"In the lurch—in the lurch!" retorted Halbeigh. "You'll be leaving him in as safe hands as your own. Didn't I get to the sixth round in the Amateur Championship the year before last? I'll give Willie Beck a third and a beating, or never touch a golf club again. Now get off and find your employer, and tell him how you are situated. Pull up a tear or two in your eyes, and remember your old mother's dying."

"When I had a letter from her, this very morning, saying she'd walked eight miles and killed a pig!" said Alastair, simply. "It makes me feel like a murderer to tell such havers."

He made a motion to touch his cap—met Halbeigh's frowning eye—and followed his guest into the road.

"Wire me at once!" said the latter, impressively, and faded away in the direction of the town.

With pursed-up lips, and a particularly scared expression, Alastair trudged towards the house.

* * * * *

Mr. Lyncargo, somewhat tightly filling a knicker-bocker golfing suit, sat behind his study table and inspected Halbeigh minutely. The latter and Alastair had just been ushered in.

"So this is your friend?" said the millionaire, and the professional nervously made the somewhat obvious reply that it was.

Mr. Lyncargo rose, walked primly round the table, and shook Halbeigh by the hand. As he resumed his seat the aspirant cast an inquiring gaze at his companion.

"Whisht!" whispered Alastair, hasily. "He does that to all—it's part of his system!"

Somewhat reassured, Halbeigh endeavoured to assume a Social-Democratic expression, and awaited developments.

"You have had considerable experience of golf?" demanded Mr. Lyncargo. "You have the right to consider yourself first-class?"

"I hope so," said Halbeigh, modestly.

"Humph!" snorted the millionaire. "Of that I will judge presently. You have credentials from your last place?"

Halbeigh produced a couple of envelopes.

"These are from the secretaries of my last two clubs," he said, passing them over the table. They were taken, scanned deliberately, and laid down.

"They seem satisfactory," said the reader. "Are you sober or married?"

The unexpectedness of the question became somewhat entangling to Halbeigh's intelligence.

"Neither, sir," he said, wildly. "At least—I mean I don't drink."

"And are single?"

"Yes—for the present. I'm—I'm *walking out*," said Halbeigh.

Mr. Lyncargo made no comment save a nod. He rose and motioned the pair towards the door.

"Bring your clubs," he said, curtly, and led out through the gardens to the first tee. He pointed to the first green about 350 yards away. "Drive!" he said, monosyllabically.

Halbeigh took his club with a greater sense of nervousness than any Championship had called forth. With an effort he pulled himself together and swung. The ball rose straight and true, seemed to pick up the little extra impulse which a well-hit ball assumes half way in its career, and fell, to slip onwards another thirty yards before it stopped. Alastair gave a sigh of great content.

"Just the neat furlong!" he breathed. "Ye've not forgotten y'r lessons, me—*Reggie*."

Mr. Lyncargo gave a little nod which expressed approval. He led up to the ball.

"Approach!" he remarked, tersely, as before.

Halbeigh took his iron. It could hardly be described as anything but a lucky fluke, but the fact remains that the ball, dropping just over the edge of the green, ran unerringly upon the pin and lay

dead. With a matter-of-fact air Halbeigh walked up to it and ran it down. Alastair bubbled with excitement.

"A three!" he gasped. "Losh me—a three! And there's many a one that's played here has said we should make it a bogey six. A three! Think of that now!"

Mr. Lyncargo permitted himself to smile.

"A very good performance," he allowed. "I have pleasure in engaging you, Mr. Smith, to replace Mr. Alastair. Your wages you know. I shall hope to have a round with you this afternoon, when I think you may allow me—say twelve bisques!"

* * * * *

"I think the new professional is—in some ways—a better teacher than the last," said Miss Lyncargo, with a judicial air. "I had a lesson from him yesterday."

"I'm glad to think you're taking up a rational amusement at last," said her father, looking at her across the breakfast table. "I am quite satisfied with Smith—the greens are wonderful—and I think he has discovered what is my proper stance. Alastair never did."

"What *is* it?" asked his daughter, curiously.

"Six inches further away from the ball, and two and a half further behind it," said Mr. Lyncargo, with the serious air of one discussing matters of world-wide import.

"When I've had a few more lessons we'll have a game," she suggested, "and you can give me a stroke a hole?"

"Possibly," agreed the old gentleman. "At present I am training for my match next week against Plunderbilt Flash."

"What does *he* give you?" asked the girl.

He snorted with indignation.

"*Give* me!" he replied. "My dear Hilda, that remark shows how little real interest you take in your father's pursuits. I have played Flash dozens of times, and always at evens. So far I have not beaten him because the fellow has such stupendous luck, but I have twice squared the match. Owing to Smith's alteration of my stance I drive at least another forty yards. Next week I shall win."

"I hope so," she said. "Which day do you play?"

"This day week—the singles in the morning; the doubles—Smith and Beck being our partners—in the afternoon. Unfortunately I am unable to practise to-day, so you can make use of Smith's services if you desire."

"I think I will," said Hilda, sedately. "I never thought I should get the golf fever, but I rather fancy I have."

Half an hour later the lovers had met upon the course, Halbeigh touching his hat with great deference as he received his mistress's clubs. He made a scrupulous tee, showed anxiety about the position

of her feet, exhorted her to seclude her left thumb further within the grip of her right hand, and permitted her to drive. The ball went a fair hundred and forty yards.

"Very good, miss," said Smith, respectfully, and led on. A couple of gardeners were within earshot, and it was not till they had reached the first green that the pair permitted themselves the luxury of untrammelled conversation.

"Do you know that father is under the impression that he can give me a stroke?" smiled Hilda, after the usual protestations of undying affection had been exchanged. "What do *you* think?"

"I wish he'd back himself for a hundred thousand," said Halbeigh. "I'd be a taker—every time. Not but what he's improved," he allowed. "I think Alastair was too frightened of him to do himself justice."

"You know about this match next week?"

"I don't think it's ever out of his mind," he said, simply. "It certainly is seldom off his lips. He takes his pleasure uncommon seriously."

"It's his view of life," answered Hilda. "When this story of ours comes out—as it must do in time—I'm afraid he won't see the humour of it at all."

"If he sees the logic of it, that's all I care for," said Halbeigh. "He declares that for him there is neither caste nor creed. So he can't refuse his daughter to a man who is honestly making his living by the work of his hands as a golf professional—can he?"

And yet by the fateful morning when the great Flash-Lyncargo Match was to come off Halbeigh had begun to acknowledge to himself that his life was by no means an absolutely alluring one. The work he did not mind. The hours he spent with his lady-love made him forget everything. But the evenings in his lodgings—and these had to be humble ones to avoid exciting suspicion—the food, the want of society, the little petty annoyances to which he was subject, had begun to grate upon him. He was dogged to show his employer that he was a man who could work, and work well, but he had begun to wonder if the time of his probation could not be shortened.

He eyed Mr. Flash, as that worthy appeared clad for the contest in wonderful checks, with an instinctive dislike. The latter was in boisterous spirits.

"Well, Miss Hilda," he cried, as the girl appeared. "Here's your Pop up against me for the six and twentieth time, and as usual he'll go down the shute! To-day I'm just the Giant Golfer from Golfville. No holding me—if I get a new ball for every hole I win it'll amount to more than a box!"

The girl smiled.

"We'll see!" she remarked, and watched him narrowly as he took the honour. He stood carelessly, smothering the ball. She gave Halbeigh a quick look of inquiry, and from behind the American's back he nodded with great satisfaction. With a quick stabbing shot Mr. Flash half-topped.

He was not abashed.

"The way I always begin," he explained, and stood aside to let his adversary address the ball.

Mr. Lyncargo swung short but steadily, and sent his ball straight as a die if not very far. But he was practically a stroke ahead of Mr. Flash, who took five to reach the green and two to run down. He lost the hole by two strokes.

The next hole was but a replica of the first. Flash, viewing his opponent's drive of a hundred and thirty yards with unconcealed scorn, pressed, topped again, and got into the rough. He smote the ball unavailingly for four more strokes, and then surrendered the hole. Two up to the leader.

At the third—a short one—Flash fluked a good drive. The ball, really half-topped, just cleared the bunker, and sailed low, to finish with a good run against the wind. Mr. Lyncargo got under his a mite too much, lifted it into the wind, and had the mortification of seeing it carried away into sand. He arrived on the green two strokes behind, and had the additional mortification of seeing his adversary fluke a putt, the ball, really far too strong, encountering a new-made worm-cast which actually swerved it into the hole. Flash was down in three, and in correspondingly high feather.

"The Golf Terror from Golfville—that's what I am!" he repeated, and smote with hideous force at his next drive. Willie Beck, his professional, who was caddying for him, groaned aloud.

The ball actually landed behind his back! In his careless excitement he had driven it against the sand box, and it had rebounded!

From that moment dated his downfall. He got hot—he muttered—unmindful of a lady's presence, he began to swear—he pressed violently—he sliced—he topped. An hour later, at the thirteenth, Mr. Lyncargo stood in the happy position of dormy six.

And then a most unfortunate thing happened. The leader took his stance unconsciously upon one of the tin markers, swung, slipped, and fell, his leg doubled under him. He scrambled to his feet, but his face was twisted with pain.

They were within a short distance of one of the avenues. Hilda suggested that the carriage should be summoned to take her father home. He refused with scorn.

"As if I should give up my match at a moment like this!" he cried, and insisted on continuing. He limped valiantly after his ball, supporting himself on Halbeigh's arm. "I wouldn't give up if my leg was *broken!*" he muttered, under his breath.

As an evidence of pluck, such valiant exhibitions may have their uses. As far as golf is concerned they are totally out of place. A man cannot swing if he has to keep his feet immovable—he cannot keep his eye upon the ball when every motion causes him stabs of pain. The result of Mr. Lyncargo's persistence might have been predicted. The American squared the match on the last green!

He didn't conceal his triumph.

"A-ho, a-ho! A narrow squeak for P. F. *that* time," he cried, "but the Eagle isn't always dead when you see him stretched and panting! I pulled it out of the fire, my boy—I pulled it out of the fire!"

Lyncargo simply *looked* at him. Words failed. This loud-voiced boaster actually had the effrontery to imply that he had evaded defeat on equal terms!

Relief came from an unexpected quarter. Hilda Lyncargo stepped forward with a flushed face and shining eyes.

"I'm sorry you should not get a match this afternoon owing to my father's unfortunate accident," she said, sweetly. "You must let me take his place."

Flash stared at her as if she was a beetle.

"You!" he said, with amazement, and then laughed genially. "In the foursome, you mean? But—what shall we give you?"

"You needn't trouble about odds," she answered, quietly. "We shall do our best to give you a match at evens—Smith and myself."

Halbeigh, as he watched his employer, saw a look of pride pass into his face, though the old gentleman shook his head doubtfully. Flash laughed again—louder.

"Well—well!" he answered, "there's no getting away from a direct challenge like that; but—but you'll excuse me if I say I hardly think it will be a game, Miss Hilda—hardly a game."

Which words were in the nature of a prophecy, as the events of the afternoon proved.

Compared with his afternoon's play his morning's performance was Championship form. He couldn't drive—he couldn't approach—he couldn't putt. Whether anxiety or lunch was responsible for a complete breakdown it is impossible to say, but as the winning ball rolled into the twelfth hole the American realised that for the second time that day his adversary was dormy six.

It was Hilda's drive. Mr. Lyncargo, who had insisted on

following throughout in a bath chair, watched her advance to the tee with eyes of almost devout admiration.

Before she took her stance she happened to catch Halbeigh's adoring glance, and this, in addition to its usual fervour, was quickened by a master's pride in a pupil. Had she not done his lessons justice and more than justice? He forgot his usual caution. He beamed upon her with all a lover's tenderness.

With the same inadvertence she returned this silent message, and then—was suddenly aware by her father's astonished features that he had intercepted and had understood the glance.

She blushed—she swung hastily—she topped! Surprise and sorrow completed Halbeigh's downfall.

"*Oh, my dear!*" he expostulated, in all-unconscious reproach.

For a moment there was an oppressive silence, broken at last by a tiny snigger from the American as he advanced to the tee. He swung, and—wonder of wonders!—brought off a stupendous drive. The ball lay within twenty yards of the green, from whence Beck could be trusted to toss it up dead to the hole. Hilda's ball had travelled scarcely twenty feet.

Mr. Flash's whoop of triumph was overpowering.

"Gee-whiz!" he cried. "Again at the crucial moment P. F. chases his enemies into the long grass! I'll take you six to one we don't pull it off as I did this morning, Miss Hilda—if you'll agree to play an extra hole, I take you ten to one we don't win!"

Halbeigh gritted his teeth as he took his brassey.

"And I'll bet you evens we halve this hole!" he retorted, recklessly.

Flash looked him over.

"I don't bet with—professionals!" he remarked, loftily, and, as Halbeigh made the stroke, changed colour considerably. It is doubtful if a better-played ball had ever been hit upon that course before. Straight, low, and true it sped away, rising to describe a graceful parabola, and come at last to rest two hundred yards away upon the green at the very lip of the hole!

In silence Willie Beck led the party as he strode up to play second, and in silence he dropped his ball within a yard of the pin. And in a stillness which could be felt Mr. Flash putted—and missed!

His imprecations were sonorous, but they could not drown his host's very distinct remark. Mr. Lyncargo neither indulged in triumph nor offered congratulations.

"That is the match!" he said, as his daughter tapped the ball into the hole. "I prefer that there should be no bye!"

Hilda looked at him inquiringly.

"Have the goodness to accompany me ho me!" he said, coldly.

* * * * *

"A preposterous proposal!" said Mr. Lyncargo, an hour later. The scene was his smoking-room. The company his professional.

"Preposterous!" Halbeigh repeated the word with scornful rancour. "Permit me to remind you of your own frequently expressed opinions that *all* social grades stand—in *your* estimation—upon an equality. I'm honest, hardworking, and—in my special line—successful. If your daughter returns my love, why should I not confidently ask you for her hand?"

A grim smile curved Mr. Lyncargo's lips.

"Honest, did you say?" he asked. "Have you been honest with me, *Lord Halbeigh?*"

The other started and winced.

"Who told you?" he cried.

"My daughter," said the old man. "She decided to deceive me no longer. Do you understand me *now?*"

"No!" said Halbeigh, valiantly. "I can't help my title. You can't get over the fact that I've made myself a working man. I persist in my request."

Lyncargo looked at him meditatively.

"If I consent, then, you remain here as my professional?" he said, suddenly.

Halbeigh started. This was an unconsidered point of view. He remembered his lodgings—his food—many things. And *how* people would grin! Then the other and most important side of the question came to him with a rush. His face cleared.

"With Hilda as my wife? Why, certainly," he agreed.

Lyncargo gave him a piercing stare.

"You swear that?" he demanded.

Halbeigh laughed cheerily.

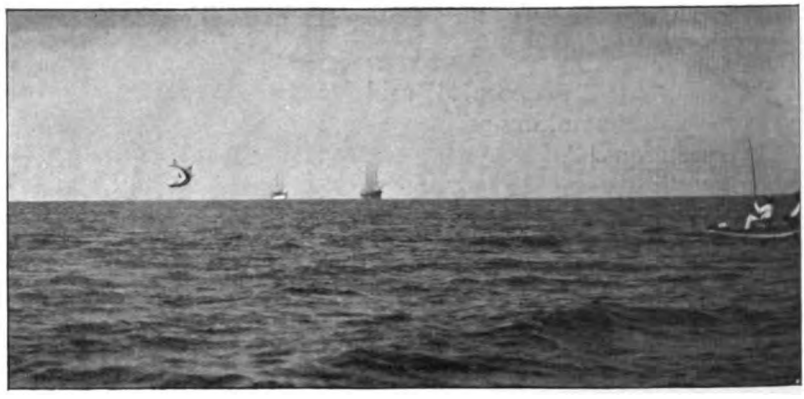
"My word has generally been considered as good as my oath," he said, "but I'll swear—if you make a point of it."

The old man rose, wearing a curious and rather inscrutable expression.

"Then we call that settled, I suppose," he said, slowly. "By the way, I was thinking of combining the post with that of my agency, which will be worth two thousand a year. In that case I should have to give you an assistant on the links. Are you agreeable?"

Halbeigh seized his would-be father-in-law's hand.

"I say," he said, heartily and ingenuously, "you're no end of a good chap—*really*."



A LIVELY ROD

TARPON-FISHING IN FLORIDA

BY E. G. S. CHURCHILL

WE were anchored in the middle of what looked like a huge lake, five miles from the Capiva Pass, and four miles from the famous Boca Grande Pass, but we could in no direction see the open sea. Attached to our stern were four row-boats and a small motor launch, which served to fetch our letters and food—though fortunately it was not our only source of supply—and to tow us and our small boats out to the Boca Grande Pass. This time, profiting by former experience, I was well set up as regards tackle. I had two good stout greenhart rods, each six feet long, without a joint, and about 1½ in. in diameter near the reel, plenty of hooks and traces, two 27-ply tarpon lines, each 200 yards long, and a wonderful Vom Hofe reel, with three separate brakes. The first was not very strong, and was applied by sliding a small button half an inch on the outside of the reel; the second, by raising a catch which stopped the revolution of the handle when the line was flowing out. With the aid of a small key this brake could in a few seconds be made so powerful as to break the line before permitting it to revolve the drum. At the same time it did not in the least delay the winding in of a fish, as in that direction the handle slid over the catch, causing no friction at all. The third brake consisted of a piece of leather secured to one of the cross pins in the circumference of the reel, which could be pressed by the thumbs on to the line in the reel. During the playing of a fish one had no time to alter the power of the second, so the special merit of the last was that its resis-

tance could be instantaneously adjusted to suit any circumstances that might arise, and its defect that its application tended to wear the line. One revolution of the handle caused two of the drum, which spun like a gyroscope when all three brakes were taken off. I regret to say that this reel is an American production, and made by Mr. Vom Hofe, of 96, Fulton Street, New York. There is at present no English-made tarpon reel that I can recommend.

With regard to lines, I strongly recommend the sportsman to use nothing lighter than 30-ply, even though a 27-ply line will support a weight of 25 lb. when new. A 30-ply line is not so thick or so heavy as an average salmon line; it gives a greater sense of security, saves time and many hooks, and lasts longer.

RATHER TIRED

I do not propose to weary the reader with a detailed account of ten days' fishing, but I shall endeavour to give some idea of the life, at the same time noticing any points or incidents which might be of interest to those who study the sea and its inhabitants.

Time and tide wait for no man, and for the fishing in these passes off the coast of Florida it is necessary to time the tide accurately. As our houseboat was so far from the Boca Grande Pass it was extremely difficult to tell the exact state of the tide there, so much depending on the strength and direction of the wind. During the spring tides it is only possible to fish in these channels from 1½ hours before to 1½ hours after slack water;

for, besides the impossibility of rowing against the stream, or of sinking the bait outside these hours, the tarpon seem to travel up and down the pass about slack water, and then to amuse themselves among the islands or in the Gulf till the next tide. Owing to our distance we often arrived an hour too late or too early, and consequently we found our position extremely inconvenient.

The authorities told us that the boat had been moved from its position close to the pass owing to the strength of the currents and the numbers of the mosquitos near the shore. But, as a large sum was demanded for the use of the motor launch, which we had to employ two or three times a day to tow us to the fishing grounds, we thought the currents and the mosquitos might not be so very formidable after all.

Fortunately there was an English yacht anchored close to the pass, and the party on board were bent on the same mission as ourselves. It is always pleasant to meet an Englishman in a far country, especially so when one can do something for or get something done by him. As soon as the owner understood our predicament he lent us his steam launch, which we promptly harnessed *à la* tandem with our rickety old motor, and with the aid of the wind and tide we soon dragged our residence to within half a mile of the fishing grounds. The mosquitos never broke through our fortifications in sufficient strength to give us any serious trouble, but the tides were undeniably strong; and owing to the fact that with the changing currents we were continually swinging round, we woke one morning to find that we had dragged our anchor almost a mile, but luckily away from the pass. None of us had any wish to deprive the gentleman who went round the world in a canoe of his well-won laurels, by crossing the Gulf of Mexico in a houseboat; but had we travelled a mile in the other direction we should have found ourselves fairly started on the attempt, and these reminiscences would not have been remembered, or they would have been considerably more thrilling, at any rate to the writer. The natural solution of the difficulty seemed to be to put out an anchor from either end of the boat, and so prevent any swinging at all. But the authorities vetoed this, as they feared the upsetting effect of a strong side wind.

We got our boat back on the next tide, and solved the difficulty by dropping both anchors from the same end of the boat; and as we did not intend to have anything to do with weighing them or disentangling their ropes, we thought no more about the matter. We were now some 200 yards from the inside or eastern shore of the island, which forms the north shore of the pass. On this island are three buildings, a small quarantine station, a lighthouse, and a

wooden cottage belonging to the assistant lighthouseman. These houses were objects of no small interest to us, as from them we obtained our fresh water, which was collected in tanks from their roofs. The lighthouseman, too, was interesting; an educated man who had not for many years been ground in the social mill. He told me he saw almost as little of his assistant as of anyone else. It was not well to become too familiar with one's subordinates. He said that at first he used to read four or five books a day, but that now he scarcely read at all. He had reached a state where the society of his fellows was no longer a necessity to him, though who can tell how painful was the path by which he travelled there. Unlike most Americans, he diverted himself with no golden dreams

MISSED

of fortune, and it would be a contradiction to suppose that a man for whom nature was sufficient should care for power to influence the lives of others; but this may have resulted from a knowledge of the hopelessness of the struggle. Anyhow, from him I learnt of his welcome and unwelcome guests, the three different sorts of turtles, the logger-head, sometimes weighing 300 lb., the green-back, and the snapper which crawled up the shore at night and laid their eggs in the sand in May and June; and the rattlesnakes which swam across from Florida and the adjacent islands.

But to return to our muttons, or rather our tarpon. There are four different kinds of tarpon fishing on the west coast of Florida. First, there is the still fishing off Fort Myers. This did not sound to

me particularly lively, as when the fish ignore one's blandishments it resembles too closely punt fishing on the Thames. Secondly, there is the fishing in the Boca Grande, which is the largest and deepest pass frequented by the tarpon off this coast. It is, I should say, about three miles wide and one and a half miles long. The methods here employed closely resemble harling, except that one's bait is usually thirty feet or more below the surface. Thirdly, there is the fishing in the shallow passes, such as the Capiva, where the methods are the same as those in vogue at the Boca Grande, with the exception that the lead-sinker is discarded, and the bait in consequence only a foot or two under the surface. Fourthly, there is the sport on the mud flats just inside the Boca Grande. This is at its best, according to the native guides, about half tide, but we found it did not pay to start until we had seen or heard the fish there, as if they are patrolling this comparatively shallow water they will show themselves. Then it was by far the best sport we had. Not only did the tarpon strike more freely, but their leaps were more vigorous and more frequent, and they got more excited than they did in the deep water of the pass. There they were continually travelling backwards and forwards about slack water, but we never saw anything of them inside the islands except on these flats, where they found small fish and crabs in plenty. They never stayed long even here, but always seemed to be making slowly towards the pass. They undoubtedly did not spend the whole of their time inside the islands on these feeding grounds, but they were never seen anywhere else.

One, if not the only, advantage possessed by the tarpon fisherman in Florida over his *confrère* at Tampico lies in the superiority of his negro boatman over the Peon whom one has to employ in Mexico, though this latter costs exactly half as much. The only language spoken by these guides, as they like to call themselves, is English, or rather American. They are keen sportsmen, and there is considerable emulation between them. The fish, like some hurricanes, seem to travel along a narrow track; so five or six boats will often be fishing close together, and the guide whose *protégé* is getting the greatest number of strikes will be the object of many envious glances. The depth at which he is fishing (if ascertained), and even the movements of his boat will be copied. One of our guides, by name Billy Washington (but blacker than any hat), was universally recognised as *facile princeps*. He was watched from the moment we got on the fishing grounds, as is a particularly brilliant footballer by the players on the other side. Unlike Launcelot, his title of "best guide" was a source of great pleasure to him, but, like that famous knight, to lose it for one day was gall. Any darky who could

boast at the nightly indaba, after the day's sport, that he had beaten Washington was a proud and happy man. All this was, of course, quite satisfactory to us, for though it caused our guides to set their faces against anything in the way of an experiment, and to show an inclination to be autocratic, they tried all they knew, and were always ready to go on as long as we were. We paid them 3½ dols. a day and 1 dol. a day for their food, but they were too deeply imbued with the prevailing idea that a tarpon fisherman must *ipso facto* be a gold mine not to attempt to extract a little more. The evening before we left they deputed one Giles, the Ulysses of the party, to squeeze if possible an extra dollar a day. He came to the point at once: "There is something, sar, we thought you did not understand, sar. We get 3½ dol. a day if we do not fish at night, sar.

THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED

When we fish at night we get 4½ dol. a day, sar. We thought you might not understand that, sar."

His manner during the first part of his explanation was full of reproach, and during the second, when he saw we did not quite catch on, almost minatory.

We told him we should give him whatever was right, and consulted our two American friends, L. and K., with whom we were sharing the houseboat, and found that they were paying nothing of the sort. Now L. had taken no trouble to conceal the fact that he was a terrible man with a "gun," and that his equanimity had on two or three occasions become seriously ruffled. It is often convenient o have a well-established reputation for a Berserker temperament.

Whether this was the cause, or whether the feel of the notes was so pleasant, I do not know; but when we paid those darkies at the rate of 3½ dols. a day, they forgot even to demand a tip, and departed as merry as the proverbial sandboy. This incident we afterwards learnt was due to the fact that a rich yacht owner, who had not perhaps objected to being regarded as an inexhaustible gold mine, had been fishing in these waters just before our arrival. Close to us on the shore were two or three tents, inhabited by some darkies who used to catch our bait. Here there were none of those little cigar-shaped fish which made such excellent bait in Mexico. We used a fish much more like an ordinary mullet, about eight inches long. The scales were scraped off, and each fish provided us with four baits, two from his upper and two from his lower half. These were cut something the shape of a very acute angled isosceles triangle. Whether the tarpon or some other large fish had discovered their haunts and habits, or whether the sportsmen were the indirect cause, I do not know; but we often had considerable difficulty in obtaining our quota, and on some days we could get no fresh bait at all. The tarpon is apparently something of a gourmet, or else they found it difficult in spite of all our skill to believe that a piece of mullet which had been cut the previous day was a live and succulent fish.

Anyhow, we never had much sport on the days when we had no fresh bait. Our expenses for this necessary article amounted to more than $1½ a day each. I do not intend to ask the reader to accompany me in my small boat during the long hours which were devoid of incident, but I shall try to draw a picture of the sport.

The four of us board our small fishing boats, and are rowed off by our several darkies at 4 a.m., so as to catch the first of the tide in the pass at 4.20. My friend F. is armed with a harpoon, and I with my camera and Mauser pistol, thus we consider ourselves well prepared for any eventuality. The tide is coming in, so we hug the coast for fifteen minutes while going up the pass, and then row out about a mile from the shore at its head. A small shark follows the boat for some distance, but presumably makes up his mind that we are but poor fishermen, and gives us up. The sharks in these waters have had and will have many a splendid meal at the expense of the tarpon fishermen, and they seem thoroughly to understand the game. Nevertheless, my hopes are undimmed by the opinion of this young and impatient scavenger, and we soon commence operations. Our guides insist on our fishing close to the bottom, so we tie on a lead sinker at the top of the piano wire and let out twenty to thirty yards of line, according to the depth of the water. There are two boats out from the yacht, and all six keep pretty close together. No tarpon have yet been seen, and all the guides are

doing much the same as Washington. Our general policy is to row backwards and forwards over a strip of water 200 to 300 yards broad, being at the same time carried up or down the pass by the tide. We then row back to the other end and repeat the process. As the tarpon are such rapid movers, no jealousy is occasioned by one boat fishing in front of another. At this time, on a June morning in Florida, the cloud effects are often very beautiful, and I am not much afraid of losing my rod as I lay it down for a moment to take a snap-shot.

Soon one of the boats has a fish which comes rushing at a great pace out of the water, but there is a convenient interval between

THE END OF THE BATTLE

the time when he takes the bait twenty or thirty feet below the surface and his first leap. I snap him off as he emerges, and roll him up quickly in the hope of getting a shot at his second appearance as well. In this deep water I saw during my ten days' stay two tarpon which did not show themselves for ten minutes, and when they did we were of course more than surprised to find they were neither sharks nor jew-fish. The rest leapt at once, but this proportion of two out of about 150 is, I believe, above the average. There is a curious little crackling noise which sounds rather as if we were floating on a sea of soda-water, and innumerable small bubbles were continually striking the bottom of the boat. The guides had many theories as to the cause. They were all agreed that it only occurred

when we were over rocks. Some said it was the noise of shell-fish feeding, others thought it might be fish or rising bubbles, but there was no trace whatever of these in the water, and I am quite at a loss to account for the phenomenon. But what is that large dark brown object, like the top of a huge water-logged sphere, about 100 yards away? It is travelling along the surface, and churning the water into a regular breaker in front of its cavernous mouth, which resembles a horizontal slit two or three feet long between two great perpendicular lips. The devil-fish or giant ray is, I presume, enjoying, or about to enjoy, itself among one of the numerous shoals of small fish which haunt these waters.

F. has the harpoon, so I quickly call his attention to our quarry. The harpoon takes some time to adjust, and I notice that F.'s guide seems suddenly overcome with fatigue. My own guide explains,

A FINE EFFORT

"He no like devil-fish, sar," and goes on to tell me how one of these monsters recently towed a boat for eight miles before it was hauled up on the shore. Fortunately the fish took the sportsmen in towards the land, but it is apparently an even chance whether it makes straight for the Gulf of Mexico or goes inside the islands, with a shade of odds in favour of that direction in which the tide is flowing. It has been recorded that another of these devil fish towed a 14-ft. boat for eighteen miles in these waters before giving an opportunity for a shot. It is certainly possible to cut loose, but if the end of the line is tied on to the boat, the bows may be dragged under water if one is unprepared. We had, too, neglected to tie on our line an empty air-tight tin can, which makes a powerful brake when being dragged at a high velocity through the water. I am now within twenty yards

of the huge flat fish, which does not alter his course by a fraction of a degree, but takes two or three dives of about thirty feet just under the surface, and sinks out of sight.

The fatigue of F.'s boatman at once disappears, and I am given to understand that, when in a small boat, close quarters with a freshly harpooned devil-fish are apt to be unpleasant. This was one, I should say, about twelve feet long, and so by no means a very large specimen, as they have been caught twenty feet across, and reported up to thirty feet across. It is surprising what a hard straight blow it takes to drive home a harpoon into one of these giant rays, and how easily it slides off the fish's back. During my

DEAD BEAT

stay I saw one of these huge flat fish jump about six feet clear of the water, and come down again with a loud ungainly flop; but the whip rays, which have been caught up to 200 lb., and the sting rays often reached this height. The object of these manœuvres was, I presume, to rid themselves of their suckers. A Remora, or "delayer" (as the naturalists call him), is a little fish of a muddy blue-black colour all over, here usually eight or nine inches long, though they have been caught up to two feet in length. They are approximately circular in section, and generally about an inch in diameter. They attach themselves to the back and sides of their unwilling comrades by a sucker situated on their backs just behind the head.

As far back as 1884 the native fishermen of Zanzibar used to rear these suckers, which they employed for the purpose of catching

large fish, such as sharks or turtles. They stuck to the skin or shell with extraordinary tenacity, and were held by a line attached to a metal band or wire bound round the thin part of the body just above the tail. It is recorded that one of these fish held on to its carrier till this metal band tore through the flesh. There, however, they ran from two to four and a half feet in length, and weighed from two to seven pounds.

The other boats altogether have had a dozen strikes or so, and three or four tarpon; but this is a spring tide, and the water is soon running too fast for further fishing, so we row back to an eight o'clock breakfast. We start again soon after 10.30. The tide is going out,

THE DEATH

so it is not long before we are on the fishing grounds. There is nothing to be seen, and we fish for half an hour without a strike. I suggest discarding the lead sinker and fishing nearer the surface, as I had done at Tampico; but my guide strongly disapproves, and prophesies that it will only be waste of time. However, I try it for a bit, but it makes no difference, so I return to the orthodox methods.

When the tarpon are travelling near the surface in or near these passes, my experience is that they always show themselves. Suddenly they put in an appearance. Processions of them are making up and down the pass in narrow streaks. The individuals break water one after another in the same place, much as each sheep of a

flock will often jump exactly where the one immediately in front did. So by snapping with my camera at the place in the water where one or two fish have shown, I manage to hit off some of their followers. A tarpon does not so often entirely leave the water unless he is hooked, or rather I will say frightened, as they jumped in Mexico when they had taken a bait that was merely tied on to the line; but they flick their tails up in the air as shown in my photographs, or roll over like a porpoise. It is then, I suppose, that they get a great deal of air into their mouths, and this circumstance has given rise to the absurd theory that they breathe like one. True, we often see lines of bubbles rising to the surface, and we know well that they come from the tarpon passing underneath; but I have often seen goldfish and others emit bubbles from their mouths, and the silver king is as far removed from a mammal as any other fish. We row

ON THE WAY BACK

to cut these processions, but the fish do not seem over hungry, or our baits are far below them. Some of the keener guides try fishing at different depths, in the hope of finding the level at which the fish are travelling, but still this prejudice against trying the surface.

There is a lively rod, and within a few seconds out rushes the tarpon. Now L. is a mighty fisherman, his tackle is mighty too, and within ten minutes he is making for the shore with his fish in tow. I follow, and take a snapshot of the last episode in that tarpon's life. The darky is just about to catch hold of the piano wire, and haul the fish high and dry on the shore. It is surprising how quickly a tarpon changes his world, as the Japanese would say, when once out of the water. This is, perhaps, largely due to his tremendous exertions before admitting defeat. Besides the scales, the spherical lenses of the eye of a tarpon make interesting trophies. They can be easily removed by

cutting about half way round the membrane near the outside edge of the eye, and just inside the cartilage which protects the sides, the knife being held perpendicular to the surface of the eye. The cut should be as shallow as possible, in order to avoid all chance of damaging the lens, which can then be easily extracted with the finger. Thus the tiresome operation of removing the whole eye is avoided. The lens when it first comes out looks like a flawless crystal sphere, and is about the size of a marble. It should be pinned by its thin black attachment to some projecting piece of wood, and left to dry in contact with nothing more solid than air. Unfortunately it loses its transparency while drying; it contracts; and creases, like mountain ranges, appear on its surface; it remains translucent, and becomes quite hard. The lens then has a sort of spherical cleavage, and broken hollow spheres can be stripped off, but the nucleus is always cracked.

We are soon back in our places among the processions. Now one or other of the boats has a fish on an average of one every fifteen minutes, and my camera is kept busy. On one occasion two tarpon are six or eight feet clear of the water, within five yards of each other; but the camera is only a single-barrelled instrument, and I have just shot at the first leap of one of them. The tarpon, however, are not the only objects of interest. Here and there great brown turtles, sometimes three feet across, come up and bask on the surface for a few minutes. I learn that they are not difficult to harpoon, as their shell is of such a texture that, if the iron penetrates but half an inch, it will hold until its purpose is accomplished. I am very keen to add a large turtle shell to my mementos, so we stalk every one we see; but they are too wary, and I was never able to get to sufficiently close quarters, though the sportsmen from the yacht managed to gaff a large one. It would be easy enough to shoot them, but short of exploding a pound or two of dynamite in contact with them it is impossible to kill them instantaneously, and they never remain on the surface, however good the shot.

At last a good strong pull at my rod; the bait is far and deep, and the line I presume sagging, so the blow given by a tarpon taking the bait near the surface is much modified. A few seconds and out he dashes, splashing the spray in all directions. But now it is a very different story. There is fixed on the seat a leather bucket in which I place the butt of the rod, and it is unnecessary to touch reel or line at all when the fish is rushing away. The brakes are quite sufficiently powerful, so I have a splendid hold on the rod with both hands until the strain is relaxed, and I begin to reel up. The odds now seem all in the fisherman's favour, so I hand the rod to my guide and prepare to photograph. But the fish sounds, my darky plays the miser with

the line, the rod consequently comes in contact with the side of the boat, and snaps like a straw a foot above the reel. I keep my opinions to myself *pro tem.*, and after an half an hour's terrific exercise manage to tire out the fish from the reel. By this time my wrath, too, has somewhat subsided, so the tarpon is gaffed through the lower jaw and the hook recovered. I return to the houseboat, to the accompaniment of a babel of explanations from my guide.

A somewhat meagre lunch, and we start again at 4.45. The fish are now striking freely, but they are also getting rid of the hook freely. Our sinkers are tied on with very weak wire, the idea being that they might assist the tarpon in his attempts to jerk the hook out of his mouth in the air. Consequently, for every strike one loses a sinker. My stock of five is soon exhausted, and willy-nilly I have to fish on the top of the water. The fish are disporting themselves

OUT HE RUSHES

all round us, and I cannot believe that they leave their appetites behind them the moment they rise above a certain depth. Sure enough I soon have another. He gives excellent sport, but it is almost too dark for such rapid exposures as are here necessary. The other boats follow my lead, and try fishing on the surface with considerable success. Suddenly there is a noise as if some extraordinarily heavy rain was striking a patch of water about fifty yards away; and there over an area of ten yards square the surface of the sea is wildly torn in all directions, little jets of water ten inches high being thrown up from every square foot, and travelling with considerable velocity. This troubled patch soon begins to move, at the same time expanding, so that it assumes something the shape of a fan. The jets of water travel a foot or two at a great pace and disappear, as their causes, the various members of the attacking shoal, seize their

prey. Of course as the area of this conflict, or rather massacre, increases, the pursuers become less crowded, and the water for equal areas less agitated, till finally, after a minute or so, there is only an isolated splash here and there as the few remaining survivors are snapped up. Not a fish has left the water the whole time, and now the smaller shoal has been annihilated, or a remnant has sought safety in the depths, and the water is calm as before. The number of fish has been reduced to increase the size of others. Each victim has doubtless devoured many smaller ones, and may now be regarded as a sort of food collector for his captor; this captor in turn merely collecting his victims to render possible the existence of some larger fish, which could not collect the enormous number of smaller fish which would be necessary to satisfy his needs. We often witnessed these encounters where all ideas save that of ruthless ferocity are unknown. In fact the pursuit was sometimes going on all round the boat. The size of the attackers was, I should say, from three to four pounds, and the victims weighed a quarter to half pound. On our way back I pick up a nice channel bass of ten pounds. He is very lively, or rather would be on any other than tarpon tackle; anyhow a most welcome addition to our commissariat department.

After dinner we sit down to a cheap game of poker, while our guides are outside watching the flats and listening for the splash of a tarpon. It is not long before Washington comes in and reports the presence of the fish. They seem to pass fairly rapidly over those grounds towards the Boca Grande in one large shoal, and this fishing never lasts more than two hours. It is, too, by far the best sport off the coast of Florida, so the game comes to an abrupt conclusion and we dash for our boats. The moon is full, the sky cloudless. The ripples which form a brilliant and ever-changing silver road stretching towards the moon force even a Vandal such as the writer to forget for a moment the tarpon beneath them. The only sounds are those caused by the oars, the water lapping against the side of the boat, and the occasional splash of a tarpon, for which we steer. But I am inaccurate. There is not a breath of wind, and so the mosquitos from the shore are making merry all over the fishing grounds. These mosquitos possess a greater power of penetrating clothing than any others I have come across, but a piece of newspaper will, of course, absolutely defeat them.

This fishing is more like that at Tampico, as the fish take freely, and in this shallow water we dispense with our sinkers and let out a long line. I soon have a strike, and the leaps and dashes of the tarpon are wonderful in the moonlight. We part company, but it is not long before I am playing another. This one has a great idea of reaching the deep water. He does not waste much

time or energy in leaping, but makes for the pass in a most determined manner, so much so that at one time he has out over a hundred yards of line. But this sort of thing soon tires him. I follow, and get him within three or four yards of the boat. He is now very tired, and flopping about spasmodically on the surface. I have already

A 250-LB. JEW FISH AND ITS CAPTOR

Caught on tarpon tackle after two hours' hard work. A shark has taken a piece out of its tail while being landed

numbered him among my captives, when suddenly, quite close to the boat, and right in the centre of the moon's reflected light on the water, up rises the huge dark back of a shark. He is making, calmly as a snake for a fascinated rabbit, and inexorably as fate, for my

luckless tarpon. Whew! but I am not at all prepared to do battle with that brute. He is considerably longer than my boat, and would certainly take the whole of my line if not the rod as well; and, after all, the boat itself is only half an inch or so thick. I immediately release all the brakes and give my tarpon as fair a chance as I can. He summons up energy for another rush. I cannot any longer see the shark, but as the line flows out I can very vividly imagine the desperate race going on a few feet beneath the surface, and am fully prepared for a pull on my line as if I had hitched on to a runaway locomotive. The tarpon is now forty feet from the boat —I feel the slightest jerk, and the line is slack; there are two great swirls in the water, and then the silvery ripples are calm and peaceful as before. I reel up and find that the piano wire has been cleanly cut a foot from the hook. The severed end is curled round, much like a piece of wire that has been snipped by a small-bore bullet. The edges of the teeth of these large sharks are like fine saws, or the edges of a large triangular file, and there is not much doubt as to how this wire was so quickly and so easily severed. Now tarpon hooks are not particularly wholesome food even for sharks, and I think it more than probable that my tarpon will be avenged by the instrument that caused his death.

My guide, however, has not at all appreciated the incident, especially as we are now some way from the other boats, and none of our guides cared to go out alone at night on these flats. After all, they were not entirely unreasonable. Sharks, rays, tarpon, and porpoises abound, and these latter have a most unpleasant way of rising to blow within a few feet of the boat. If they happened to charge it from a flank or to rise underneath it in a blind or playful moment, the consequences might be such that "the subsequent proceedings would" very soon "interest us no more." In any case at the moment nothing seems to me so repulsive as a porpoise with a penchant for practical jokes. We row back towards the houseboat and lose one more tarpon on the way. But the shoal now seems to have passed on to the deep water, so we tie up our bark and exchange it for the good solid old houseboat. I have only been back a few minutes when in comes L. covered with slime and filth, and his rod smashed to splinters at the strongest place near the butt. He is not long about telling the story of his discomfiture. He had just put the bait over the side of his boat preparatory to letting out line when a tarpon seized it. He struck with his usual vigour, and the tarpon after the manner of his kind leapt, and straight at his enemy. L. at once took in the situation and attempted to ward off the shock with the thickest part of his rod. This the tarpon treated much as an equestrian treats a paper hoop in a circus; he

then hit L. fair and square on the chest, knocking him back into the bilge water in the bottom of the boat; next he came in contact with the oar, and rejoicing in his victory over his redoubtable opponent, slithered back into the sea a free fish. L.'s respect for the power and weight of a tarpon was so enhanced by this incident that ever afterwards he invariably cast his bait as far as he could from the boat when fishing at night on the flats. The other two sportsmen soon arrive. They have each got two or three fish, and are very pleased with themselves, but their adventures seem somewhat pale and are only once told.

* * * * *

I must describe another night when Washington summons us for the flats at nine o'clock. There is a delicious breeze and

A FREE FISH

not a mosquito in the place, no trace of either moon or cloud; Sirius, Aldebaran, the stars of Orion, and their less imposing brethren are as brilliant as I have ever seen them. But the sea is as I have never seen it, and hardly believed it possible to be before. Our boat for some yards leaves behind it a gradually fading wake of light, and the oars where they touch the water stir it to a brilliant phosphorescence. I pay out the line, and watch my luminous bait as it gradually recedes from and then follows the boat. But here we are on the edge of a shoal of tarpon. A great fish passes without a sound within three feet of the boat, leaving behind him a watery comet's tail; then another and another passes underneath us and we are in the thick of them. There is a great luminous column after the bait—bang at the rod,

splash, as he raises masses of spray which almost dazzle us, a wild twenty-foot rush along the top of the water, and up again with a sound that seems louder in the silence of the night—and he is free. As I reel in a great white cloud floats under the boat, so I suppose that, in addition to the tarpon and the porpoises, whose elephantine gambols are causing me some uneasiness, I have found the rays at home as well. Another bait is ready, and we feel a jar as something strikes the boat near the bow. I look round in time to see a glowing splash as the tarpon dives. Whether this was an accident or curiosity on the part of the tarpon I am not sure, but I am not at all anxious that the fish should take the least interest in the boat. My guide tells me how last year a sportsman fishing at night was struck in the back of the neck by a frisky porpoise, and how he was still on his back; but, porpoises or no porpoises, this is not a sight to be missed. For a moment or two the water seems almost a network of moving light, and I am soon engaged with another tarpon. He is captured after a most exciting tussle, during a great part of which his position in the water is plainly visible. We take his measurement on the shore, and his weight is, according to computation,[1] 165 lb.; but the mosquitos accelerate our movements, and we are soon back on the fishing grounds. The thickest part of the shoal now seems to have passed over, but I still see an occasional fish, and capture one more before a wonderful night's sport comes to an end.

[1] The length from tip of tail to tip of chin in inches, multiplied by the square of the greatest girth in inches and divided by 800, gives a close approximation to the weight of the tarpon in pounds.

A CRICKET PROBLEM

BY HOME GORDON

ONE of the past generation of cricketers, whose name is still a household word wherever the game is discussed, observed to me that in his opinion the question of qualification by residence was the most thorny problem he ever remembered in connection with cricket. At one time, as he pointed out, unfair bowling was rampant, but this was put down by public opinion infusing more courage into the umpires. In the same way things deleterious to the popularity of the game visible in the field, such as excessive employment of the off-ball theory and undue indulgence in leg-play, will be merely passing episodes, and the solution of the crux of the drawn game should soon be arrived at. But the question of county qualification is a far more intangible and less tractable affair.

One grave point is that so much transference which is perfectly genuine and above-board becomes muddled up in public esteem with the very few invidious and doubtful transactions which occasionally mar the harmony of cricket. Those who read my article on "The Coming Cricket Season" in last month's *Badminton Magazine* will remember that some attempt is under consideration to render more drastic the law of transference, and this is no doubt a step in the right direction. There is a long-standing feeling that unofficially a certain amount of inducement is offered to promising young professionals to migrate to counties which can offer more lucrative posts. Only within the past two years an unfortunate cessation of the spirited matches between Surrey and Somersetshire has resulted from Montgomery leaving the ground-staff of the metropolitan county in order to qualify for the western one. This is a case where outward and visible results—by which players and spectators suffer—have revealed secret negotiations.

Another case, probably known to very few, occurred between Yorkshire and Essex. The executive of the latter were particularly

pleased with the promise indicated by a young Yorkshireman named Bedford, and informed his county committee that negotiations would be commenced. After a friendly conversation, Yorkshire expressed such reluctance to lose the services of the colt that the whole matter was dropped. So little, however, did he fulfil expectation that now he is no longer used even for the second eleven, and the Essex committee congratulate themselves on being saved much expense for little result.

At one period it seemed as if all the first-class counties were recruiting from Nottingham, and so wealthy in talent were the Midlanders that even when ahead of all rivals they could afford lavishly to scatter professional skill through the breadth of the land. To-day, with the inevitable swing of the pendulum, it is another matter, and after George and John Gunn, Iremonger, Hardstaff, Oates, Wass, and Hallam, Mr. A. O. Jones is sore put to find adequate support. Yorkshire, too, gave its quota to swell the southern and rival strength, whilst latterly a fine example—but one not always feasible in other cases—has been set of not playing any born outside the county, with the exception of Lord Hawke. I am under the impression that to-day Kent keeps to the same unwritten regulation.

Though at present dealing more especially with the professional side of the question, it may be pointed out that many amateurs are born in London, though their families have head-quarters in various counties. Were the birth qualification to be rigidly insisted upon and the residential ignored, a large percentage of cricketers could never take part in county cricket, and this would be absurd. Batsmen like Sir T. C. O'Brien, Messrs. P. F. Warner and M. R. Jardine, to cite only three at random, were born out of England, and the list could be largely extended. It is, however, certain that many of the minor counties are suspicious of the surreptitious agents of the more wealthy ones in the first rank. As it deals with a matter of twenty years ago there can be no harm in citing the following: In my capacity as cricket editor for "Victoria History, Counties of England," I invited Mr. J. P. Kingston to deal with Northamptonshire, and in his manuscript are these observations: "The county also brought to the front the notable fast bowler Bowley, who afterwards found a better financial harvest in the ranks of Surrey, and the no less renowned Mold, who was tempted to join Lancashire. It was an unfortunate thing when Northamptonshire obtained their two solitary trial matches with the County Palatine—they gained no credit and lost their great bowler."

There can be no doubt that a professional playing for a minor

county has much to gain if he can effect a successful transference into a first-class eleven. He enjoys increased pay and an increased number of engagements, whilst he at once becomes an individual of public interest, which not one professional to-day playing for a minor county can for one moment imagine himself. On the other side, county executives which have large balances may be excused for going in search of recruits. To preserve the equilibrium, it is always open to a dissatisfied committee or individual to appeal to the committee of M.C.C. Three counties have notably benefited by the exercise of qualification, these being Lancashire, Surrey, and Middlesex; Worcestershire, Leicestershire, and Sussex have also gathered strength by cricketers residing within their borders who were born elsewhere. The following does not profess to be a complete list of professionals who have since 1878 represented Lancashire under such qualification, but it certainly reveals a fairly powerful reinforcement:—

Baker, Yorkshire.	McIntyre, Notts.	Sugg, Derbyshire.
Briggs, Notts.	Mold, Northants.	Tinsley, Yorkshire.
Crossland, Notts.	Nash, Berkshire.	A. Ward, Yorkshire.
Cuttell, Yorkshire.	Oakley, Shropshire.	F. Ward, Cumberland.
Hallam, Leicestershire.	Paul, Ireland.	Watson, Lanarkshire.
Holland, Leicestershire.	Pilling, Bedfordshire.	Yates, Derbyshire.
Lancaster, Yorkshire.	Robinson, Yorkshire.	

It will be remembered that in the height of the heated controversy about the fairness of Crossland's delivery—in which Lord Harris came forward as the mouthpiece of the dissatisfied—the whole matter was shelved on the side issue that he had lost his residential qualification. Some years ago I recollect a very experienced amateur in the Surrey pavilion telling me that a large number of cricketers innocently participated in county cricket without having the least idea they had carelessly forfeited their residential qualification. When I expressed surprise he gave me such chapter and verse that—though these cases are now ancient history—it really does seem that the committee of M.C.C. would be well advised in demanding an annual certificate from county committees that all residential qualifications have been duly kept up.

Middlesex have been singularly unfortunate in finding professionals born within the county area, as the following list testifies:—

Clarke, Notts.	Flanagan, Ireland.	Phillips, Australia.
Howitt, Notts.	Mantle, Worcestershire.	Roche ,,
T. Hearne, Bucks.	Spillman, Sussex.	Tarrant ,,
J. T. Hearne, Bucks.	Rawlin, Yorkshire.	Trott ,,

Vogler (in 1907), South Africa.

It must be borne in mind that the metropolitan county for a long while was exclusively amateur in the composition of its eleven, so

that the large percentage of professional qualifications is the more curious, seeing that Burton, Dunkley, and West seem to be the only ones who could be set on the other side of the sheet.

Without exhausting the professional qualifications for Surrey since 1878 the following presents a tolerably exact list, though it does not include any tried for the second eleven but not considered worth a place in first-class matches:—

Baldwin, Suffolk.	Henderson, Monmouth.	Potter, Northants.
Beaumont, Yorkshire.	Hobbs, Cambridgeshire.	Sharpe, Notts.
Bowley, Northants.	Lees, Yorkshire.	F. E. Smith, Suffolk.
Diver, Cambridgeshire.	Lohmann, Middlesex.	W. C. Smith, Oxford.
Gooder, Middlesex.	Lockwood, Notts.	Southerton, Sussex.
Hayward, Cambridgeshire.	C. Marshall, Derbyshire.	Wood, Kent.

It is curious to note that it was the persistency with which the then selection committee of Surrey chose Henderson and Baldwin that prevented so many great amateurs from finding places in the team, and therefore some of them qualified elsewhere. For example, Mr. C. B. Fry writes: "Once I played for Surrey, being qualified by the accident of birth. No doubt I would have played again had I been invited." What was Surrey's loss proved the gain of Sussex. Beaumont at one time was in the Household Cavalry. Lockwood's career, which has never been systematically told, would reveal a very determined character combined with superb technical ability, but hampered by a violent temper. Some of the balls that he sent down when really on his mettle have been as unplayable as any ever delivered.

On the day when Surrey twice dismissed Yorkshire after themselves having amassed some mammoth score, Lockwood bowled Lord Hawke with a ball that broke back after pitching six inches outside the off-stump. With that appreciation for ability in opponents which helps to make him so beloved, the Yorkshire captain said to Lockwood as he passed him on the way to the pavilion:

"That was a *pretty* good one."

"Yes, it was a sneezer," replied the other grimly as he inwardly hoped to repeat it—which he did, for it was his day and he had found his spot.

I have been told by grumblers in the pavilion—and what pavilion is free from them?—of county teams without a single man born in the county. Having myself studied the pages of Wisden, I can assert that I have never come across such a side. Worcestershire, when rather short of Fosters, has occasionally shown a somewhat large majority of residents over natives in the composition of its eleven, and Leicestershire owes something to the acquired nature, as Messrs. de Trafford, V. F. S. Crawford, with Whiteside and Gill, amongst others, are thus supplied.

At one time it looked as though Australian cricketers tried to obtain places on tours to this country in order to settle down to qualify here. That, however, was a passing phase, for after the complete failure of Mr. J. J. Ferris in county cricket when representing Gloucestershire a marked abatement was to be noticed. It is, however, no secret that inducements were held out to Mr. Victor Trumper to stay among us; but it is curious that the bulk of those professionals who, born in Australia, qualified for our counties have not participated in Colonial tours. An amusing incident, now probably forgotten, happened in 1878 when the first Australian team was playing at Lord's and Gloucestershire at the Oval: Dr. E. M. Grace and Dr. W. G. Grace swooped down on Midwinter, the giant Colonial, and triumphantly bore him off in a four-wheeler to represent the county. Among Australians who have played for Universities, counties, or in other first-class fixtures on English sides, may be mentioned Messrs. F. R. Spofforth (Derbyshire), C. W. Rock (Cambridge and Warwickshire), J. J. Ferris (Gloucestershire), R. C. Ramsey (Cambridge and Gentlemen), H. H. Massie (Gentlemen *v.* I *Z.*), H. Hale (Gloucestershire and Cambridge), W. L. Murdoch (Sussex), R. J. Pope, G. L. Wilson (Sussex and Oxford), S. M. J. Woods (Cambridge and Somersetshire), Dr. R. Mac Donald (Leicestershire), L. O. S. Poidevin (Lancashire), as well as Midwinter (Gloucestershire), Tarrant, Trott, Roche, Phillips (Middlesex), O'Halloran (M.C.C.), Dwyer (Sussex), Cuffe (Worcestershire), and Kermode (Lancashire).

Some in the foregoing list will never be forgotten as long as cricket is played, and it will be universally hoped that Mr. W. R. Murdoch, who last summer averaged 45 at Repton, will in first-class company prove "a chip of the old block," and for his father's sake he is sure to get a full trial at Cambridge. It is only right that the sons and brothers of great cricketers should be repeatedly tried, cases in point being Messrs. W. G. Grace, junr., G. N. Foster, R.A. Studd, A. H. Hornby, and E. Rowley, some of whom have done extremely well. Of course in the case of Mr. C. L. Townsend, the son has proved of finer cricket mettle than his father, Mr. F. Townsend, who was a capital bat in the days when the Graces and Gloucestershire seemed more inseparably associated than the Fosters and Worcestershire are to-day.

There is no need to tell tales out of school how fathers have at times tried to barter with committees that if their sons play for the county they should be provided for. Just as a few schoolmasters owe their billets to their skill in cricket, so a very few amateurs have obtained excellent positions because they happened to be adepts in the game; but it must be borne in mind that in nearly every case

they have proved worthy of the offices in which they found themselves, and merit has justified what was first given through enthusiasm for their prowess. On the whole a considerable percentage of prominent men have been in their time enthusiastic cricketers, and many an earnest worker has all his life been strengthened because for a longer or shorter time he has participated in first-class fixtures.

One of the least conventional appearances by qualification was that of Alfred Shaw for Sussex. He himself wrote: "It must have seemed strange to the cricketing public that a man of fifty-two should, after seven years' absence from first-class cricket, reappear with an adopted county. It appeared strange to myself at the time, nor was it without some qualms of conscience that I donned flannels on behalf of a county in which I was not born." Yet that season, 1895, he headed the Sussex bowling averages with 41 wickets at a cost of a little over 12 runs each. One curious thing was that in the match in which he reappeared, *v.* Lancashire at Old Trafford, when Mr. W. Newham made a wonderful score of 110 right through the Sussex first innings, no one else obtained double figures until Shaw came in last and made 16, by his defence allowing the county secretary to run into the coveted century. When he and Walter Humphries started the bowling in one match in 1896, the united ages of the two in charge of the attack was one hundred. Even in the days of old Clarke such a record as this was probably not created in county cricket.

There is not the least doubt that Lockwood and Sharpe would have gone to Sussex instead of to Surrey had sufficient inducement been offered, but at that time Lord Sheffield wielded financial authority, and in the most sportsmanlike way he desired to train up Sussex-born men. Still, it is only just to Alfred Shaw's discrimination to ascribe to him the acquisition by the southern executive of Marlow, George Bean, Killick, and Relf. Three tables of qualifications having already appeared in this article; a fourth shall not be added for Sussex, though it might show nearly a baker's dozen; nor would Warwickshire, especially at the outset of its first-class career, fall much behind.

One of the landmarks in any vista of qualification must be the temporary excitement that was caused by the prospect of Mr. A. C. MacLaren throwing in his lot with Hampshire. Lancashire were, however, far too proud of the old Harrovian to let him go, in which they were more fortunate than Worcestershire, who had to see Mr. W. H. B. Evans appear in the southern side. In recent years it is a nice point whether Gloucestershire, Middlesex, or Hampshire have played a greater number of individuals; but whereas the two former

in August at least have regular sides, the Hampshire eleven seems almost kaleidoscopic in its variations. Braund's possibly offers the very best illustration of a deliberate and thoroughly justifiable transference. As had been the case with Brockwell, Braund for a long while hung on the fringe of the Surrey eleven, and in his instance there seemed no possibility of getting a permanent place. A selection committee naturally prefer trying a colt to giving a further trial to a man whose capacity they consider has been more or less approved in previous summers. Few things are so difficult as to judge comparative merit in cricketers not yet accustomed to play under first-class conditions.

Rhodes and Cordingley were both brought up to Lord's in May 1898, and the Hon. F. S. Jackson had a few balls from each to see which should be given the last place for Yorkshire *v.* M.C.C. He selected Rhodes, though not then foreseeing what a gap lay between him and the other. Sussex eventually effected a transfer of the latter, but without satisfactory result. The old Surrey selection committee have before now heard some severe rebukes, but it would be extreme to lay to their charge heavy blame in the case of Braund. There are often on the fringe of county cricket youngsters who can field smartly, make a few runs in good style, and bowl a bit. Occasionally one seems to obtain that almost indefinable *something* which makes him first-class. Many transfers are effected in the hope of finding this. In Braund's case, as in that of Lees, eventual triumph rewarded the county with the foresight and the available cash.

Other colonies besides Australia have given England a goodly quota of cricketers. The West Indies claim Mr. P. F. Warner, and during the tour of 1900 in this country the side was much disappointed at his not assisting them on an occasion when he had three spare days. After that tour, Mr. Ollivierre remained in England to support Derbyshire. He was by general consent the best bat, and in 1904 he headed the county averages, scoring 321 for once out *v.* Essex. Few batsmen are more essentially hard-wicket cricketers. South Africa gave Hampshire Llewellyn, a cricketer who at first seemed another George Lohmann; but, perhaps slightly too sensitive for the struggle, almost too keen for the fray, his subsequent all-round form has fallen below the standard he himself gave us reason to anticipate. Mr. R. O. Schwarz, of course, learnt his cricket at St. Paul's, but it is permissible to say that he evolved his swerves from his own intuition after seeing those of Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet. To call him a slavish imitator would be to detract from his marked originality. Few brighter bats come into county cricket the holiday time than Mr. C. O. H. Sewell, who never found the transference from matting to grass wickets affecting his vivacity

as a run-getter. It is a matter for regret that his name has not figured in representative matches. In the series of Test Matches just played in South Africa, Vogler, who has represented the Colonies, is qualifying for Middlesex.

It must not be forgotten that change of county among amateurs is due to the fact of their cricket being an agreeable feature in an existence which has necessitated a transference of residence. An illustration is afforded by the case of Major Hedley, R.E., who has represented Kent, Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Hampshire in the course of his military occupations. The only amateur in modern cricket who has played for four first-class counties is Mr. G. N. Wyatt, who has turned out for Kent, Gloucestershire, Surrey, and Sussex. In the days before the restriction was so careful, Southerton, for example, must have played for nearly all the southern shires. Lord Dalmeny, M.P., is the youngest cricketer who has represented three counties, as he appeared for Bucks, Middlesex, and Surrey before he was twenty-three. The late Mr. J. S. Russel told me that he fancied his own case was unique, for he had in turn played for the Gentlemen of Ireland, the Gentlemen of Scotland, and the Gentlemen of England. A certain laxity has always been shown in making up Scotch teams against the Australians; for example, in 1880 the present Lord Darnley, then playing for Kent, and Mr. A. G. Steel, then representing Lancashire, both played at Edinburgh, whilst last summer Lord Dalmeny added yet a fourth to his geographical appearances, and Mr. Gregor MacGregor, the Middlesex captain, kept wicket, under the birth qualification of course.

Others who have played for three counties are Rev. R. T. Thornton (Devonshire, Kent, and Wiltshire), Messrs. A. H. Heath (Gloucestershire, Middlesex, and Staffordshire), J. Cranston (Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire), A. P. Lucas (Surrey, Middlesex, and Essex), G. W. Hillyard (Middlesex, Herts, and Leicestershire), O. G. Radcliffe (Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and Wiltshire), G. Strachan (Gloucestershire, Surrey, and Middlesex), with S. F. Barnes (Warwickshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire), Bowley (Northants, Surrey, and Dorsetshire), F. H. Sugg (Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire), Hallam (Leicestershire, Lancashire, and Notts), and Diver (Surrey, Warwickshire, and South Wales, having been born in Cambridgeshire). It is noticeable that of these only four were chiefly valued for their bowling. Of the twelve, four have been chosen for England, and the majority have at one time or another figured in Gentlemen *v.* Players, whilst Mr. A. P. Lucas, Mr. O. G. Radcliffe, and Barnes have been on tour in Australia.

Considerable research has revealed no previous attempt to deal

with a topic that is always with cricketers. If a freshman at a University shows promising form it is wonderful how quickly he is snapped up by some county. When Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower was at Oxford, he had practically his choice to throw in his lot with Kent or Surrey, with what seemed reversionship of either county captaincy. It has also been told me—I know not with what accuracy—that before Northamptonshire became first class efforts were made to purchase the services of Thompson on behalf of a county further south. Certainly that professional had no reason to complain that his cricket was not appreciated, a remark also applying to the late Mr. Lucius Gwynne and Mr. Ross from Ireland. Still, these are exceptions, and it is only natural that for representative cricket those accustomed to participate in big matches should have the preference. When in England Mr. F. H. Bohlen, the American bat, has often played for M.C.C.; and the great Australian Mr. H. H. Massie appeared in the Jubilee Match of I Zingari.

From an Australian correspondent comes the story—judging by form it must be fable—that in March 1905, when Mr. P. H. Newland sailed for England, he is reported to have observed that possibly he might settle down if some county wanted him over here. Even to have brought him as reserve wicket-keeper shows how seriously the colonial managers under-estimated our standard with the gloves. Certainly no second eleven would find a place for "the stumper from Adelaide." Mr. Kelly's marvellous immunity from injury had materially jeopardised the repute of Mr. A. E. Johns in this country, but last tour it undoubtedly contributed to stave off disaster.

If natural curiosity was baffled over the details of the meeting of the Advisory County Committee at Lord's on March 27, it is only right and proper that the proceedings should be private, in order that the delegates can fearlessly and frankly express their views without fear of misrepresentation through compulsory abbreviation in reporting. In the official minutes, however, it is stated that the revision of the rules concerning qualification was discussed and the whole matter referred to the M.C.C. committee with a request to them to revise them where necessary. This is a most sensible course of action, and the present article, whilst reviewing the recent aspect of this topical subject, in no way endeavours to decide what is now *sub judice*. On the whole it may be said that among a large percentage of good an occasional leaven of evil creates a disproportionate amount of friction which some more stringent legislation is calculated to arrest; but qualification remains a most difficult problem.

FALCONERS AND ATTENDANTS

FALCONRY IN THE FAR EAST

BY F. J. NORMAN

JUDGING by the amount and character of the literature they possess, falconry must have been held in notably high repute by the Japanese at no very distant date. But, like so many other things Japanese, this grandest of all old sports is now pretty nigh defunct among them, and for this there can be little doubt the revolution of 1868 is mainly, if not entirely, responsible. For as it brought about the abolition of the feudal system, so long in vogue in that country, it also brought about the abolition of those chances for a country life the nobles of Japan once enjoyed, and without which this sport can never be pursued aright. Many of the older nobles and *samurai*, however, still keep hawks; but more, I fancy, because of the atmosphere of romance and chivalry encircling the bird than for any more tangible purpose.

The illustrations accompanying this article were taken from an old dado or frieze, depicting the tale of a day's hawking in Japan of the Tenmei *era, or in other words of the early part of the eighteenth century. The artist responsible for the work was one Okio, and quite a famous man of his time. Though stained and worm-eaten, the colours on the scroll, some thirty or more feet in length, are still marvellously fresh and beautiful.*

One such old friend of mine, a great authority upon the pursuits and pastimes of the *bushi*, or warrior class of old Japan, who went in very extensively for rockwork in his garden, used to keep a magnificent specimen of a large fish-hawk, or osprey, tethered to a huge boulder of granite that projected over his ornamental waters. The effect, especially when his tame carp and tortoise were driven past the base of the rock, was really superb. The fierce and wild excitement of the bird, and the attitudes that excitement induced it to strike, were an ever-fruitful source of interest to the dear old man; for, though more than usually well endowed with this world's wealth, he was an artist by occupation, and one, moreover, who devoted his whole time and attention to

A NOBLEMAN'S CORTÈGE

the depicting of hawks and eagles alone. Seated in his little studio, the most elaborately rustic affair imaginable, he would study, brush in hand, every move of the bird, and when something particularly striking took his fancy it was immediately, and with rare skill and rapidity, transferred to his Japanese equivalent of a canvas. The result was, as will be understood by anyone possessing the slightest knowledge of Far Eastern art, that my old friend's hawks and eagles simply lived upon his canvases; and, though I often examined his sketches, I never saw two of them representing a hawk in exactly the same position; and yet one often hears people declare that Japanese art is conventional and untrue to nature.

Other old friends of mine also kept hawks—men of the same good old school in contradistinction to the o'er pushful and too often anything but interesting species who now rule and guide the destinies of their native land, but who, while they undoubtedly have contributed much towards its advancement along worldly lines, have, on the other hand, left undone much that helped to make the Japan of their fathers' days, if not actually the land of chivalry, at least so of romance and interest. But it was my grand old

FALCONERS

hatamoto, or retainer-noble of the Tokugawa clan, who taught me all I ever learnt about falconry as it was pursued in Japan, and, it may also be added, about many other no less interesting subjects pertaining to the sports, manners, and customs of its people. Just how we drifted into friendship I can scarcely say; for, like the majority of his fellow-countrymen, my old friend was by no means a lover or admirer of Western folk. I met him first, if I remember aright, at a semi-private fencing tourney in which I had been

invited to take a part ; and it was perhaps that fact, and that I had spent some years in India prior to my arrival in Japan, that attracted his attention towards me. For I must here explain that all Japanese take a keen interest in everything relating to India ; and no wonder, considering the great benefits that have been conferred upon their country by the introduction of Buddhism into it. It not only made scholars and gentlemen of their old-time warrior class, but so softened and refined the amenities of life in old Japan that her artists now stand second to none in their own peculiar lines.

Inviting me to call upon him, I did so, and as I had seen a little hawking in India when acting as a sort of tutor-companion to

REFRESHMENT BY THE WAYSIDE

the late Maharana of Dholepore, we very naturally foregathered over the subject. From all he told me I judge the sport was introduced into Japan from China ; but, taking into consideration the enclosed and general woodland nature of the country prevailing in the former empire, I hardly think the Japanese were ever such keen or skilful falconers as the Manchus have always been, and undoubtedly are still. On the other hand, though necessarily based and built upon the same governing ideas, the hawking furniture my old friend used to take such a pride and delight in showing me was immeasurably superior to anything of the kind I ever saw in China. Being

an exotic sport, however, only the highest classes in Japan could ever have gone in for falconry, while from what I have seen even the poorest of the poor pursue it at times in China, at least in Northern China. There lived, for instance, close to the old observatory in Peking, which the "mailed-fist" expedition of Germany so ruthlessly destroyed, an old Manchu bannerman; and though one of the dirtiest individuals I ever came across, he was without doubt as keen and skilful a falconer as ever lived. That his methods were hardly of a high sporting order may be inferred from the fact that he flew his birds for profit, and I have seen him bring to bag no fewer than five or six pigeons within the space of that

HURRYING TO THE SCENE OF ACTION

half-hour immediately prior to and following the setting of the sun, during which all sensible birds are hieing themselves home to their roosting places. He would station himself on the Tartar city wall, just behind the parapet and close to one of the embrasures, and when a homeward-bound blue-rock came within reach he would literally hurl his hawk at it. How that bird, a species of sparrow-hawk, recovered his wing in time to make good his grip on his quarry (for a strike in the ordinary sense of the term it certainly was not) was always a wonder and surprise to me. But he had other methods also, and certainly not the least interesting was the way he flew a tiny hobby at such small game as sparrows, linnets, and hoopoes. Seeing, say, a sparrow, he would stalk it till he came within some

twenty paces from it; then, casting off his hobby—which I may here remark had a long, thin, and exceedingly light leash or guide-line of silk attached to its jesses—he would watch intently; and if in his opinion the quarry was likely to get away, he would check the flight of his little pet—and a jollier and dearer little pet in the shape of hawk's flesh surely never lived than that same little hobby.

That the Northern Chinese fly their birds at higher and nobler game than pigeons and sparrows I have also been witness of, for I once saw a hawking party of them kill a hare, and if necessities of travel and time had not prevented me I would doubtless have seen them kill some wild ducks. That they train falcons and eagles for

STALKING THE QUARRY

killing deer, foxes, and even wolves, there exists ample evidence to prove. Indeed, I believe I am not far out in stating that quite a large proportion of the smaller fur-bearing animals, such as silver foxes, sables, etc., which abound in the northern confines of the Chinese empire, are taken by Mongolian and Manchu hunters with the aid of falcons. With one of their trained eagles I once had quite an exciting five-minutes' adventure. I was walking home on top of the city wall at Peking, when all of a sudden I felt and heard a sort of soft, soughing wind overhead, accompanied by a faint tinkling; and there, poised in air, some eight or ten feet above me, was

the grandest specimen of bird life I had ever seen. That it was an escaped bird I saw at once, for it had both jesses and rings on its legs; but this fact was not quite so reassuring as it might be supposed. I am an old traveller, and have mixed much with all sorts of queer and rough folk, and in the courtyard of a Hyderabad sirdar I once saw a bearkute, that giant eagle of Central Asia, attack and demolish a big pariah dog. The absurd ease with which it did this last, and the awful tearing wounds it inflicted upon the poor beast, showed only too well what a very nasty customer an eagle would be to a man if it but attacked him in real earnest. Backing into the parapet and with eyes fixed on the bird, I awaited developments:

A GOOD CAST-OFF

fortunately, however, these were of anything but a disagreeable nature. For, flying some fifty yards further on, the bird landed upon the wall; but when I advanced and came within a few paces of it away it flew, perching at last on top of one of the great gateways. Just how to describe it is an impossibility, for it was late in the evening and quite dark, and I was perhaps more engaged with the idea of capturing it than anything else.

To revert, however, to the subject of falconry in Japan. The Japanese appear not to have gone in much for eyesses, for of keeping

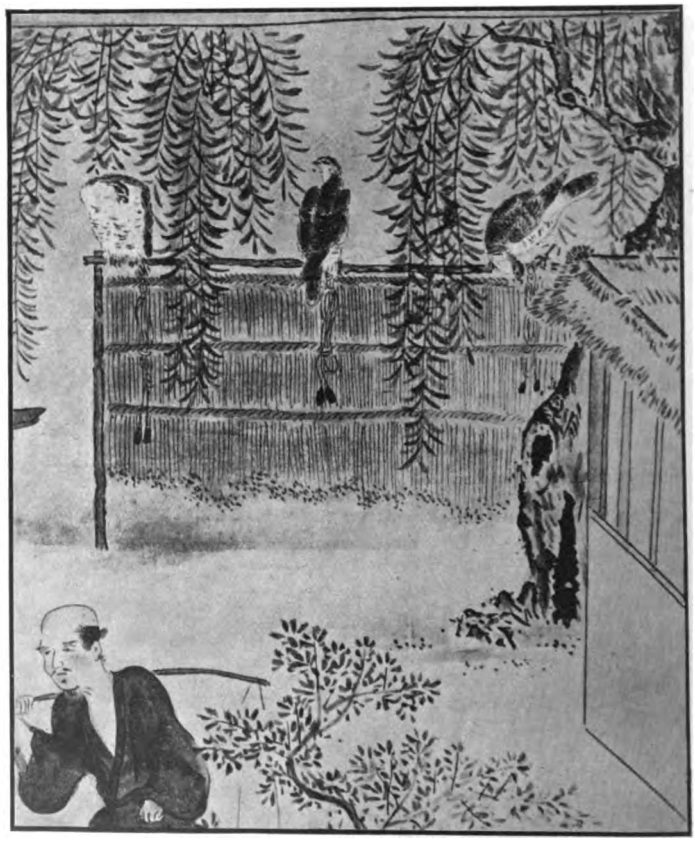
them on hack they seem to have known nothing, and so we may conclude the majority of birds they possessed were passage-hawks. Some few of these were apparently imported from China, others from Korea, but they generally came from the most northerly of the islands that then went to make up the Japanese empire. *Mochi*, that wonderfully effective Japanese equivalent of our bird-lime, evidently played a leading part in the capture of these passage-hawks, but nets and traps were also employed for this purpose. As they always kept their birds weathered in quarters lying in close conjunction with their household offices, in full view of everything that went on in them, their hawks were rendered remarkably tame.

A KILL

This weathering, or tethering of the birds in the open, was carried out as follows:—Their screen-perches were hurdle-like fencings made of slender twigs of heather, with a pole of rough timber running along the top, or perch side, and their block-perches were more often of stone than wood. That the first were just as effective as our canvas-screens for the purpose they were meant for there can be no doubt; and as for the second they would appear to have been infinitely superior to our wooden block-perches, for a hawk could literally manicure its talons upon one of them. Both styles of perches were easily removable, but under no conditions were they

ever placed under a roof, the Japanese believing in an altogether out-of-doors life for their birds.

As regards the tackle they used, it necessarily differed but little in design from that which has been so long in use in Europe, and it may also be said in other parts of Asia too, but with them silk was as often employed as leather for the making of it. Their jesses were in all essentials identical with ours, but their leashes were always of

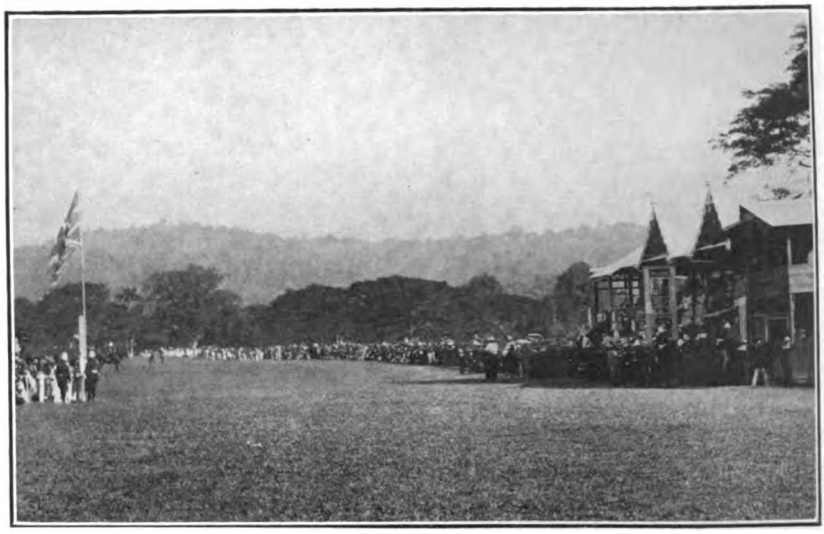


FALCONS WEATHERING

silk, and the only way in which their hoods differed from ours was in the extra amount of finish and ornamentation. Indeed, I feel sure the now famous Dutch hood is of Japanese design (for the fact must not be lost sight of that for close on two centuries the Dutch were the only outside people, with the exception of some few Chinese, who had any dealings with the Japanese), it being too like it to be of a distinctly different origin.

Unlike the Chinese and other people, the Japanese appear not to have gone in very extensively for rings or bells for their hawks and falcons, though they were, if anything, more prone than others to the decking them out with tassels of silk and other ornamentations. Apropos of this subject of bells and rings it may interest people at home to know that the Pekingese, and I believe for the matter of that other Chinese also, fasten little whistles on the wings of their favourite pigeons as a safeguard against hawks and other birds of prey. These whistles are of all shapes, and emit a wonderful variety of sounds, some shrilly penetrating, while others are softly flute-like. They are mostly made from tiny gourds, grown especially for the purpose, but some few from reeds, and are fastened to the outside of the pigeon's wings.

FALCONER AND PEASANT



QUEEN'S PARK RACE TRACK AND STAND

(Photograph by Whiteman, Port of Spain, Trinidad)

RACING IN THE WEST INDIES

BY CAPTAIN W. J. P. BENSON

Of all the islands of the West Indies, horse-racing thrives only in Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, Grenada, and St. Lucia. Each island has its own Jockey Club, or Turf Club, or Racing Association. In Jamaica there are four distinct associations, in Grenada two, in Trinidad two of any importance, though there are one or two minor ones; in Barbados one, and one also in St. Lucia. They are practically limited liability companies—at least, in Jamaica they are—each with a committee making its own rules, and electing its stewards, judge, starter, clerk of the course, etc., for each meeting. English Jockey Club rules are adhered to in the main, with certain additions and alterations to suit the local conditions. The decision of the local stewards is final, there being no body like our Jockey Club which governs the rules of racing and to which appeals can be made.

The "roar of the ring" is unknown in these Isles of the West. "Even money the field!" "Two to one bar one!" and "Four to one bar two!" would be Greek to the average West Indian. He is content with his Totalisator or Pari-Mutuel, and he "backs his fancy" for a win only, as place-betting is as unknown as the bookmaker.

The jockeys are, with one or two exceptions, coloured; and they ride more with their heels than their heads. All the courses are circular, and vary from six and a half furlongs to a mile and a quarter in circumference.

Jamaica, as possessing the best class of horses, stands foremost. As I have already stated, there are four racing associations in Jamaica, of which the Kingston Race Stand Company is the oldest. Two meetings of two days each are held under its auspices, in August and December, the latter being the principal fixture. The public have free access to the course, which has an excellent grand

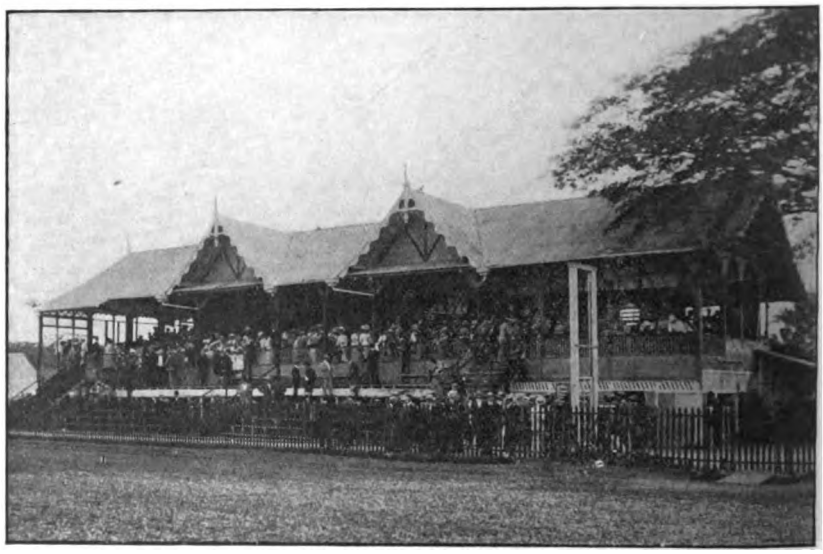
BRIGHT DAY, A NATIVE-BRED RACEHORSE—JAMAICA, B.W.I.
(Photograph by A. Duperly and Sons, Kingston, Jamaica)

stand. The newly-formed Jamaica Jockey Club holds two meetings, one at Easter and the other on November 9 and 10, at Cumberland Pen, an enclosed course with capital going. The Jamaica Turf Club holds a meeting at Kingston on Whit-Monday. They rent the Kingston Race Stand Company's premises. There is also a small meeting at Montego Bay, in the middle of August, under the auspices of the St. James Jockey Club.

The majority of the races are handicaps open to horses of all ages and heights, and the original weights hold good, despite

non-acceptances. In weight-for-age races the English Jockey Club scale is used; there is also an allowance of 4 lb. for every half-inch under 14.2 hands. The penalties are 3 lb. for first win, 7 lb. for the second win, and 10 lb. for the third, though these weights are sometimes altered to 3 lb., 5 lb., and 7 lb. respectively. At the December meeting of the Kingston Race Stand Club there are two two-year-old races for horses bred in the island, weight for age and penalties, the distance being one mile. The Governor also gives a cup at this meeting.

Jamaican horses are faster, of greater stamina, and better-looking than any in the other islands. They are the progeny of



THE GRAND STAND, QUEEN'S PARK, PORT OF SPAIN

(Photograph by Jacobsen, Port of Spain, Trinidad)

imported English sires, and generally of imported English mares, all thoroughbred. These animals are severely handicapped in the other islands, having to give 14 lb. to Creole horses (by Creole is meant horses and ponies foaled in the West Indies, and British Guiana, barring Jamaica). Jamaican ponies and half-bred Jamaican horses allow Creoles 7 lb. The principal owners in Jamaica are Mr. E. Verley, Mr. J. V. Calder, Mr. A. Henrique, and Mr. Leahong, who train their own horses.

In Trinidad there are two racing associations, the Trinidad Turf Club and the Arima Turf Club. The latter holds a two days' meeting in August or September of each year on the Arima savannah. The former and more important club holds two

meetings of two days each in July and December, on the beautiful savannah at Queen's Park, Port of Spain. It is difficult to imagine anything more lovely than the look-out from the grand stand: the wide savannah, bordered by trees which half conceal the white and delicately-tinted façades of the beautiful West Indian houses; here and there, bright spots amidst the green, are splashes of the bright scarlet flowers of the flamboyant trees; then away in front, rising, it would seem, from the edge of the savannah, are high verdure-clad hills, the whole surmounted by a sky of wonderful blue.

The class of horses in Trinidad, whilst not so good as in Jamaica, is nevertheless not to be despised. There are weight-for-

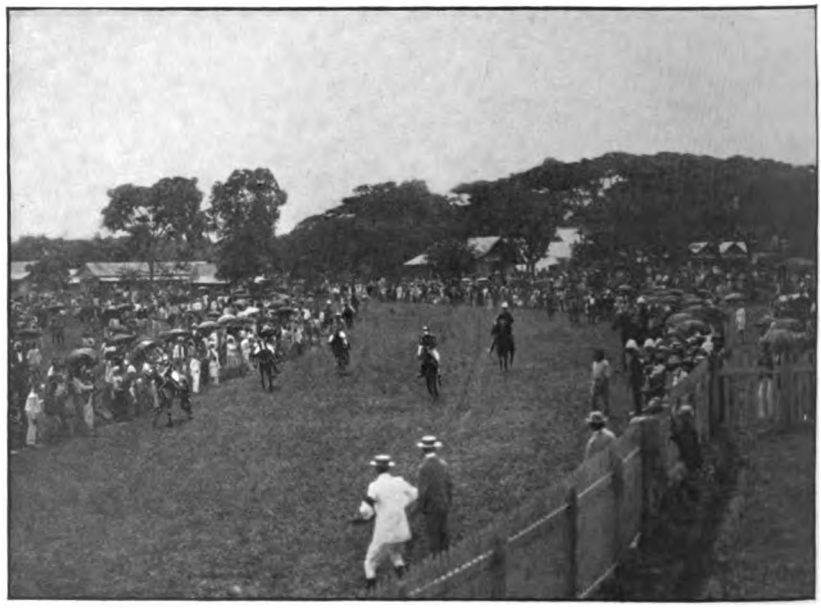
THE PADDOCK, QUEEN'S PARK, PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD TURF CLUB
(Photograph by Jacobsen, Port of Spain, Trinidad)

age and weight-for-height races, and handicaps open to all horses. The Trinidad Turf Club Stakes is generally worth some £400, of which $200 goes to the owner of the second horse. The Club Handicap is rarely worth less than £250, with $100 for the second horse. Both these races take place at the December meeting. A gentleman's ticket admitting to the race stand for two days costs £1, and ladies are admitted for 5s. The public have free access to other parts of the course. The principal owners are Messrs. Borde, G. M. Boyack, E. A. Robinson, and Dr. Farnum.

In Barbados a new Barbados Turf Club has just been founded, under whose authority a two days' meeting is held in

June and December. The rules and conditions of racing are practically the same as in Trinidad, and this applies also to Grenada and St. Lucia. The principal owners are Messrs. D. C. Da Costa junior, J. Crawford, and E. A. Goodridge.

The jockeys are mostly native, with one or two "Indians," and one English jockey, Payne by name, an apprentice from Alec Taylor's stable. He has raced in Demerara, Trinidad, Grenada, and St. Lucia, generally getting all the principal mounts. He is streets ahead of any other jockey. The Governor of the island generally gives a cup, as also do Mr. Bert de Lamarre (the Colony's



A FINISH—TRINIDAD TURF CLUB RACES

(Photograph by Jacobsen, Port of Spain, Trinidad)

Cup) and Mr. Martinez. The club has its own stand, but other temporary stands are erected by private individuals and speculators.

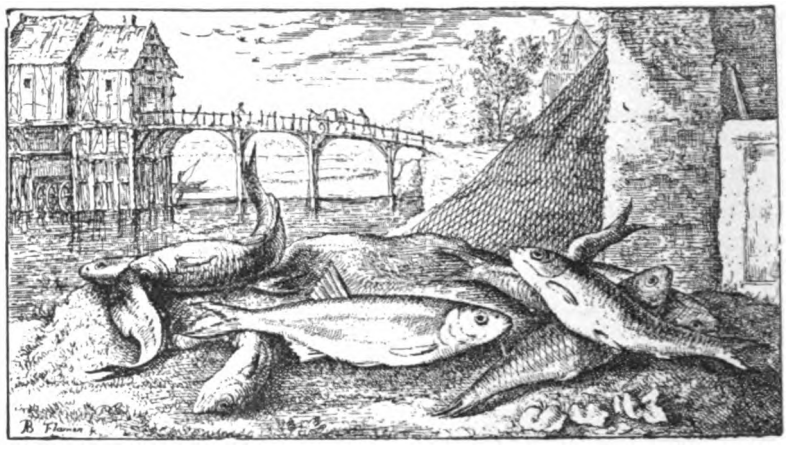
The Grenada Race Club and St. Andrew's Racing Club are the two racing associations of the beautiful Isle of Grenada. The former has a large and influential membership, and is the result of the efforts of Mr. E. M. de Freitas. Prizes are given both for native and imported ponies, and the Governor gives a cup. They have only one meeting a year, and that generally in May. There is great rivalry between this club and the St. Andrew's Racing Club. The old St. Andrew's Club was, prior to Mr. E. M. de Freitas's famous challenge, the only racing club

in the island; but it had been defunct some time when in 1904 the club was reconstituted, and is now, thanks to Mr. H. Astley Berkeley, the hon. secretary of the club, in a most flourishing condition.

Just a word as to the best time to visit the West Indies: In the winter, when the raw, damp cold and the choking, blinding fog can be exchanged for the azure skies, the dry atmosphere, the warmth,

LITTLE SISTER, WITH TEMPLETON GALT UP
(Photograph by Jacobsen, Port of Spain, Trinidad)

the tropical glories of "those blest isles" in the Caribbean Sea. It is a delightful voyage out from Southampton, the morning of the twelfth day sees one at Barbados, and the next morning at Trinidad, where cruising yachts are awaiting the arrival of the English mail, to carry passengers to all the other islands. Pleasure? Indeed, yes! If you have never been to the West Indies, there is a treat in store for you.



FLIES—FACTS AND FANCIES

BY CLIFFORD CORDLEY

THE much-threshed but not completely garnered question of artificial flies for angling, we may, for convenience, regard from two broad and utterly opposite standpoints: that of the deceiver, and that of the attractor. The former professes to—strives to—imitate nature; the latter relies chiefly upon the presentment of a gaudy lure, semblant of nothing in creation, or of something unseasonable.

The disquisition following, though applying generally to salmon, grayling, chub, and indeed all fish which feed either wholly or in part upon insects, is designed mainly for the consideration of fly-fishers for common trout (*Salmo fario*).

We will begin by regarding the position as it might be stated by one of the "chuck-and-chance-it" school. This witness depones that, at the time when most trout are caught—when streams are voluminous and tinged with fulvous or rufous hues—the water is in such a state that the fish cannot distinguish anything more than a general form. The trout perceives something fall on the water, supposes it to be a fly (or something edible), darts forward to seize it, under the impulse of appetite, and waits not to scrutinise the species. After a few casts, the deceptive lure, however neatly dressed, bears but a very remote resemblance to its pretended prototype; and it is questionable whether a trout, when the water is at all

discoloured, or ruffled by a breeze, can distinguish the colour of the fly which he prehends. The old maxim, that "to catch trout the flies ought to be dressed exactly in imitation of such natural insects as are then to be found near the water," has no foundation in truth; for most trout are caught by simulated flies which least resemble such as are found in nature. The prime object is to have flies formed of materials that are of the least possible weight, and do not absorb much water; and the smaller they are (generally), provided the hook will bear the weight of the fish and carry out the gut, so much the better. Salmon have been killed on a midge, and trout creeled with a fly—if fly it could be called—formed of the leaf and yellow blossom of the broom.

Let any angler who puts faith in the maxim above noticed look at one of his resplendent flies when wet, through a large glass of rather clouded water in a state of motion, and let him distinguish his favourite bits of green, blue, and yellow, if he can; then let him show his book of pretended fac-similes to an entomologist, and it will certainly puzzle the learned *savant* to decide their species.

Again, take any standard fly, whether designed as an imitation of a natural, or a nondescript "fancy" confection. Take a red-spinner, a Wickham, a cinnamon, or a grannom. Get a specimen of one of these from half-a-dozen different shops, and you will have six marked variants of the same (presumed) article.

Let us put into words the opinions of another infidel, or unorthodox practitioner. The anxiety which the great majority of anglers manifest to obtain possession of the counterfeit of the particular insect on the water—ransacking their voluminous books for the nearest resemblance to it, under a notion that nothing but a near resemblance will take fish—is in general unnecessary and vain; any other fly in the wallet being at the moment probably as good and effective, although having little similarity (or being, indeed, antithetically dissimilar) to the particular natural insect that is then out. It is to be contended that if a party of anglers go out together, on neighbouring streams, or on various portions of the same stream, being equally skilful, careful, and persevering, they shall all take fish, nor shall any one of them in a marked degree surpass the others, although each man may have been obtruding flies unlike those of his fellows. It may be laid down that to adopt any specific fly at one season of the year, and to reject it at another, is to show much more nicety and discrimination than the fish ordinarily do themselves. The fact is that fish attack almost everything that has life, or the appearance of life; a proof of this being furnished by cutting open the distended stomach of

a feeding trout, which will be found to contain every variety of aliment that the water affords him.

To the postulate above advanced, there may be the exception of the may-fly, drake, or *Ephemera vulgata*, at the end of May and the beginning of June, as regards some, but not all, waters. Even then, however, trout have been found to rise at duns, caperers, hare's ears, quill gnats, yellow sallies, and what not "oddments."

Take a personal experience. Once, late in the may-fly season, when great numbers of drakes, apparently in almost a lifeless state, were on the water, the trout, glutted by its abundance, wholly rejected the artificial presentment of the dainty in question. I put on a coch-y-bonddu, which was taken freely.

Let us hear another Philistine. This man tells us, in effect, that most anglers, including old hands, have their pet "killers," the pattern of which they sometimes cherish as a profound and sacred mystery—as an heirloom. They will tell you that they have found it successful when all other lures have failed. Now, the fallacy of this argument lies in the fact that hardly any two sportsmen agree in the choice of their favourites, and that there are nearly as many of these wonder-workers as there are fishermen. The truth appears to be that the despised flies have been employed at times when the fish were not moving, and the one happening to be in use at the moment they began to sport achieved a factitious fame. Had the angler kept on with the fly that in a different period of the day was unsuccessful he would probably, nay, almost assuredly, have found it to answer as well as the other; and if his favourite had been in use on the former occasion it would have been numbered with the "also ran."

This question should be practically tested. "But who," you might demand, "would think of taking off a fly with which he was loading his creel, for the purpose of instituting a trial whether some other might not succeed equally?"

Well, for purposes of experiment, I have essayed quick-change movements. Only this spring, fishing a lovely streamlet in South Devon, I found the trout "going for" a blue upright freely and boldly. This was my stretcher. In place of it I put up a red-spinner; and still they came, like bull-dogs. Then, removing both blue upright and redspinner, I tossed to them a cast composed of three March browns; and until the sun began to sink towards the western heights the fish gaily attacked the March browns. They were feeding—"sporting"—"on the job."

Once more we hear, in paraphrase, the sentiments of an expert who has been consulted. This sportsman avers: With trout, you must be exact (more or less) as to colour, yea, shade; but in

making salmon-flies everything depends on the mode in which the materials are worked up; the appearance of life, which, from the manner in which the wings, in particular, are put on, is given in the motion we communicate by the play of the rod—the humouring. And as to size of trout-flies, save early and late, save in dull weather and dark water (it is a question of light), small flies are to be preferred. Large flies attract a fish's attention, perhaps induce him to rise, while it is the lesser ones that he inclines to mouth. When a fish rises he is more or less on the feed at that time, and perhaps at the moment when your fly engages his observation he is already half-satiated with other food. But supposing him to be commencing his meal, then, if we can argue from analogy, or judge by our own appetite—are not several small morsels more tempting than one large lump?

Audi alteram partem, briefly. Talk not to me (says "Verisimilis") of the same flies pleasing the trout from Lady Day to Michaelmas, much less of the futility of dressing your lures in imitation of nature. These are convenient doctrines for the bungler, the duffer, the sciolist, the tiro. It is true that in rough weather and agitated water, in good order after rain, when it is clearing, the colour of the fly matters less than wont; but the true angler must be prepared for all weathers and for all waters, in all states; for cloudless skies, staring sun, and pellucid streams; and then, if he has not the right fly, he may throw his arms off without the chance of a rise, or cast in his hat to save the precious contents of his book. His tackle must be of the finest texture, and his collar stained to harmonise with the element.

As regards the special mode of procedure upon small and rapid streams, such as the torrential waters of the moorland parts of Devon, Cutcliffe has laid down the leading principles for all time.

This high authority says: "As to the point of selection of the fancied fly, it appears the common belief that the trout are so extremely fastidious in the choice of their viands that for each particular meal, occurring at regular intervals, they demand some peculiarity in their food. . . . This view does certainly apply in some degree to the art of deceiving trout by artificial flies in ponds or any such deep and placid water; but as a principle to rely upon for success on rapid streams, is utterly fallacious, and the result of an imaginative theory, rather than correct deduction from observed facts. . . . In large and comparatively quiet rivers the number of trout is proportionately small as compared with the amount of food to be obtained; they have there less competition, less pressure of the necessity to race or struggle for every mouthful. . . . To capture such trout, we must make our baits as natural

as possible; imitate the exact fly which we have just seen one monster swallow; and avail ourselves of all favourable circumstances as regards wind, weather, and water.

"In stilly waters, we should rely upon the deceptive power of the fly, and judge of the value of flies by their representation and exactness of similitude to the natural insect. Whereas in rapid streamlets we should rely mainly on our mode of using the artificial fly, whose good qualities would consist in the greater conspicuity, provided such did not so far exceed the likeness of anything natural and edible as to repel rather than attract and allure the trout."

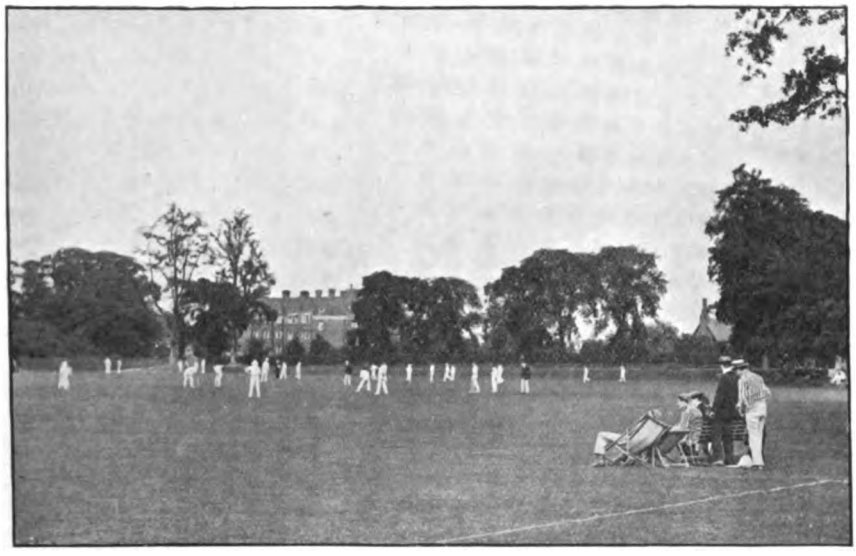
He sums up pretty much as under:—

Moorland trout, always necessarily in action, always wasting tissue, and compelled to snatch their food in frequent snacks rather than in occasional "square meals" or "blow-outs," are ever hungry—ever inclined to feed and "sport." When that which appears to be esculent comes within their reach, they must, perforce, seize it promptly, or lose it altogether, whence they have but very brief opportunity for discrimination.

Between two stools one falls; but between the two schools of fly theory there is safety. The one school consists of the imagists or deceivers, and the other of the iconoclasts or allurers. Taking this middle course, then, and summing up the position, that seems to be pretty much as follows:—

Doubtless trout are not such entomologists as to be able to distinguish every kind of pterous insect—Diptera, Aptera, Lepidoptera, Ephemera, etc.—that flutters upon and over the wave; nor are they such spoons as when feeding upon the luscious may-fly to take instead a lump of dubbing made up into a humble-bee bolus. This, then, may well be our practice: always to exhibit a fly made as nearly as possible in the likeness of current nature: for, if the fish care not that the fiction be closely resemblant of the fact, at least they cannot *object* to such similitude; and after all, when we have dubbed and warped, and furred, feathered, and tinselled to the utmost stretch of human skill and ingenuity, goodness knows that the handiwork is unlike enough to the living model.

There are, of course, contributory to success in angling with the fly, many points to be considered besides the lure—as the presentation thereof, the attitude and demeanour of the man behind the rod, and so forth; but these are beyond the scope and design of the present article on Flies.



THE PLAYING-FIELDS, SHREWSBURY, SUPPORTED OUT OF TUCK-SHOP PROFITS

(Photograph by W. D. Haydon)

EATING ONE'S CAKE AND HAVING IT

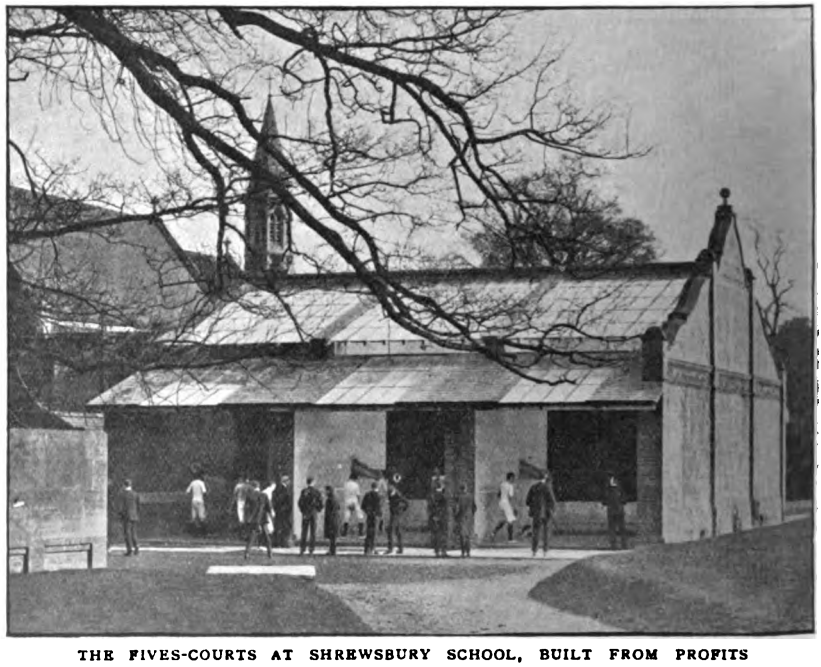
BY GEORGE A. WADE, B.A.

FOR long years one of the best-known maxims of the ordinary Englishman has been that "It's impossible to eat your cake and have it," but I think that when the reader has read this article he will certainly allow that the celebrated proverb is not exactly accurate to-day, whatever it may have been in times past. The maxim is open to all sorts of explanations and constructions, though everyone knows what is its meaning in the general sense. But one feature in the life of our chief schools will show it in a new light of which its originator never dreamt, and it can be clearly proved that it *is* possible to eat one's cake—in a very literal sense—and yet to have it, or what is quite equal to it in value.

Let me say at once that I am referring to the way in which the great public schools have dealt with the liking of boys for sweets, cakes, fruit, and other little luxuries. To meet this craving of the genus schoolboy nearly every big school has provided a "tuck-shop"

of its own, which not only supplies its boys, but often is patronised by masters and others. Some of the principal shops of this kind have been more than once described, and so we need not here go into any details of their appearance and arrangements, beyond showing more particularly the ingenious way they are managed, and the excellent results of such management.

It has been made a definite rule at most great schools that the profits derived from the confectioner's shop—which are often not by any means small—shall be apportioned annually to something or other connected with the games and sports of the school, which is



THE FIVES-COURTS AT SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, BUILT FROM PROFITS

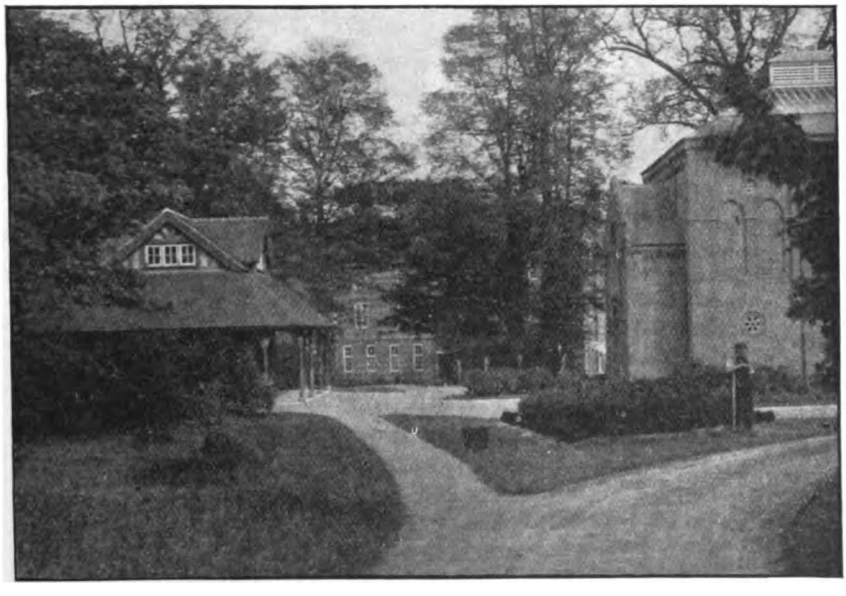
(Photograph by W. D. Haydon)

certainly a worthy way of dealing with them. One of the most successful of shops in thus helping athletics has been that at Haileybury. About £200 per annum has long been the amount of profit available for sport in various ways at this well-known school This large amount is doubtless due to the fact that masters and others largely deal at the place, owing to the lack of ordinary shops in the neighbourhood.

What has Haileybury done with this large sum each year? It can show very practical uses made of the money. One year several fives-courts were re-floored; another, many cricket pitches were

returfed; the next, a goodly sum was contributed towards buying bats, cricket-balls, footballs, etc. So that, both from the large annual profits it receives from the shop, and from the splendid use it makes of them, Haileybury may well be placed very high up on the list of those schools which have discovered the method of "eating one's cake and still having it."

At some schools the boys are not allowed to buy anything in the nature of confectionery anywhere else except at the appointed shop. Of course the profits available at those places are more than those at schools where the shop has not the same monopoly. The latter is the case obtaining at Marlborough for example. Marl-



THE SHOP, RADLEY COLLEGE, WHICH SUPPORTS THE SCHOOL GAMES

(Photograph by Warland Andrew, Abingdon-on-Thames)

borough boys are not obliged to spend their money at their own shop. But, though its profits are thereby lessened, the shop contributes some proportion annually towards the games-fund of the college. It is not easy, however, to get an average of what such sum amounts to each year, because the money thus supplied is not kept separate from the general funds available for games. Yet Marlborough has much to thank the shop for as she looks placidly over her wide playing-fields, and her Rugby football owes not a little to this source.

Shrewsbury is one of the finest examples of what good management can do in the way we are describing. No school has made

greater improvements on its playing-fields than Shrewsbury has done out of this fund. The famous school now located at Kingsland can boast that the provision of its new cricket-seats, the erection of its enlarged pavilion and fives-courts, are almost entirely due to the money thus obtained. Salopians not only patronise their own establishment for sweets, cakes, etc., but they patronise it well. Moreover they take a keen interest in the spending of the profits derived from the daily consumption of its dainties, and they are well backed up by their masters, who have drawn out some very salutary rules for conducting the business of the shop. One, to wit, that the shop is to be closed at least an hour before dinner. Thus is the greedy boy prevented from spoiling his appetite for that useful meal.

Cheltenham College does not give all the profits of its shop to the cause of athletics, but the major portion of them are thus allocated nevertheless. No exact account is kept, however, of the special uses to which that money is put as opposed to the other money contributed to the same fund from various sources. Yet the profits materially help forward the cause that all Cheltenham schoolboys have at heart, viz., the pre-eminence of their particular school over its chief rivals at cricket, football, racquets, or other sports.

Charterhouse, on the other hand, has pretty substantial results to show as evidence of how Carthusians spend their money at the celebrated sign of "The Crown." There is a very fine racquet-court at the Godalming school, which is always admired by visitors as well as by Old Carthusians. This court owes its origin to the funds provided by the popular establishment. Other equally substantial features to be seen on the playing-fields of Charterhouse, such as seats for cricket spectators, pavilion improvements, etc., have all sprung from the same source. Whilst most school shops are managed by a joint-committee of masters and upper-form boys, and others by school-monitors alone, "The Crown" has usually been solely under the direction of masters in the Charterhouse School. As to whether this system is quite as good as the other the writer does not care to express an opinion. But undoubtedly much success has followed the method in vogue at Godalming.

Malvern College might, perhaps, make more of its shop, if I may be allowed to say so. Neither in external appearance nor in its position is it singularly attractive, and the profits it derives are certainly used for the general benefit of the school. But I believe they are not wholly, nor even to any large extent, devoted to the furtherance of athletics and games at Malvern. It may be, of course, that there is no necessity for such procedure at this school—that I cannot

say. All I have to do here is to put before the reader how the chief schools are acting in this respect.

Radley College, on the contrary, spends all the money made out of the love of Radleians for sweets and cakes upon the improvement of the college playgrounds, and upon the aiding in divers ways of the various clubs for sports connected with the school. So charming is the park wherein Radley boys find recreation that one might well be forgiven for imagining that no improvements could be made there. Yet the college always finds uses for its shop profits in this way, and good uses too.

Winchester differs from most public schools in many things, so

"FIFTEENS" AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE—GAMES SUPPORTED BY THE SHOP

(Photograph by R. H. Northall, Winchester)

it will cause little surprise to find that with regard to its shop the same remark applies. This shop, for instance, stands in a public street of the old city; it is under the control of a joint-committee of masters and boys; it deals in eatables alone, and sells its goods to others besides the people connected with the school.

If a Wykehamist wants a toothbrush he cannot, as a Rossall boy can, buy it at the school shop. If he wants a jersey, the shop does not sell it. If he wants picture-postcards, stamps, etc., he must not, like the Christ's Hospital youth, go to the place of fruit, cakes, etc., for such things. His shop is managed on commercial principles,

contending with others in the same street. Part of its profits may be given to the funds for games at the school, but outsiders help to provide those profits as well as the Wykehamists themselves.

The 820 boys of the Bluecoat School are proud of their shop, and of what it has done to help them in their sports. They have every right to be so, for it is an excellent establishment, well designed and always well supplied. It has only one noticeable fault, viz., it is not nearly large enough for the purpose it has to serve, if one may judge from the crowd of shouting youths who ever seem to be trying to attract the attention of the folks behind the counter. Its profits are devoted to the upkeep and help of the twenty-four or more foot-

THE PLAYING-FIELDS, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL—KEPT UP OUT OF SHOP PROFITS

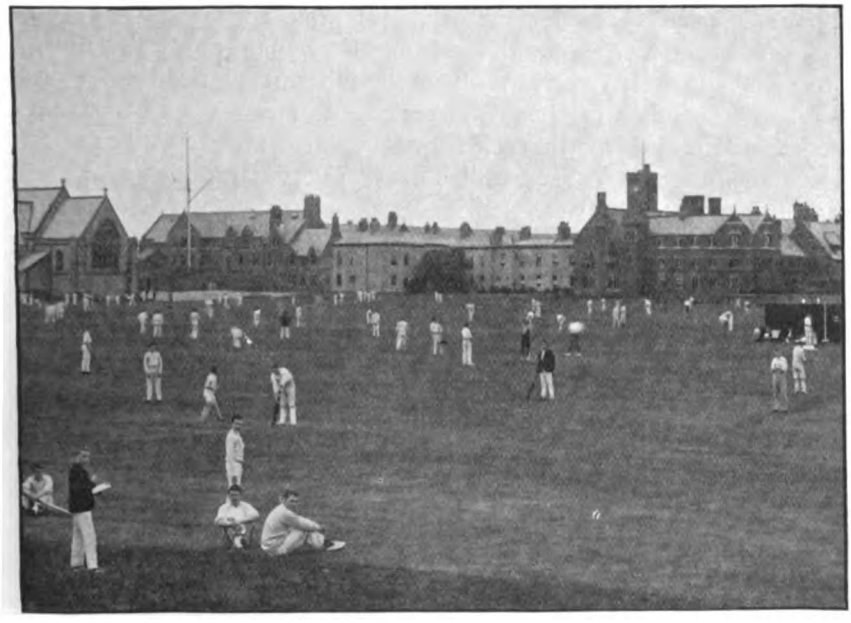
(Photograph by R. Jebb)

ball clubs, the thirty or so cricket clubs, and the twenty racquet courts, etc., that are connected with the immense establishment at West Horsham.

But the palm for success of its shop, considered from the point of view we have been discussing, viz., the utilisation of its profits, must surely be awarded to Bradfield College. Only read what the fine Berkshire school has done, and I do not think there will be much doubt as to your agreement with me. This shop has been conducted on co-operative principles since the year 1875, and its committee of management always includes a master and a prefect, who finance it, paying a woman a salary to attend to it. The following buildings and lands have been built or acquired for the use of the boys in sport solely from the money made out of the tuck-shop:—(1) A fives-

court, which cost about £500; (2) a pavilion which represents some £900, and a cricket field which will when finished have cost over £1,100, besides several large donations contributed towards the support of an extra cricket professional as coach from 1875 to 1905. Certainly the public school that can claim to equal, let alone surpass, Bradfield's record must be a marvel in the matter of having learned to eat its cake and still have it.

Although the famous "Sutcliffe's," of Westminster School, known and patronised for nearly a century by boys there, has had its old home destroyed in the march of progress that necessitated



THE PLAYING-FIELDS, ROSSALL SCHOOL—CRICKET AND FOOTBALL SUPPORTED BY THE SHOP

the building of new science rooms for the school, yet it still lives in the rooms adjoining the ancient porch that leads from Dean's Yard into Little Dean's Yard, and there it still makes its profit, and contributes a little towards the sports for which Westminster has long been noted. But it is far more a private affair than almost any other tuck-shop at a great school, doubtless owing to the long time that it has been held and managed by "Mother Sutcliffe" and her descendants.

Of all school shops, however, though some may make more profit, none supports bigger playing-fields and more area than does that of Wellington College. Here the shop is quite a large building (a great

contrast to that of Malvern College, stuck in its dark corner, or to the recently-moved "Sutcliffe's," which now basks in a dull room under the archway leading into Little Dean's Yard). The Wellington shop is an erection that the school may be legitimately proud of for its size and beauty, and all its profits go to support the 400 acres of college estate, which are really playing-fields, though twelve only are laid out for cricket, and sixteen solely for football.

So, as the reader must surely now acknowledge, we were not wrong in saying that it is really possible to "eat's one's cake and have it." These boys at our public schools have truly solved the problem. They spend their pocket-money in "sock," "tuck," "grub," or whatever they may call it; and they eat the cakes, fruit, or sweets, etc. Yet, all the same, they again enjoy the money thus spent in another way, and have the pleasure of spending it once more. As one famous head master said to me, "When our boys over-eat themselves at the tuck-shop, they are automatically providing a remedy for their disease!" That is a very happy epigrammatic way of putting the matter.

BOBBERY PACKS

BY CAPTAIN H. ROWAN-ROBINSON, R.G.A.

FOR the information of the uninitiated, Bobbery Packs may be defined as collections of dogs of any description whatever. The sole quality indispensable for membership is the sporting instinct, and that is but rarely wanting in the canine species. The word "Bobbery" signifies "wild," "untamed," and the packs to which it is applied are tireless in their endeavours to live up to their appellation. They are to be found in most stations in India, except in the Punjab, and manage to flourish notwithstanding the counter-attractions of polo and pigsticking. They may be divided roughly into two classes: subscription packs and non-subscription packs.

The former are generally maintained, at small expense, by the officers of a regiment or of a garrison. They are organised on regular lines, are controlled by a Master and whips, and the hounds dwell in "kennels." The pack usually consists of underbred greyhounds and a couple of terriers. Meets are held once or twice a week in cold weather, the hour varying with the sunrise. The authorised quarries are hares and jackals, but the industrious hounds are by no means inclined to work within such narrow limits. Buck, pig, cattle, poultry—all is grist that comes to their mill. It is busy work for the staff, whose time is occupied in hunting the hounds in more senses than one.

The greyhound hunts entirely by sight. The poorer class he is the better for this work; for, if speedy, he gives a "Jack" no chance, and runs are consequently very short. A hare affords the best sport. He takes a straighter line in the open Indian plains than in the more intersected home country, and I have had many a good forty-minute gallop after him in the early morning.

There used to be an excellent pack at Meerut which met once a week. Thursday was always the hunting-day, for it is recognised as a holiday throughout India in memory of the suppression of the Mutiny. We rarely went out without getting a run, though as often as not it was a run after the hounds to whip them off buck, which was sometimes a most exhausting process. They were an

disorderly crew, but we had great fun with them nevertheless. As a rule there was but little jumping—a few ditches and banks only; but the ground was trappy in places, and the percentage of falls was sufficient to keep up the necessary excitement. We used to get back about nine, fully equal to a hearty breakfast after three or four hours' exercise on a nippy morning.

The non-subscription pack is a more heterogeneous collection, kept by an individual for his own special amusement. All arrangements connected with it are of an informal nature. The owner is the Master, but there are no meets, no whips, and often no field. I was once the fortunate possessor of such a pack. It consisted of a lurcher, a bull-terrier, several other terriers of sorts, a dachshund, and a big upstanding cross between a setter and a greyhound. The last, whose name was Flo, was the pick of the basket; in fact, she and the dachshund were the only two who could follow a scent. At first, however, she *would* "set" every conceivable kind of bird, and it was long before she could be broken of the habit. When the quarry was started she would go quickly to the front, the rest of the pack streaming away hundreds of yards behind, the anxious endeavour of each being to keep the dog ahead in sight. The dachshund acted as whipper-in, and as he always kept the line the other dogs were able to turn to him for guidance, and so were never lost. Hercules was only an honorary member of the pack. He was a huge, bandy-legged, deep-chested bulldog, with bleary, pink-lidded eyes. Such a solemn person he was! Ordinarily we were a most merry little party, but when Hercules fell in and trotted along six inches behind my pony's near hind-leg, a gloom seemed to settle upon us all. It was as if an unpopular schoolmaster had insisted on walking out with his boys. Somewhere away back in the depths of his soul was a deep-rooted love of sport; for though we often went by devious ways to avoid him, he generally managed to join in, and then nothing would make him depart. I once brought out the best part of a leg of mutton in the hope that it would prove a counter-attraction sufficiently strong to detain him. He carried it along for some time and then dropped it, and when I next looked round the rest of the pack was a hundred yards behind worrying over the bone, but Hercules was steadily trotting along in his old place. The worst of it was that he was dreadfully slow and had no wind. He could not even keep up with the dachshund, the result of which was that, if there was any sort of a run, he was left miles behind, and I had to spend hours looking for him. Sometimes he was discovered in a state of complete collapse, and had to be carried home, but it never affected his keenness in the least. The bleary old face was certain to meet us next time we went out.

Sport was by no means good, but occasionally we had very fair runs. The total bag for the season was two jackals and one hare. The latter gave us a splendid gallop. Old Flo, working like the real good sort that she was, got in first, the lurcher had second worry, and the rest came up as fast as their legs would bring them, all immensely surprised and overjoyed at the success. Lastly Hercules waddled in and sank down quite exhausted by his super-canine exertions.

There were many blank days; but nearly every day, blank or not, was enlivened by a dog-fight. The hounds, bound by their common interest, never fought among themselves, but in every Indian village there is a contingent of pied-dogs—gaunt, savage, uncouth creatures, who rightly contested any invasion of their territories. These were queer battles; the forces of civilisation moved in a solid phalanx, for experience had taught them the danger of straggling. The savage enemy adopted guerrilla tactics, hung round the flanks and rear, and avoided close quarters. Yoicks, the bull-terrier, was the acknowledged pack-leader in the fight, and he marshalled his army like a true general. Nothing was done except on his initiative. He never attacked unless his opponents barred the way or were dangerously near his party. Then his stroke was sudden and decisive, and the order of march was resumed. In the midst of the riot and commotion Hercules moved undisturbed. He acted as a sort of central reserve, and as a rallying-point for the others in moments of danger. At such times he did his work quickly and quietly without any fuss, and then passed on. I think that the joy of battle was very dear to him, but he took his pleasures sadly. Thanks to Yoicks's generalship not a dog was lost, though all bore on their bodies the honourable scars of war.

The natives used to turn out in force to witness the spectacle, and seemed to enjoy it immensely. Attacks on their farms did not annoy them in the least, for they took an infinite pleasure in rendering bills as long as my arm for damages done. By the end of the season, however, the dogs were reduced to such excellent order that nothing would induce them to follow anything but legitimate game. It was sad to have to part with them all when I was ordered home, after the good days we had had together. Pony and dogs and man had lived their lives very near to each other, and the memory of those old friends will not easily die.

The pony deserves a special paragraph to himself. He was stud-bred, stood about fourteen hands, and was a perfect picture of a miniature hunter. Before buying I tried him most carefully, and found that he did not pull an ounce; but a few days afterwards when I let him out in a game of polo he took me off the ground and for

about three miles through sugar-cane as high as his withers. The dealer had dosed him with opium, a common trick with the natives in disposing of a puller. From that day on I never could hold him, although I spent hours with the saddler devising strange bits, and bought every anti-puller in the market. Eventually I gave up all hope of curing the vice, and let him pull to his heart's content in a plain snaffle. He was not a comfortable mount, but was a good jumper, and safe over bad ground. He only gave me two falls, and they were in very bad places into which he had carried me much against my will. I called him Placid Joe, after Mr. Goodhearted Green's re-christened Pull-devil-pull-baker, and, notwithstanding his eccentricity, got plenty of pleasure and an enormous amount of work out of him.

I wonder if I have been particularly unfortunate, or if it is one of the perplexing laws of nature that the soundness of a horse should be in inverse proportion to his other good qualities. Placid Joe was as sound as a bell, so was a jibber and so a slug that I possessed, and yet nearly every really well-mannered hunter or polo pony that has passed through my hands has grown dotty in the forelegs or developed some incurable ailment. This speculative mood also leads me to inquire how insurance is affected by the same laws. I bought a mare last year at Tattersall's, and insured her against death and against hunting accidents. Since then she has come unscathed through many a hard day with the hounds, but on three separate occasions has been lamed when out for quiet exercise. But I am wandering from the subject.

The only further experience with Bobbery Packs that came my way was at Rawal Pindi, where there are no hares, and jackal only frequent land that is quite unrideable. As there was a stretch of possible country some miles to the northward we decided to raise a pack and try a bagman. Master Jack arrived the night before the meet in a ventilated box, and it was arranged that one of the subalterns should drive him out in his trap. The idea was taken up with some enthusiasm, and at 7 a.m. on a cold winter's morning a large field and a motley pack were assembled at a place about eight miles away from the station; but unfortunately no jackal appeared. After standing about for an hour in a bitter wind the last hopes of his coming ebbed away, and horses' heads were turned disconsolately homewards. It was the one and only meet. A shamefaced subaltern told us the why and the wherefore when we returned. Just before starting he had thought it necessary to open the door of the box to make sure of the contents, when out jumped Master Jack, and away he went, and with him all chance of a Rawal Pindi Hunt. It was sad, for "the R. P. H." had sounded pleasantly in our ears.

BOOKS ON SPORT

SEVENTY YEARS' FISHING. By Charles George Barrington, C.B. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1906.

Mr. Barrington has led a busy and useful life. Amongst his occupations he has acted as private secretary to both Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston; but, well as he has done his work as a Civil Servant, he would probably not object to being described as a fisherman before all else. Seventy years ago he killed his first trout, and there is a hale and hearty ring about his pages which supports the hope that he may keep on killing trout—with salmon as interludes—for many years to come.

The experiences of a veteran angler are of special interest, for he is able to give his opinion as to the changing conditions of sport. A much-discussed point is whether the natures and dispositions of birds, beasts, and fishes have altered, and on this head Mr. Barrington expresses his belief that "trout are more difficult to catch than they used to be, that their nature has become different." Partridges, according to the general opinion, are much harder to approach than they were formerly, but in their case agricultural advance, the employment of reaping machines instead of old-fashioned scythes and sickles, suggests a cause. Water, however, remains practically what it always was, and why should trout grow warier? The question is one well worth consideration by the naturalist.

We are not sure that Mr. Barrington is right in his assertion that "the angler relies more on his own exertions and skill than his brother sportsman who goes hunting or shooting." What of the wildfowler, who pursues his sport either afloat or ashore by himself? He has a gun in place of a rod: for the rest, his success depends absolutely and entirely on his own exertions, and if he uses a punt he is more self-dependent than the angler who has a man to row his boat while he tries his fortune? The stalker, too, who does not take a gillie—what of him? It is, of course, different for the man who goes covert-shooting, who has a loader, perhaps an under-keeper with a dog to mark and gather what falls, and the assistance of beaters to pick up anything that drops in the wood through which they are passing; but there is shooting and shooting.

Mr. Barrington is doubtless correct in his belief that the question whether it is better to strike instantaneously or to give a trout just a moment before doing so will never be settled absolutely. It never can be settled, for the simple reason that what succeeds in one case will fail in another: circumstances alter cases. The author had a curious experience one day on the Avon. He watched a salmon leisurely ascending the stream, and taking no notice of his presence it remained for a time almost stationary close to the bank. The fish was afterwards ascertained to be blind, a thick film having

grown over its eyes; but it was in good condition, its lack of sight had not prevented its ability to obtain food, which again affords a subject for thought. Where is the best place to try for fish? is a query which is always puzzling to answer. "When the late Lord Malmesbury was tenant of Achnacarry," the author says, "one of his guests, a lady much given to fishing, said to the fisherman one morning, 'Where are we to go to-day, John?' 'Deed, my lady,' he answered, 'I cannot say. Them places that is the least likeliest is often the most likeliest of all.'" The element of luck comes in conspicuously.

On the subject of poaching Mr. Barrington discusses the furred and feathered poacher as well as the human variety. Old trout are often cannibals, and salmon help. Otters, in the author's opinion, do less harm than is generally attributed to them. Eels devour much spawn, herons do considerable mischief, as do dabchicks; and there is point in the recommendation not to destroy the nests of these birds, but to prick or blow the eggs. If the eggs are destroyed the hen will lay others, if they have been pricked she will continue to sit unsuspectingly—but later on perhaps wonderingly.

Mr. Barrington's best day on the Itchen yielded sixteen trout over a pound each; the biggest salmon he ever caught was on the Royalty water, Christchurch, and weighed 36 lb. We like his selection of the flies which he has found to answer best in the North. They include—*Heckles:* Red Tag, the best all-round fly he knows; Red Heckle; Black Heckle, ribbed with silver wire, red floss-silk tail; Cock-a-Bondhu; Grouse Heckle; Golden Plover Heckle. *Winged Flies:* Duns, Olive and Pale, hare's-ear body, starling's wing; March Brown; Alder; Stone Fly; Watford Coachman, dark body (good in the evening); Peacock's Herl; Light Grey Wing; Black Gnat, silver body; Hofland's Fancy.

The book is one which all anglers will read with pleasure, and most of them with profit.

GAME AND FOXES. By F. W. Millard. London: Horace Cox, Field Office. 1906.

Mr. Millard—a contributor to these pages—is secretary to the Gamekeepers' Association, and has written this book to support his contention that the protection of foxes is not incompatible with the preservation of game. This little volume may be commended to the attention of hunting men and of shooting men alike, and certainly to the average gamekeeper. Mr. Millard is in sympathy with sport of all descriptions. It has probably not occurred to many hunting men that "game preservation is necessary to the continuance of their sport," but the author points out that if foxes

had not game and rabbits to live on, at least to a great extent, hen-roosts would suffer so severely that the large majority of farmers would certainly take active measures to exterminate the robbers. Mr. Millard is a remarkably keen student of country life, with an accurate and extensive knowledge of its denizens, and his book is rich in useful hints. The merits of luminous paint are becoming recognised, and landowners who may not be acquainted with this simple and easy method of protecting nests may be advised to try it. Small circles of tin treated with the paint will effectually safeguard nests. Even half-tame cubs, who are at times extraordinarily audacious, will be scared. As to the persistence of a hungry fox, Mr. Millard says that he has actually chased one from coop to coop at night, unable to drive it away.

That foxes can, as it were, mesmerise pheasants is, of course, absurd, though some people believe in the theory. Mr. Millard records having watched a fox gazing at a pheasant that, seeing its enemy, had flown up on to a branch. "The bird did not lose its head," he notes, and surely no reasonable person would suppose that it did so. It merely proclaimed in vigorous pheasant language that a fox was on the alert, and presently the little beast walked away. He did so, Mr. Millard says, "with a grapes-are-sour kind of expression on his face"; but probably this last is imagination?

The employment of steel traps for rabbits is a practice which humanity forbids, and we are glad to note how much consideration Mr. Millard shows for the objects of sport. He condemns partridge-driving late in the day when foxes are numerous, as the coveys get broken and mixed, the birds creep into fences and ditches, and fall an easy prey to their artful enemy. The following fact is probably little known: "Like sporting dogs, foxes vary as regards keenness of scenting faculties, some having better noses than others. A particular fox also will be found to have a nose for a particular thing; for instance, taking pheasant nests and leaving those of partridges alone. Others are keen at finding leverets, while some are riverside hunters, which subsist largely on water-hens, water-rats, and like delicacies. Foxes certainly entertain different ideas of what is good." To hunting men and shooting men alike a study of this extremely practical book may be recommended.

THE FUR, FEATHER, AND FIN SERIES, edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. THE FOX, by Thomas F. Dale. With eight illustrations by Archibald Thorburn and G. D. Giles. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

Mr. Thorburn's admirable pictures make such an attraction that we are tempted to refer to them first. The illustration of the

cubs at play, "When all is Quiet," is delightful; "Gleaning after the Shooters," a fox creeping out to pick up a dead pheasant, is wonderfully true, as is "His Strength Exhausted and Wiles Expended," though we should have preferred choice of another subject —a creature in distress is never a pleasant sight. Mr. Giles's hunting scenes are also, we should add, full of spirit. Mr. Dale has done his work well. He has hunted for many years, fox in England, jackal in India—there is a chapter devoted to "Cousin Jack"—and here he records his experience and observations, together with the result of what has chiefly struck him in fox literature.

The fox is supposed to be the personification of cunning, a theory, however, with which Mr. Dale does not agree. In many ways he thinks that a fox is inferior in strategy to the red deer or the hare. "The fact that the fox invariably adopts the method of escape that he has once found effectual shows, in spite of his cunning, the limitation of his intelligence," it is said; but does the fox "invariably" adopt the same method? This is a matter that has to be proved. One would greatly like to know why certain coverts, spinneys, and gorses have such an irresistible attraction for a fox that one is always to be found there? Other spots which, so far as human perceptions go, should be equally tempting as a vulpine residence are frequently, it may be said almost always, drawn blank. Mr. Dale gives the instance of a gorse in the West Somerset country which has been drawn forty times in succession and a fox found every time.

When any competent sportsman writes about fox-hunting one naturally looks to see what he has to say about scent. In truth, Somerville and Beckford knew just as much about it as is known to-day. Mr. Dale adopts the view that a fox lying still emits no scent at all, as he thinks is proved by the fact that a hound will sniff at a bush under which a fox is lying, and pass it by. Of this we are not certain. Some hounds are careless, others are keen. We chance years ago to have seen an example of this. We were watching a fox curled up in a plantation, observed a hound pass quite near it and take no notice, but the next hound, passing no nearer, at once made the discovery. As the fox runs, his scent becomes stronger, Mr. Dale believes, but when he grows tired and his strength fails he ceases to give out any scent at all, so that hounds will usually follow the line of a freshly-roused quarry. It is a comforting belief for the sympathetic that until the scent fails the hunted fox feels no fear, and it is certainly true that in the course of a run the fox will sometimes pick up a fowl or a duck. In the old Berkshire country a fox, when hounds were running him, grabbed at a chicken and disappeared with it into an earth. To how many

persons would it occur that the chicken was an object of sympathy?

The subject of tame foxes is one of the many interesting matters which Mr. Dale discusses. He quotes instances, notably one of "Joe," a resident in Co. Cork, though Joe only led a "half-domesticated" life, living in a covert in a steep and rocky eminence at the back of a house. He came when his mistress whistled for him, would take a piece of meat, bury it, and return for other pieces, which he likewise buried; and if hungry he would appear at the kitchen window, without invitation, to be fed by the cook. He was on excellent terms with the dogs, and would go rabbiting with them; also, it is alleged, he wagged his brush when pleased. We have known several so-called tame foxes. The late Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, the handicapper, kept one at Newmarket. It had a run over which a wire extended, a ring attached to a chain and collar round its neck allowing it to go backwards and forwards; but we have never known a fox that was really tame and could be trusted with mankind, though not a few of them share Joe's affability to dogs. The book is a welcome addition to the series.

MR. BAXTER—SPORTSMAN. By Charles Fielding Marsh. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1906.

Mr. Baxter's sport is shooting. He is a phenomenal shot, thinks of it incessantly, and when away from his business in the City refuses to talk about anything else. He goes to stay with Colonel Absolom, a squire of the variety that is typical in fiction, and takes a fancy to the squire's son Barry, who is a leading personage in the book. Barry's father has an unduly poor opinion of the youth, who falls in love in the wrong place, and gets into various difficulties. The author understands sport. There are scenes in field and covert well depicted, and sketches of rustic life and character of an entertaining description. Of course all comes right in the end. Barry's father recognises his merit, and he marries Baxter's niece, that gentleman feeling confirmed in his opinion that a man must be all right if he is "as keen as mustard and handles the gun in a proper sportsmanlike manner."

NISBET'S GOLF YEAR BOOK, 1906. Edited by John L. Low. London: Nisbet & Co. 1906.

This annual is crammed with information which will be of service to players of the "royal and ancient" game. It opens with the Rules of Golf, annotated; there is a Club Directory with details; a golfing "Who's Who," amateur and professional; there are lists of winners, articles by competent hands on championships and famous games; indeed, on the whole, the volume will be such a convenience to golfers that it may almost be described as indispensable.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

MESSRS. VOIGTLÄNDER, 12, Charterhouse Street, E.C., claim to be the oldest "Optical House" in the world, having started business as long since as 1756, and they appeal to readers of this magazine in two capacities: as makers of binoculars for race-goers and stalkers, etc., and as manufacturers of cameras. As regards glasses, purchasers have the choice of the old-fashioned variety, which some persons still like best, and of the new prismatic description, which many users greatly prefer. These latter range in price from £6. What excellent results the cameras show—notably the new metal Heliar—numbers of amateur photographers are well aware. We find that they are much employed by contributors to our competition.

* * * *

The mania for tattooing, or rather for being tattooed, seems to spread. One of the most famous sportsmen of the generation had, for instance, a whole fox-hunt portrayed on his body; and several owners of yachts bear indelible pictures of their vessels on their skins. The most popular professor of the art appears to be Mr. Tom Riley, 432, Strand, who claims that by his antiseptic treatment all sorts of colours can be utilised quite innocuously. You choose the subject you wish to have delineated on you, write to Mr. Riley, and he "operates" at your own home.

* * * *

Mr. G. E. Lewis, of Birmingham, struck by Lord Roberts's declaration of opinion that "every man and boy ought to know how to shoot," has turned his attention to the manufacture of miniature rifles of the cheapest varieties that can be produced consistently with accuracy. He claims that the "Ideal Rifle" is the best weapon obtainable for rifle-club purposes, and is sold for 48*s*. The "Favourite" costs a sovereign less, 28*s*.; and Stevens's "Crack Shot" rifle is actually priced at 16*s*. 6*d*.

* * * *

Whether money is to be made by poultry-keeping depends upon the persons by whom the poultry is kept. Some fail, others succeed, and in the former case the fault cannot justly be attributed to the fowls. An aid to success must at any rate be a suitable house for the birds, and these structures in great variety, as also dog kennels, have been planned and are carried out by Messrs. Browne and Lilley, who are anxious it should be known that the growth of their business has obliged them to relieve their Reading establishment by opening a branch at Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester. Messrs. Browne and Lilley are, it need scarcely be said, most practical people, and possess a peculiar knowledge of all requisites for their business.

"HUNTING IN LONDON."

LAST month we announced particulars of this new competition, and here it begins. Two photographs of well-known buildings are given: all the competitor has to do is to write underneath each the name of the structure, tear out the leaf, and either send it, addressed "Hunting in London" Competition, *Badminton Magazine*, to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, at once, or keep it till six months have elapsed and send the whole dozen together.

To the successful hunter who has named the entire twelve

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, together with further prizes of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THIRD.

In the event of several competitors gaining an equal number of marks, the money will have to be divided. Should no one name the whole twelve, the first prize will be awarded to whoever comes nearest.

The photographs for

"HUNTING IN LONDON,"

we may perhaps as well repeat, will each represent some conspicuous View, House, or Object within four miles of Charing Cross.

It is not our intention to be unduly puzzling by selecting out-of-the-way scenes. Each picture will be of some place which thousands of people pass daily—how many of them really see what they pass the competition will help to show.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the May competition will be announced in the July issue.

THE MARCH COMPETITION

The Prize in the March competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down; Miss L. E. Bland, Rugby (two guineas); Mr. W. R. Chawner, Horton Crescent, Rugby School; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Mr. H. G. Swiney, Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham; Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County; Mr. A. Bell, 2nd Batt. Dorsetshire Regiment, Colchester; and Mr. H. C. Thwaits, Cape Town.

RUGBY FOOTBALL INTERNATIONAL MATCH—IRELAND *v.* WALES, AT BELFAST, MARCH 10, 1906

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down

SOMERSET, A CELEBRATED AMERICAN HORSE, HUNTED DURING THE PAST SEASON IN THE SHIRES

Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland, Rugby

CAMBRIDGE LENT RACES—PEMBROKE "RUGGER" BOAT IMMEDIATELY AFTER BUMPING CLARE III.

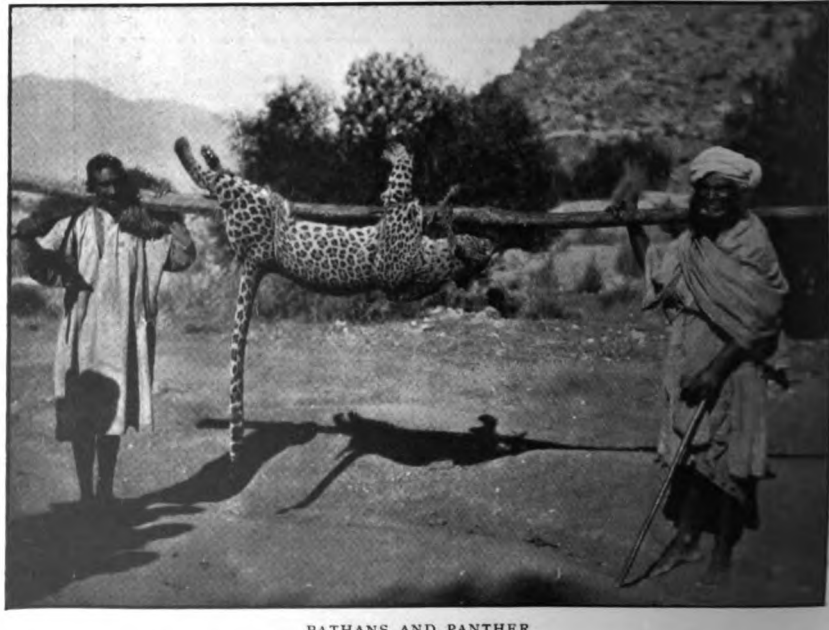
Photograph by Mr. J. T. Spittle, Pembroke College, Cambridge

RUGBY SCHOOL OPEN STEEPLECHASES—THE WINNER, W. F. W. HANCOCK, AT THE LAST JUMP

Photograph by Mr. W. R. Chawner, Horton Crescent, Rugby School

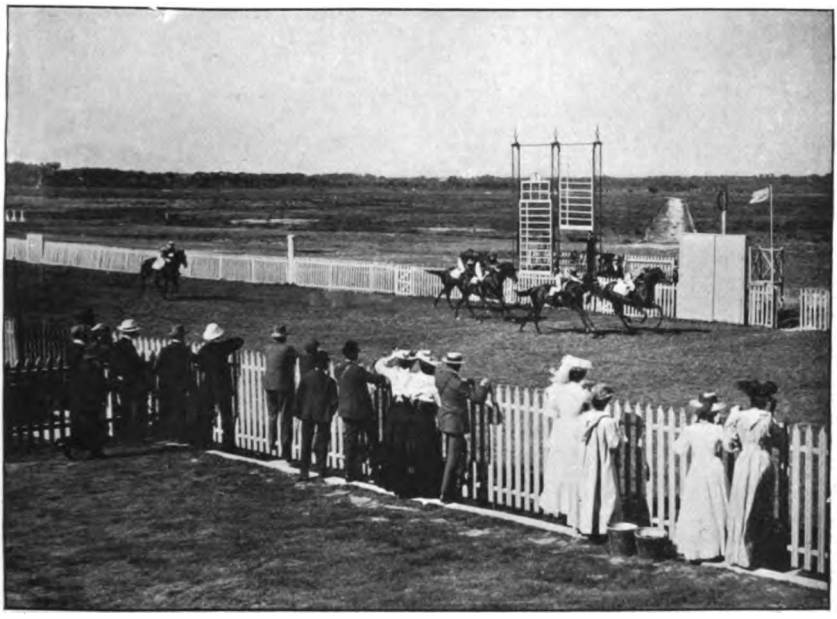
OLD SURREY STAGHOUNDS—OVER THE FIRST FENCE

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



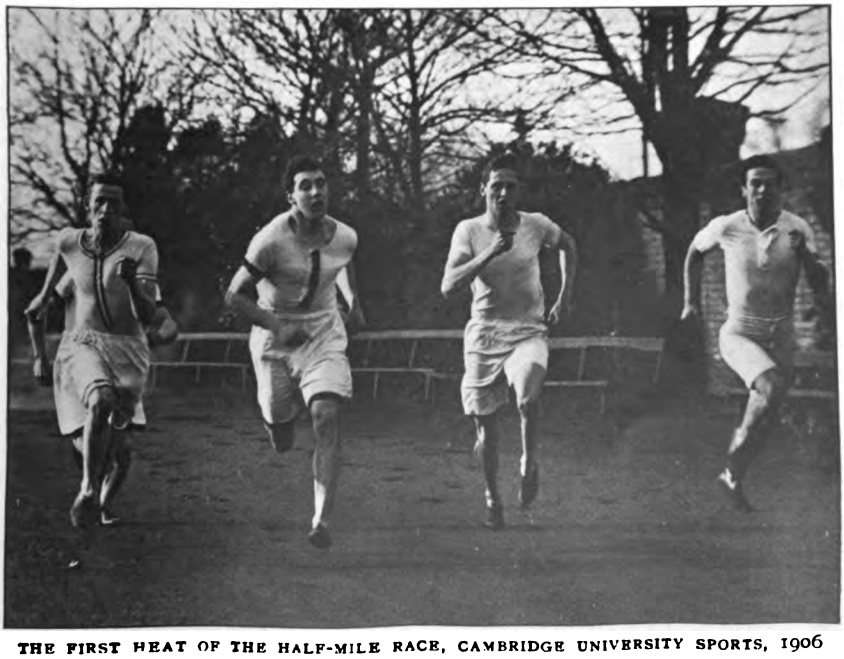
PATHANS AND PANTHER

Photograph by Mr. C. H. Stockley, 66th Punjabis, Malakand, N.W.F. Province, India



"SKIPPING BOY" WINNING THE METROPOLITAN HANDICAP OF £1,000 AT KENILWORTH, CAPE COLONY

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Capetown

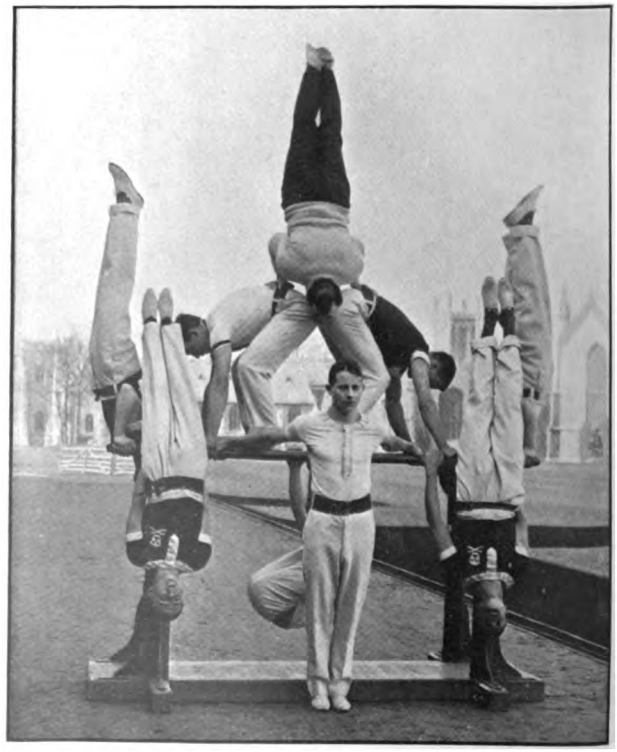


THE FIRST HEAT OF THE HALF-MILE RACE, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SPORTS, 1906

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

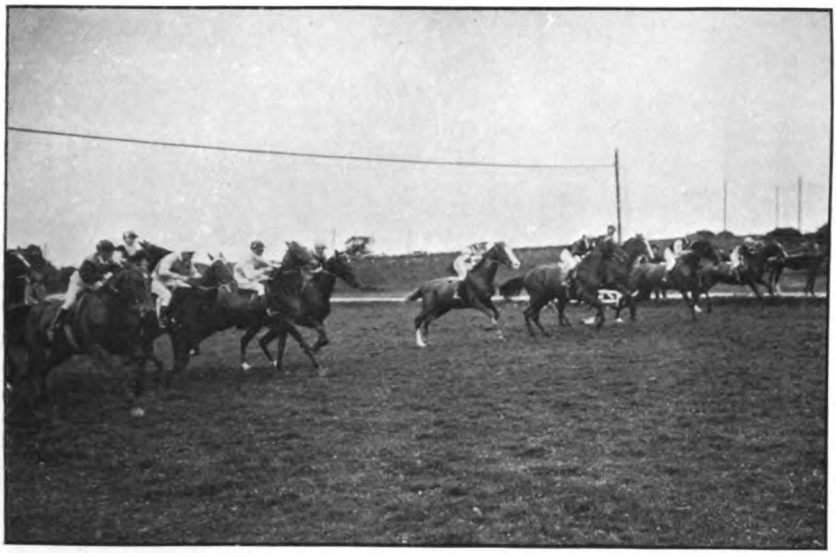
ENGLAND *v.* IRELAND—INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY MATCH AT DUBLIN, MARCH 17, 1906

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE GYMNASTIC EIGHT WITH THEIR INSTRUCTOR—A SET PIECE ON THE PARALLEL BARS

Photograph by Mr. H. G. Swincy, Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham



THE START FOR A NURSERY, CURRAGH RACES

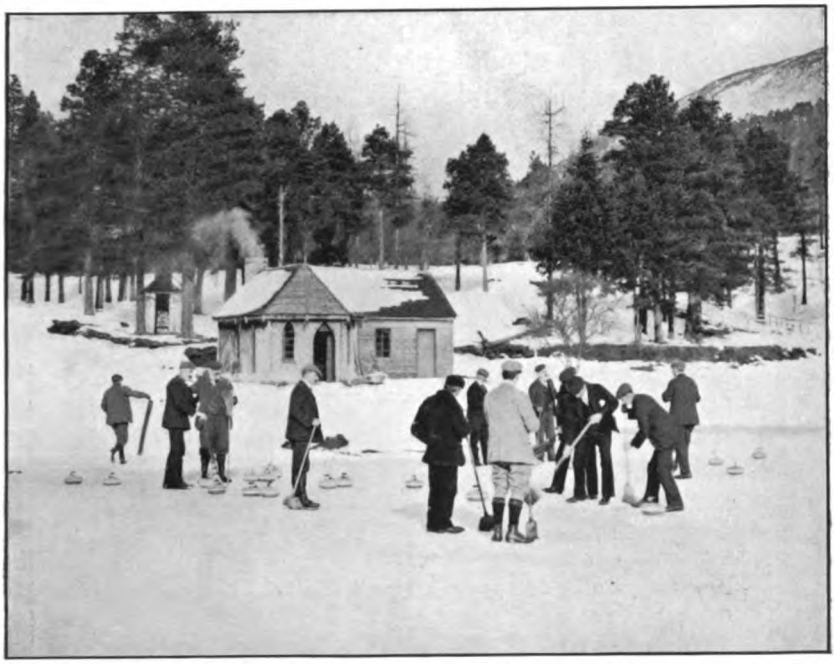
Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County

WHAT NEED FOR WINGS?

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

CAPTAIN F. FORESTER, MASTER OF THE QUORN HOUNDS, AT KEGWORTH STATION
Photograph by Miss K. H. Martin, Barrow-on-Soar, Loughborough

A REFUSAL
Photograph by Mr. A. Bell, 2nd Batt. Dorsetshire Regiment, Colchester

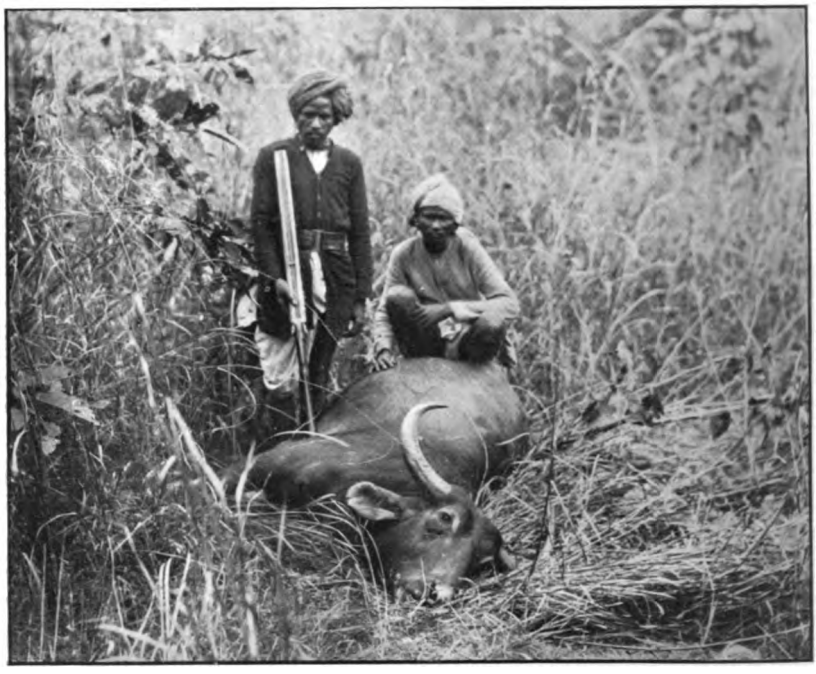


CURLING AT BRAEMAR—A MATCH BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

Photograph by Dr. W. Brown, Braemar, N.B.

ENLARGING THE DEER—OLD SURREY STAGHOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



BUFFALO-SHOOTING AT CHANDA, CENTRAL PROVINCES, INDIA
Photograph by Mr. Claude F. Egerton, Eastbourne

THE FARMERS' RACE—INGOLDSBY STEEPLECHASES (BELVOIR HUNT RACES)
Photograph by Mr. G. C. Whitmore, Apethorpe, Wansford, Northamptonshire

"OVER THE BROOK"

Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland, Rugby

SHIKARI AND COOLIES SKINNING A 10-FT. CROCODILE SHOT ON THE BANKS OF THE BHETWA RIVER ABOUT 24 MILES FROM JHANSI, INDIA

Photograph by Mr. R. D. C. Bell, Lieutenant R.F.A., Sangor, C. P. India

RACING IN BOMBAY HARBOUR—MR. N. D. WADIA'S "EILEEN IV." WINNING
Photograph by Captain W. B. Walker, R.A., Yacht Club, Bombay

SCHOOLING HORSES AT MOWBRAY, NEAR CAPETOWN—THIS HORSE, CAKEWALK, WON THE JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE WESTERN PROVINCE AGRICULTURAL SHOW IN FEBRUARY LAST
Photograph by Mr. H. C. Thwaits, Capetown

LEAVING THE PAVILION AT FENNER'S

(Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

VIII.—MR. ALLAN G. STEEL, K.C.

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

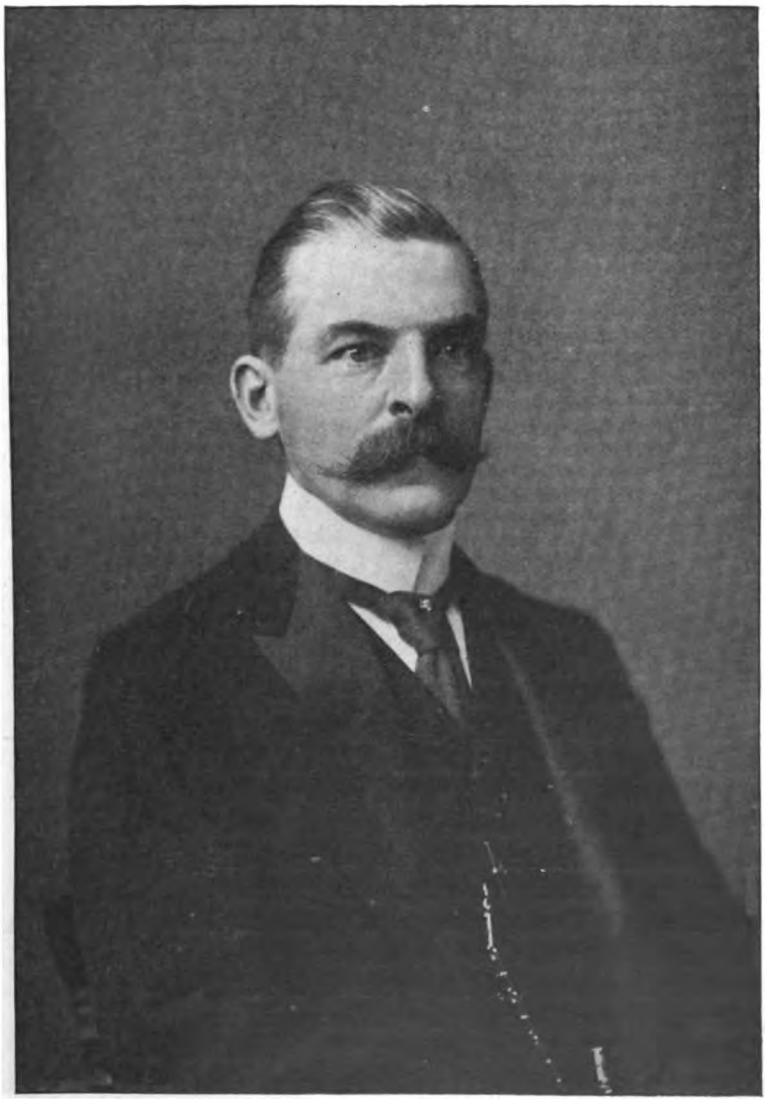
AMONG cricketers who have done most of late years to raise the game—in the opinion of a multitude of people the greatest of all games—to the position which it now enjoys, the name of Mr. Allan Gibson Steel will always be prominent in cricket history. He held his own with the best of his generation, frequently indeed he did a good deal more than hold his own, for the record of his achievements is rich in notable triumphs. Few better bowlers ever lived, and happily he has left on record in the pages of the Badminton Library some admirable chapters on the art of which he was a master—as also, it may be added, on "Captaincy" and "Umpires." On all these subjects he speaks with peculiar authority, though it is of course as a bowler that he will always be chiefly recollected, if to say so be not to depreciate his claims as an extraordinarily fine all-round player.

Although none of his forbears were of special reputation as players, Allan Steel came of a cricketing family. He was one of seven brothers who all played cricket, their father made eight, and with the coachman, a groom, and a keeper, an eleven was at once formed. With such a side many matches were played in Dumfriesshire. Mr. Steel was a leading shipowner at Liverpool and also resided at Kirkwood in Dumfriesshire, where parts of the summer and autumn were always spent. It is not many families who can furnish eight-eleventhes of a side, but of course the Lytteltons surpassed this, a whole team bearing the name frequently sallying forth to do battle. Allan Steel has an idea that in cricketing families the youngest have the best chances of distinguishing themselves, for the reason that their elders are able to teach them the way they should go; thus the late Colonial Secretary was the youngest of the Lyttelton brothers, and it is nothing against the other brethren to say that he was the best.

Allan was the fifth son and an enthusiast from his early days. The stableyard at Kirkwood was a quadrangle of some fifty yards square; on one of the doors the youthful Allan was accustomed to chalk a wicket, at which he would bowl diligently, and the value of these early lessons was speedily demonstrated. At Marlborough he at once came to the front, and when no more than fifteen years old made his first appearance at Lord's, scoring 44 not out. He still diligently kept up his practice on his improvised wicket; and one day a great idea occurred to him. Thinking over the intricacies of the game, he was struck by the fact that no one ever bowled from the leg side. If he could only make the ball break from the leg, the chances were that the bat would be considerably astonished. At this he set himself to practise, with the results which are now too well known to need description. The Marlborough boy when still in his teens was recognised as being well up to county standard, and in 1877 he played for Lancashire.

Mr. A. N. Hornby was one of this famous team, Mr. E. B. Rowley was captain, and the wicket-keeper, Pilling, Mr. Steel regards as the best he ever saw. In talking the subject over with him I naturally suggested Blackham, but Mr. Steel is not willing to admit that Blackham was Pilling's superior. "Blackham was a conjurer," he says, "and did extraordinary things at times;" but for all-round excellence Mr. Steel declares in favour of Pilling, who seemed well-nigh unable to miss a catch.

In 1877 Allan Steel went to Cambridge, and as a matter of course at once played for his University. The 1878 team was a wonderfully fine one, including as it did Messrs. Edward and Alfred Lyttelton, the present Lord Darnley, Allan and his brother,



MR. ALLAN G. STEEL, K.C.

learned that it was hoped that they would be able to play the same day! They were hustled off straightway, donned their flannels, and began; but that they could show to advantage in the circumstances was of course impossible. They were also beaten in a Test Match against Murdoch's eleven, the same which had defeated England at the Oval, when they reached Melbourne. The usually accurate Reuter made a curious blunder on this occasion. England really lost by ten wickets, but the message made it appear that England had won, and the late Lord Darnley sent off a long telegram of congratulation to his son, the Hon. Ivo Bligh. Mr. Steel, it may be remarked, headed the batting and bowling averages on this tour, and in a match at Queensland took four wickets with four consecutive balls. No small share of the English success was due to Mr. E. F. Tylecote, whom Mr. Steel regards as having been safer at the wicket than even Mr. Alfred Lyttelton.

Two years later Murdoch again brought over an Australian team, and this time three Test Matches instead of one were arranged, victory remaining with England. The second, at Lord's, was easily won by our men. Notwithstanding that Mr. Steel was suffering severely from lumbago, and really ought not to have played, Lord Harris pressed him to bowl, and he did so from a stand, not being able to run. How much his bowling was appreciated may be judged from the fact that he was still pressed into service though thus disabled. In all Mr. Steel played for England *v.* Australia in thirteen Test Matches, making 600 runs—that is, an average of 35·29—and taking 29 wickets with an average of 21. In 1884, at Lord's, he made 148, having the previous year at Sydney scored 135 not out.

That Mr. Steel's admirable chapters on "Bowling" in the Badminton Library Cricket Book may be studied with the greatest advantage by all cricketers need hardly be said. A favourite device of his was, after bowling for a time with as much break as possible, to send down a simple straight ball, pretending to get break on. This is, of course, now the habitual effort of all bowlers, but it was less practised when Mr. Steel was in his prime; necessarily it almost entirely depends upon how it is done. A great point in Spofforth's bowling was the difficulty of judging the flight of the ball, and the same may be said of Mr. Steel. No one is keener to recognise and cordially acknowledge the strong points of other players. Spofforth as bowler, Pilling as wicket-keeper, have his vote, as has been already observed, but it is his conviction that Mr. W. G. Grace was in a class by himself. His power over the ball and beautiful defence all round the wicket were unsurpassable. Murdoch, on the whole Australia's best bat, was an extraordinarily neat cutter, but not so versatile as W. G.

A thing which I naturally desired to ascertain from Mr. Steel was his opinion as to the condition of the game generally at the present time as compared with the seventies and early eighties when he was among the most prominent figures of the cricket world. He has kept closely in touch with it all, and it may be incidentally mentioned was President of the M.C.C. in 1892; indeed, that one could not find a better authority need scarcely be said. Mr. Steel believes that the batting of to-day, *i.e.* that of the best bats, is as good as ever it was, and that—though here he admits a difference of opinion from many good judges—fielding has not deteriorated, with the exception perhaps that there are more missed catches than there used to be. A reason of this he fancies may be

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, MUSEUM BLOCK

(Photograph by F. Frith & Co.)

the large dark stands which have been erected on so many grounds, as they render the light bad for catching. The bowling of the present day, however, he unhesitatingly asserts has fallen off from the merit of a quarter of a century or so since. Two or three bowlers stand out, and they may not be inferior to their predecessors; but he names Alfred Shaw, Peate, Barnes, Ulyett, Barlow, Emmett, Watson, Lohmann, Briggs, Dr. W. G. Grace, and others—to whom may most assuredly be added Mr. Allan G. Steel, who is described in the latest book on the game, "The Complete Cricketer," reviewed in this number, as "the greatest amateur bowler England has possessed." To these names may be added

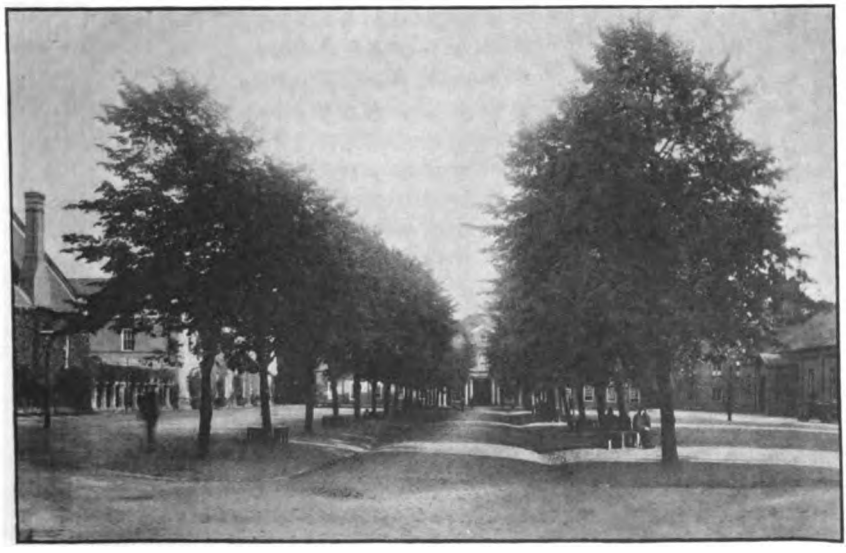
of Australians Spofforth, Garrett, Turner, Boyle, Ferriss, etc. Recent years have not produced such an array as this. Richardson of Surrey and Lockwood when in their prime were, he considers, the best fast bowlers we have had for many seasons, but they came after the period of which he was speaking. It is not want of practice, I opine, for some bowlers practise assiduously even till they grow stale; the truth seems to be that the great bowler is born, not made: he must have aptitude and a combination of qualities rarely found.

As to cricket reform, upon which vexed subject it was inevitable that we should talk, Mr. Steel thinks he is in agreement with the majority of cricketers past and present when he expresses his view that the time has come for some reform in the laws of the game. This conviction is the more significant because one would naturally suppose that a player like Mr. Steel, to whom cricket as it existed and exists was a series of triumphs, would have been unwilling to see anything altered from what it was. The M.C.C. have appointed an Advisory Council, as most people are aware, and from their efforts Mr. Steel hopes and expects much. Before the Council was created the M.C.C. Committee or any private member of the club could only introduce a suggestion at the general meeting, and in order to pass it a two-thirds majority was required. This it was difficult to obtain. In certain cases members were heard during the season declaring that this, that, or the other, ought certainly to be done; but when the meeting came, so conservative were they that they would not vote for what they had declared to be necessary. At present, if the Advisory Council, consisting of delegates from the counties, were tolerably unanimous on a proposition for reform, the Club would scarcely refuse to accept it, especially if it were backed up by the Committee. The number of drawn matches in county games is a constant cause of regret, and Mr. Steel thinks it would be worth considering, in view of the undoubted superiority of the bat over the ball in fine weather, if it be not advisable slightly to diminish the width of the bat and to heighten the wicket a little. Seeing that Mr. Steel was a great bat as well as a great bowler, his opinions may be accepted as not in any way swayed by unconscious bias. Another alteration in the laws he would advocate is that any batsman wilfully obstructing the ball in play, and not attempting, according to the verdict of the umpire, to play the ball with the bat, should be given out, not l.b.w., but for obstructing.

From his boyhood Mr. Steel has taken a delight in shooting, and when fifteen years old, in 1873, was allowed to go out with the other guns. His father at that time had a moor near Moffat, where

there was always a good head of grouse, varied by blackgame. Two or three years ago Mr. Steel and his brother-in-law, Mr. R. E. S. Thomas, had a moor called Hoscot, situated in the wild country some eight miles from Hawick in the south of Scotland. Blackgame abound here, as they do over a considerable portion of the Duke of Buccleuch's property, and with the aid of old cricketing friends, Lord Darnley, Mr. F. E. Lacey, Mr. W. H. Patterson and others, big bags were obtained.

Mr. Steel is also a golfer, and indeed quite an enthusiastic one, declaring that he cannot imagine what old and effete cricketers used to do when they had no links to go round. He is not as good at the royal and ancient game as he was at cricket; his handicap has



THE AVENUE, MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE

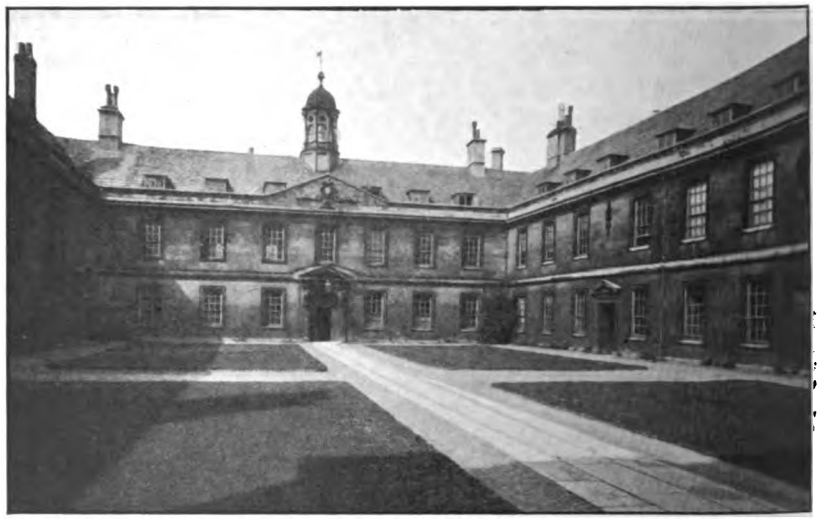
(Photograph by F. Frith & Co.)

come down, but he never got below five. The golfer should be caught young, he thinks, and if during a boy's holidays he learns to swing a club properly, in good style, he never forgets it—in this respect golf resembles swimming and cycling. Mr. Steel works at his profession and is a Recorder, so that his time is much taken up; still, he manages occasionally to get away to Brancaster or Sandwich for a few days. Cricketers, he fancies, learn golf much more quickly than others, though it is, of course, exceptional for anyone who takes up the game comparatively late in life to become really first class. Mr. Charles Hutchings, Amateur Golf Champion in 1902, and winner of innumerable medals, played cricket till he was close

on thirty, and only then began to study the game at which he has so greatly distinguished himself. He is one of the exceptions that prove the rule.

For boys and men who want hard exercise concentrated into a short space of time Mr. Steel recommends rackets, and it may be added that he played for Cambridge for two years. It is a great training for hand and eye, and how fine a school for young cricketers seems to be proved by the great players who have made names for themselves with the racket—Messrs. Alfred Lyttelton, A. J. Webbe, Ottoway, R. D. Walker, C. T. Studd, the Fosters, and many others.

It is delicate work in these little sketches to speak of men's private character, and it will suffice here to say that Mr. Allan Steel



TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
(Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

has made multitudes of devoted friends and has never lost one of them.

Seeking something in the nature of a personal appreciation of Mr. Steel, I applied to Lord Darnley, the Hon. Ivo Bligh of yore, and he has most kindly sent me the following :—

"I have been asked at very short notice to add a few lines as a contribution to an article on the career of my old friend Mr. A. G. Steel, and I gladly do so in extreme haste, heartily wishing that time and 'the magic of the necessary word,' as Mr. Rudyard Kipling calls it, were mine in sufficient measure to do justice to a theme so thoroughly congenial to me. Among all my memories of sport and games, those in which Mr. Steel's fascinating athletic

genius played a part stand out conspicuously. Not only are they the memories of his brilliant feats, and of many a hard-fought struggle as comrades or opponents, but of as cheery and delightfully light-hearted a sporting companion as ever added zest to the enjoyment of his innumerable friends.

"Casting back my recollection to my first introduction to Mr. Steel—some twenty-nine years ago, alas!—when we went up to Cambridge in the October term, 1877, I vividly recall the interest with which I first saw him, then already famous as a public school cricketer whose performances had aroused the liveliest curiosity as to his future cricketing career.

"A jaunty, cheery, confident figure, sturdy of build, brimful

TRINITY BRIDGE, CAMBRIDGE

(Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

of life and movement, a perky little billycock hat tilted on the back of his head—I can recall that first impression as if it were yesterday.

"The following summer term from its beginning witnessed the rise of Mr. Steel to the very front rank of cricketers, and, as all the cricketing world knows, from that time onwards his all-round ability secured for him a place second to no other, except the one outstanding figure of W. G. Grace, the unquestioned champion of all time.

"To repeat Mr. Steel's numerous fine performances at cricket would be merely to re-write many of the most familiar pages of cricket history in the late seventies and eighties. I will merely touch on one or two points of his play that specially struck me.

"In his bowling he was particularly clever in masking his

intention as to break; and well as I knew his bowling, I always felt liable to deception when batting against it. As his batting developed he became the possessor of a most masterly style, combining a watchful defence with great quickness on his feet and all-round hitting. In the field he was a very fast runner and safe performer, except on one memorable day in Australia when the clear Australian atmosphere and Bonnor's ferocious hits made a usually safe pair of hands quite unable to do their usual work.

"What a cheery delightful time that Australian tour of ours was in 1882–3, and how infinitely did the ringing laugh and invariable appreciation of the humorous side of things characteristic of my old friend add to the fun of it all! Not that the tour had only a comic side by any means, for on the voyage out there was a narrow escape from drowning for us all, owing to a collision near the Equator, when we were all gathered together one evening on deck, momentarily expecting to hear that we must take to what boats were left to us after the disaster. Then came the belated arrival at Adelaide in the middle of the night, when a deputation from the South Australian Cricket Club announced to our horror that the colony would be ready to play us at twelve o'clock that very day!

"At our first dinner at the Adelaide Government House, Mr. Steel, if report be true, unwittingly found himself explaining the procedure of the English bar (to which he was then in process of being called) to the Chief Justice of the Colony, whilst another member of the team, on asking his neighbour if he was interested in politics, received the unexpected reply that he was obliged to take a certain amount of interest in them because he happened to be the Prime Minister! The tour recurs to me as a whirl of travelling, hard work at cricket, and—must we confess it?—harder work still at balls, receptions, and entertainments generally, while right in the middle of the fun and humour of it all was ever to be found that cheery personality; the cricket records of the tour, moreover, showing him easily first both in batting and bowling. And now that this is all left some twenty-four years behind, an occasional game of golf together takes the place of the more active and exciting experiences of those days.

"The Liverpool law courts have before now seen Mr. Steel with one eye on me, waiting in the body of the court to take him off to Hoylake, and the other on the clock, addressing the judge meantime on grave matters of law; we may reasonably hope that the course of justice has not at all events been retarded by these sporting expeditions of ours. Long may he flourish, and may we often meet to practise together the contemplative middle-aged swing of the golf club, and talk over the merry days of old!"

SALMON-FISHING ON THE FORTEAU, LABRADOR

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

"WELL, Jack, here's for the first fish on the Labrador!" I stood on the bank of the river, whose clear waters rushed foaming and tumbling at my feet. Just below me was what we had named the "Sea Pool"—an ideal bit of water. At its head a long, even rapid sparkled in the sunlight, very quick water at the top, slowing down to a deeper and heavier current below. There was plenty of room for the back cast, and a level bottom to wade out on. I breathed the crisp air with a sense of exhilaration, and lingered, enjoying my anticipation to the utmost.

"There's a fish, sir, and a good one!" Dawson pointed to a widening lot of ripples.

I looked my flies over: the air was clear and the bottom light-coloured. "About a No. 10 Jock this morning, Jack?"

"That will do, I think, sir," my head guide, philosopher, and friend replied.

I looped the small fly on a medium-weight grey leader and waded out. Ye fishermen that love the casting of a fly, that glory in the first cast of the season, can appreciate my feelings and my thoughts. I lengthened the line to thirty feet, and cast obliquely across the fast water; the fly circled beautifully, and I kept my tip in slight motion.

"There he is!" Dawson whispered, as a flash of silvered sides and the flirt of a wide black tail showed that our friend was watching.

I drew the fly in slowly.

"Better rest him a minute; a twenty-pounder if an ounce!" quoth I, and holding a few feet of line in my hand I made a short cast directly below me, twitching the fly gently as it hung in the bubbles of a big eddy.

"Got one!" I shouted, as I felt a surge on the rod; the fish had taken the Jock under water, making no swirl on the surface. "Curious fish, Dawson!" The line cut back and forth across the current with an audible humming, and the fish hugged the deep water close; not a run, not a jump even, only this peculiar zigzag motion, and it was continued for several minutes.

"He's got to get out of that!" I walked down as far as I could and tried to swing the fish up stream. No use! I could not steer him, nor influence him in the least. This may be thought strange; I should have told you that I am a great believer in the use of the lightest tackle possible. The rod I had in hand was an eight-ounce Leonard, ten feet long; the line was next to the smallest waxed taper that I could get, and the reel a medium-sized Vom Hofe (trout). Therefore it will be understood when I say that I was powerless with my criss-crossing friend.

"Heave a rock at him, Jack; move him somehow!" I called back to Dawson, who was leaning on the gaff and watching this new continuous performance with interest.

He threw a stone accurately.

"That fixed him!"

Indeed it did! *Whir-r-r-r-r! Z-i-i-i-pp!* a wild rush and a beautiful curving leap way up above me.

"A buster!" I yelled at the sight of the deep shoulder and gleaming length. By this time the salmon was almost at the foot of the pool, and still going; I checked him a little, but he kept on down.

"Got to get after him now," Dawson advised. I waited a moment longer, hoping to turn the fish, then I splashed my way ashore, slipping and stumbling in my mad haste, and footed it at a good pace. Time I did so! I only had a little line left, and His Majesty never hesitated or swerved in his course. "He's bound for the sea!" Dawson chuckled, and I commenced to worry; the salt water was but two hundred yards below us. Once there, I was snubbed, as a steep rock shelf blocked the way for farther chasing. "Now or never," I thought, and held hard. The light line sang with the strain, and I had to straighten the rod or run the risk of getting a cast in it. I gritted my teeth and prepared for the

snap that I dreaded at each second—but the gods were kind. The pull was too much for the big fellow; he turned like a flash and came at me furiously. I reeled in madly, running backward up the beach as I did so, and more by good luck than good management kept a tight line on him. Up, up, up, and still up stream he went at a great rate, I after him, Then he began to jump. And such jumps they were! Worth going ten thousand miles for! Long leaps, short ones, then a skating effect along the surface with the spray and foam glistening, and drops flying high in the sunlight and shining like globules of mercury. Back-somersaults, forward twists, everything that a fish could do this one did. I have never experienced any salmon-play equal to it either on the Restigouche or any other famous salmon waters. This fish seemed imbued with a doggedness and deviltry that was superb; I had fought him hard for fifty minutes, in heavy water, keeping below him most of the fight, and yet he did not show any signs of tiring.

Once I thought that the end was near; the fish was lying out in the quickest water, cleverly playing the current against me. I picked up a pebble and started him, as I imagined, for Dawson and the gaff. Nearer and nearer I led him. "A cracker-jack," Dawson announced, peering through the stream. I could see the long, dark shape, and a vision of the first salmon of the season lying at my feet rose before me—and nearly cost me the fish! I hurried him a bit too much, and tried to drag him within reach of the gaff; instantly that he felt the extra pressure, and realised that he was in shoal water, he gave a mighty surge, a quick lunge, and there he was out in the pool again, but, misery of miseries, behind a sharp ledge that projected black and ugly over the surface; the line led directly on it, and I dared not try to work it off for fear of fraying it, in which case good-bye to his majesty. I sized up the situation and saw that the only thing to do was to get across the stream—but how? The water was very swift and deep unless I went up to the top, and that would entail a sure necessity of sawing the line. No, I must wade it here.

"Come and get my fly boxes, Jack; it may be a case of swimming," I shouted. Dawson relieved me of those, also of my broad hat and sweater, and I started. The water was very cold, and the bottom slippery as the mischief; a few yards and I was in to my armpits, and the bottom fast receding from my face! I had gone in below the fish and slackened up on the line so as not to disturb him. "Now for a swim!" And swim I did as best I could with one hand, holding the rod up with the other. It wasn't far to go, and I paddled on desperately and struck bottom twenty-five yards below where I had gone in. I dripped ashore, shivering.

"Ah, there, friend, it's up to you again!" Unconsciously I spoke aloud to the fish, and Dawson laughed. "Go above and come across!" I shouted, which he did.

Very carefully this time I coaxed the salmon away from his rock and got him into clear water. He took two short runs and another "skitter," then came in tamely. "*Now*, Jack!" A flutter of foam, a lift, and he was on the beach! I laid the rod down and knelt over him, lingering on the glorious colours and scintillating scales, and dreaming, yet realising the joy of it all.

"A fine fish, sir." Dawson's voice "woke" me.

"Weigh him." Jack brought out the dear old instrument that had recorded many, many pounds of the king of fish in varied and wide spread waters.

"Twenty-two and a half, sir."

Ah, that *was* a fish! A nervy fighter, a schemer with a will that only gave out when its shell could do no more; superb in life, beautiful in death.

"That's enough for the morning. I am going to take a walk and a look at the river above. Tell the others that I will be back in an hour or so, and ask Mr.—— to come out on this pool; he is sure of fish," I said.

Dawson looked reproachfully at me. Dear Jack! Ever since I was a wee bit of a chap he has looked after me on our trips in quest of salmon. Aye, more than looked after me. But he did love to see lots of fish on the beach! That is when he and I had tiffs.

"I know what is on your mind, lad," I teased. "Never mind, we have three months on this coast, and are going to try every river worth trying, and there will be plenty of fish."

"Humph!" he grunted; "come way up here on this trip, and now that fish are fairly leapin' for the fly you stop at one!" and he walked off, still muttering.

I went up to the top of the pool, and climbed the bank on to the moss and tundra barren. The Forteau River comes to the sea from a system of lakes in the interior, and for fifteen miles its lower reaches lie in a valley or cleft in the barrens. The day was glorious, and I breathed the very breath of immortality as I wandered slowly onward, following the river. Series of quick waters, with long, fascinating, and delightfully tempting pools between them, met my eager eye at every turn. The water was so limpid and wondrous clear that I could see the dark outlines of salmon lying behind their rocks. I tossed little stones into the pools and watched the big fish and the grilse scurry about, then settle quietly back to their places. Overhead, great billowy masses of white clouds bellied and rolled across the heavens, their tops dazzling in

the sun, their under-sides grey and deep blue in the shadows, their outlines mirrored on the river and turning its waters dark-coloured—sometimes in the deepest pools it seemed quite black. It was only for a few moments, though; then the sun streamed out again, and six feet of water seemed but a scant foot. The light north wind blew from over the distant blue-hazed mountains with a suggestion of far-off snows, and it waved the heather pines on the banks with gentle whisperings.

"Hello, you!" I called to J. K. H., as I came on to the bank below which he was casting industriously. "How's the luck?"

"Rotten, d——n it! I've lost four fish, one after the other; can't seem to keep 'em above that cussed rapid," he shouted, pointing to the stiffish white water below him.

As he spoke, I saw a fish gleam as it took his fly and I heard the merry song of the reel. With the freedom of fishermen, I yelled sundry advices to him, such as: "Keep him up! Work him up-stream!" and then, because I saw that the fish, a good one it was, inclined strongly toward "that cussed rapid," I tumbled down the bank beside him.

"Hold as hard as you dare, and swing your rod out stream," I suggested.

He did so, and the salmon turned back.

"Thanks," he called, and I sat on a boulder to see the fun. Round and round, up and down, over and across, out of water and in—another devil such as mine had been. Although my pal had never killed a salmon, he handled this one exceeding well. I ventured a word now and then, but not often. At last the big fish tired, and the gaffer did a pretty job. We danced a miniature fling, and then I left and continued up river.

When I returned I found that the rest of the party had had fine sport, and a number of large fish reposed in the little stone-bound fish-pond that we had made for this purpose. Several big trout were among the lot; one of six and three-quarters was especially to be admired. The "crowd" were happy, I was happy, we were all happy but poor old Jack, who still murmured that "the Captain (my nickname) didn't fish as he should ought to."

The camp was situated on the river at the top of the Sea Pool rapid, and the roar of the quick water sounded lullingly in our ears.

"Give us an idea of your theories of this kind of salmon-fishing," the crowd asked, so I proceeded to tell them what little I knew of the salmon lures of the Far North:

"The first and great thing to learn is to reconcile yourselves to using *small* flies. It is very true that you lose many fish by so doing, *but* it is worthy of remembering that you will hook far more

fish by using small flies than you will by adorning your leader with No. 6's and 4's. Also burden your minds with the fact that it is always well to approach a pool with due caution. Don't blunder on to its very edge and then cuss because you do not get a rise; the fish often lie close to the banks, especially in the early morning when the sun warms the shallows a bit, and if you will curb your impatience to reach the more tempting water you will find, I think, that many fish will rise to you much nearer the shore than you would suppose. Always cast athwart the current, say at an angle of forty-five degrees; let your fly swing with the stream, and move the tip of your rod up and down with a slight and always regular motion. Don't try to reach all over the pool from one spot. A forty to fifty foot cast is plenty; then when you have covered that water carefully (*never* hurry over your water) move down the length of your last cast and begin over again. Above all, never let yourself become restless and impatient and cast over a fish that you have risen, at once. You will find by disappointing experience, as I have, that nine times out of ten a fish that is of any weight at all will not rise again if he sees the fly he missed but a second before float over him in so short a time.

In all my fishing experiences on these northern waters I may remark that I have found that the Jock Scott is the first choice, be the day bright or dark. Next comes the Silver Doctor. On some rivers, especially in Newfoundland, the Silver Doctor is a most killing fly; indeed, on the Upper Humber, the Little and Grand Codroy, Fischell's, and the Barrachois Rivers in Newfoundland, this fly is preferable even to the Jock. Farther down the list of preferences come the Durham Ranger, Brown Fairy, and Black Dose; always remembering that sizes eight to twelve are by far the greatest takers. Another thing: you fellows have great heavy Forest rods; you can see for yourselves that they are not necessary, can't you? Use light rods, anywhere from seven to twelve ounces. They are plenty powerful enough, and will give you far more *sport* than the fourteen to sixteen foot rods that you have. The rivers like this one we are on, up in this country and in Newfoundland, average small, and you can reach all over with a Leonard such as I am using. It's all very well to say that I am prejudiced toward light rods, but the fact remains that I am *not*. What I want is the sport that is obtained in using light tackle. It is more sportsmanlike, and gives your fish a decent chance to fight you. That, to me, is the whole pleasure; to know that unless one is very careful, and handles his fish with a glove, so to speak, the fish is very liable to carry away everything and leave one minus the whole outfit. This is the sort of feeling I crave. Just one more suggestion:

Don't kill fish for the sake of killing! There is no use in slaughtering them just because they rise plentifully to your fly; in using these small flies it is only one fish in a hundred that is hooked in the tongue. Look at that fish pond! There are enough salmon there to feed an army, and what earthly good are they to us? Would it not have been better to have had your sport with them, and then instead of gaffing the poor devils that afforded you that sport to have beached them and let them go? I shall not gaff another fish this season!" (Growls from Jack in the background, and I waited.)

"We're with you," they shouted; "no more salmon gaffed or killed unless we need them to eat!"

I bowed my acknowledgments. It was time for supper; behind the camp the sunset colours were glorious, and changed with shifting hues as we watched them. The first night in the wilderness is always the acme of delight and comfort that one longs for during the tedious winter months. And as we sat by the fire that shone ruddy and warm in our faces and watched the guides' shadows lengthen and shorten as they moved about the flames, we were truly indescribably happy. There were no sand-flies to bother us, and we sat there till long into the night talking, singing, and counting the falling stars that flashed and trailed across the twinkling heavens. Then one by one the crowd turned in, and one by one the fires went out, leaving but the star darkness shining mystically on our five-tent camp on Forteau River, Labrador.

LAWN-TENNIS: ITS IMPORTANCE AND SCIENCE

BY P. A. VAILE

Illustrated with photographs from Mr. Vaile's book, "Modern Lawn Tennis," by permission of the publisher, Mr. William Heinemann

THERE are not a few people who quite appreciate the value of lawn-tennis as a physical and mental training. These, however, it is to be feared, are in the minority, even among those who play the game. It is therefore natural to assume that there is a great number of persons who could, if they so desired, play lawn-tennis, yet who have never even considered the question. This article is intended to appeal not only to those who have, perhaps, never handled a racket, but also to those who have taken up lawn-tennis, yet have not realised its possibilities and the fact that ere long it is destined to occupy a much higher position in the sports of the nations of the world than it does to-day.

Lawn-tennis is a game that calls for many of the best qualities that a man or woman should possess. To excel at it there is required equanimity under adverse circumstances, quickness of eye and mind, and also of the limbs which obey the suddenly-flashed signal; for of all games, perhaps, lawn-tennis is the one which allows least time for thinking, especially when the opponents are at close quarters near the net.

Great physical strength is not necessary for one who desires to be a first-class lawn-tennis player. It is no doubt desirable, but our greatest exponents have never been bulky, muscular men, and it will always remain a game where quickness of eye and mind to see and conceive, and of body and limbs to execute, will be of more value than mere muscle. That is one of the greatest charms of lawn-

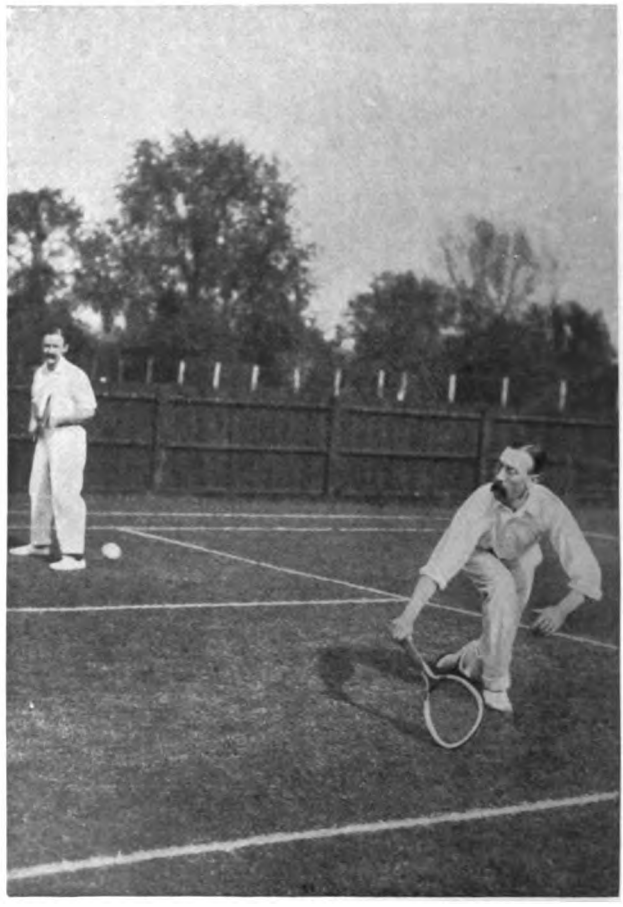
tennis. It is, without the least shadow of doubt, the most scientific outdoor game there is.

Golf in this respect cannot compare with it. In golf one has a stationary ball to hit and is himself stationary when hitting it, while every man within a quarter of a mile who breathes during that momentous operation ycleped "addressing the ball" is branded as a

H. L. DOHERTY—FINISH OF FOREHAND DRIVE PLAYED WHILE RUNNING

"bounder." There is none of this in lawn-tennis. There both players use the same ball. The whole aim of each is to spoil the stroke of the other or to stop him even from getting a stroke. The skilful player places the ball as far from his opponent as he can, makes him career from side to side of the court so that he has in nine cases out of ten to make his stroke *while running*, and with the full knowledge that his opponent is lurking at the net *in order to destroy his return*.

Let us try only just to imagine the golfer playing his game in similar circumstances! The fact is that lawn-tennis as a game is unique in many respects. It is, so far as I can remember, the only game in which two opponents fight out the issue with the ball as the medium of conflict and passing straight from one to the other



H. S. SCRIVENER PLAYING LOW BACKHAND VOLLEY

without contact with a wall as in fives, rackets, and tennis. It is also practically the only game wherein one's opponent may with advantage habitually intercept one's stroke and spoil it by volleying the ball. It happens frequently that the player must make his stroke under the most trying and disadvantageous circumstances, yet cleanly and coolly, or he will find his effort nipped up at the net and rendered abortive.

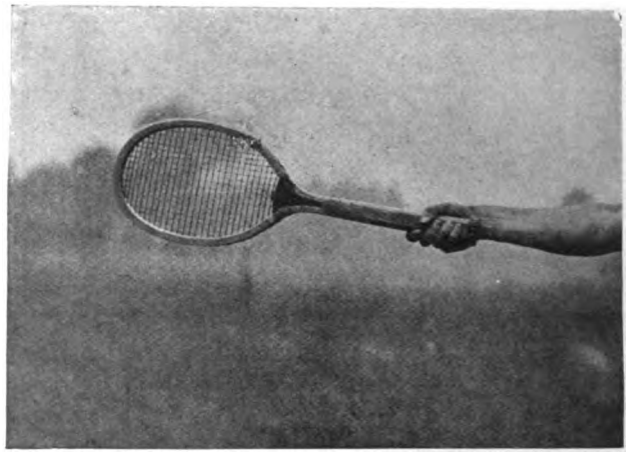
Lawn-tennis calls for a certain amount of muscular energy and great staying power. A good player must have strength to drive, serve, and smash, yet he must have this strength so well under control that he is able to regulate the flight of the ball so as to keep it within the court; in a word, his strength must be tempered with

MISS D. K. DOUGLASS (EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND) SERVING

restraint and intelligence. Here are no walls to keep his ball from flying out of the court. In lawn-tennis the player continually has to run out over the lines, play his return, pull up suddenly, and race for the furthest point away from him that is available for his opponent. This sudden stopping and starting is a very heavy strain, and contributes in no small degree to making a hard-fought five-set match in first-class company and on a hot day one of the

most searching ordeals that any athlete can go through. In tennis and rackets the ball cannot go outside the court, and to a very great extent it comes to the striker. So in cricket, the ball to be of any use must, so far as regards both length and width, pitch within a very limited area; and the player, knowing this, is always ready and waiting in the most favourable position to deal with the delivery.

Already lawn-tennis may be said to be the most international game, for it is played under similar rules in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, America, France, Russia, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, all British colonies and dependencies, and in many other countries. Probably polo is its greatest rival; but this, on account of its expense, is not available for many.



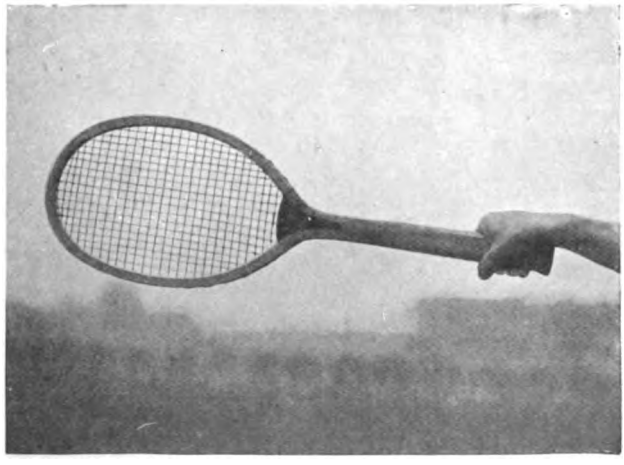
FOREHAND GRIP SHOWING HANDLE IN LINE WITH FOREARM

The press is generally quick enough to recognise the importance of any game and to give it its full share of notice. Lawn-tennis has been the exception that proves the rule, but editors are not entirely to blame for this. If secretaries of clubs and others do not take sufficient trouble to keep the press posted in matters in connection with the game, they must not be surprised if less worthy sports, whose votaries are alive to the importance of letting the people know that their game is flourishing, get more publicity and thrive better than does lawn-tennis.

One frequently hears the remark, "Oh, lawn-tennis is going out now, isn't it?" Let such a one take a lawn-tennis handbook and look at the wonderful and increasing list of clubs; or let him take a walk round the warehouses of the lawn-tennis manufacturers

of London and glance at the tens of thousands of rackets that are being poured on to the market, the leading makers in many cases being quite unable to keep up with their orders. That will be an answer to him as to whether lawn-tennis is declining or not. He will be sure it cannot be, but he will come away wondering how it is that with all these scores of thousands of people interested in the game so little is heard of it in the press.

No one need fear for the future of lawn-tennis. It is too good a game to languish or die; but, nevertheless, while lawn-tennis clubs are multiplying, there are two other aspects of the game's development which are not perhaps in quite so satisfactory a condition: I refer to the public or park lawn and the private lawn. There can



BACKHAND GRIP SHOWING THUMB ROUND HANDLE

be no more charming adjunct to the cottage or the mansion than a good tennis lawn or two. The lawns in our parks should be made fit to play on, provided with ordinary stop-netting and other usual conveniences, while for every court there is now we should have three, and they would all be occupied. Every village should have its courts, for lawn-tennis is a bright, moving game, and even more suited to stir a boy up than is cricket.[1]

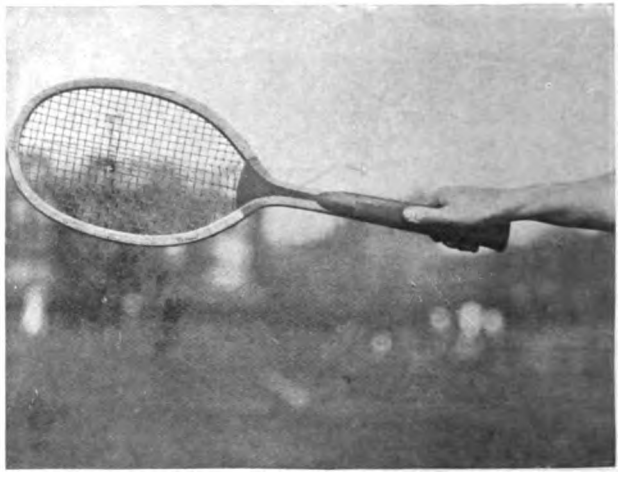
The great public schools bar lawn-tennis. They are afraid, and with reason, of its proving a serious rival to cricket. It would be so, but surely it is an unsportsmanlike thing to bar a game because

[1] This is the opinion of an enthusiast, but that there is a better game than cricket is a thing multitudes of men will refuse to admit.—ED.

it is too good. It has not worked any irretrievable damage at Oxford and Cambridge. This restriction should be removed. It is uncalled for, and is not fair to the game, nor to those who desire to play it.

Having dealt with the importance of the game, we now have to consider as well as we can within the limits of a magazine article some of the most essential points in connection with the science of lawn-tennis.

Perhaps one of the most important for English readers is one which has never been properly insisted on. This is, that in playing nearly every stroke the player shall have his forearm and the handle of his racket as nearly as may be in the same straight line. If one



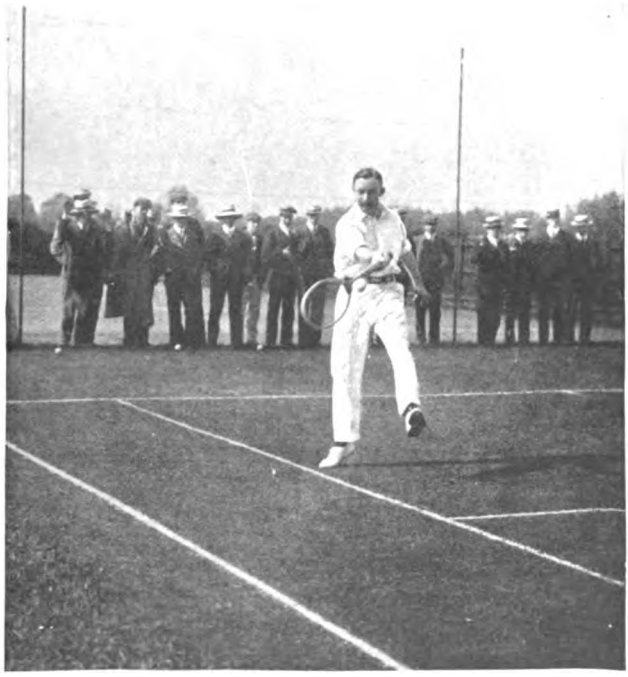
BACKHAND GRIP SHOWING THUMB UP HANDLE AND FOREARM IN LINE WITH RACKET HANDLE

is hammering a nail the arm is always in the same straight line as the handle of the hammer, so far as regards the "plane of the force" to be exerted. So, as nearly as may be, should it be with the lawn-tennis racket. This is a good general principle, and of the utmost importance to anyone who desires to get the best result for the energy expended. All of England's best forehand drivers, of whom we have far too few, practically carry out this precept, which is universally understood and used in America and Australia.

Perhaps the most important point after this is always to watch the ball *right on to the centre of the racket.* You will find this very hard to do. Practically nobody does so, but it is the right thing *to try for,* as the man who lifts his eye the latest will probably, all

other things being equal, play the best strokes. As in golf, so in lawn-tennis. "Keep your eye on the ball" is an all-important maxim, and remember always that you must hit the ball right in the centre of the racket face, if such a shape may be said to have a centre.

Remember that, as in practically every branch of athletics, so in lawn-tennis, body weight plays a most important part. In serving throw the ball up well over the right ear and a little beyond the

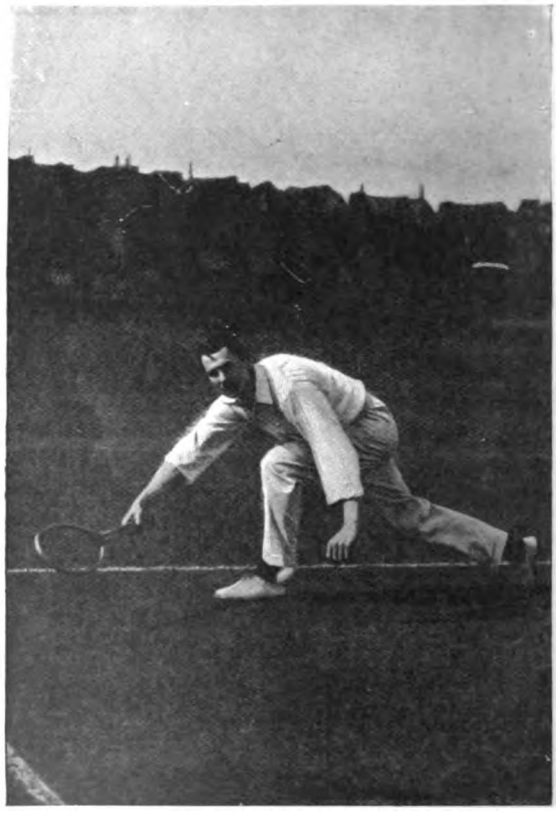


A. W. GORE (EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND)—FOREHAND DRIVE

reach of your racket. Some good players throw it quite high. Have your weight on the leg that is further from the base-line, and directly the ball gets within striking distance of *the centre of your racket* hit it sharply with the centre, at the same time transferring your weight to the foot that is in front. A right-handed person will have his weight on his right foot just before serving, and a left-handed player on his left foot. This transference of weight is of

great importance, not only in the service but in nearly every stroke in the game. Mere arm-work in serving or smashing must always be comparatively ineffective.

These are elementary points, yet of the highest importance, and too often neglected by really first-class players. For instance, I cannot call to mind three English players who transfer their weight (as mentioned above in reference to the service) when they are



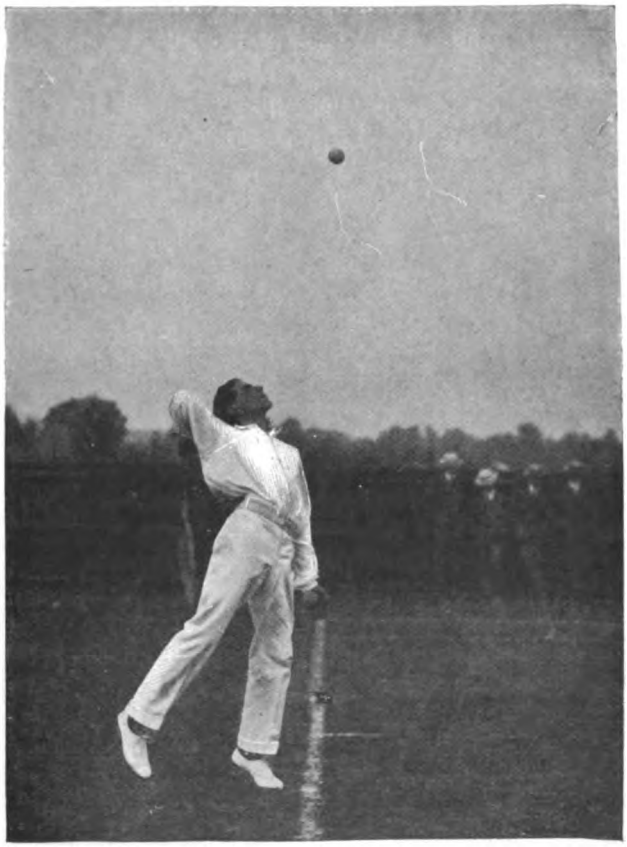
THE LATE H. S. MAHONY PLAYING A LOW VOLLEY

smashing. The result is that the smashing of anyone who tries to do it with arm-work only is infinitely less deadly than that of a man who puts his body into it.

A really fine game may be developed by a lawn-tennis player who does not intentionally put any cut or spin on his ball, but the true science of lawn-tennis is absolutely shut out from him who does not know the effects of the different spins on the ball. As well might a cricketer expect to rank as a bowler, knowing nothing of

spin, as a tennis player to rank as first-class while ignorant of the principles and advantages, or otherwise, of rotation.

We had two very striking examples of the value of cut at the last All England Lawn-tennis Championship meeting. The three finest players from abroad, men unquestionably of the first class, and right at the top of it too, practically never hit a plain-face ball. By



H. L. DOHERTY (CHAMPION OF ENGLAND) SERVING
Note position of ball and weight transference

a plain-face ball I mean a ball which left the racket as it would if it were to bounce off a wall. Nearly every stroke was played with a glancing blow, which hit the ball so that the racket-head passed across it at the moment of impact in a line that was at an angle to the intended line of flight of the ball.

Some people are under the impression that cut and lift detract from accuracy. There is no greater fallacy. The chop is perhaps

the most accurate stroke known in lawn-tennis, and those who saw our lady players go down one after the other to America's Lady Champion will not readily forget the accuracy and pace of her driving. This was obtained solely from the forehand drive with upward cut or lift, which is easily the king of ground strokes, and should be cultivated by everyone who desires to excel at lawn-tennis.

This stroke, on account of its quick drop at the end of its flight, enables a player to hit the ball harder, while keeping it within the court, than he could possibly do with a plain-face return. This is a most valuable quality in this ball, as it allows the expert player to drive much higher above the net and yet to pitch within the court than can the man who only has a plain-face return; also the return, on account of the forward spin, generally has a fine good length bound. A great part of the science of modern lawn-tennis is included in a knowledge of what the player can make the ball do by imparting twist of some kind to it. It must not be thought that a wholesale hacking of the cover of the ball is advocated. A skilful billiard player uses side with a definite object in each stroke; the skilful bowler uses spin to get the necessary break; the expert base-baller wants it to enable him to pitch perfectly; the golfer must use it to play a perfect slice or push-shot; even the soccer player uses it, and by its aid I have seen a clean goal kicked from a corner. The tennis, fives, and rackets players use it all the time. Why, then, should the lawn-tennis player think he can play the game by sending down to his opponent "honest straightforward" balls of exactly the same nature every time? No! It will not do. In sport, as in war, we must meet guile with guile. We must realise that it is not only necessary for us to know how to make a ball do anything that it is capable of doing, but we must also, on the instant that the other man does anything to the ball, be able to recognise what it is that he does to it; we must as in a flash know what that ball is doing in the air. So only can we be prepared for what it will do when it strikes the ground.

We may see the ball swerving away from the right hand of the server to our right. In all ordinary cases it would also break that way, but it may not. There is a subtle distinction between the ball served with forehand cut—that is, a glancing blow from left to right (of the server)—and one struck with upper cut or lift. The upper cut produces the American service; it swerves in the air much as a forehand-cut service. The unskilful person thinks it will break the way it is swerving. *You* saw the upper cut, the hit *upwards* instead of *across*, so you stand wide, let it break into your forehand, and drive it back smartly, giving the "sizzling" thing no time to

grip your racket and spoil your stroke; but if you had not been asking yourself what the ball was doing in the air you would have stood up to it expecting a forehand cut and a break away to your forehand. Then when it pitched nearly in a line with your right foot and bounded away with a bump to your backhand, you would have had to make a frantic half pirouette, a wild backhand lash at a vanishing ball, and then to listen with such equanimity as you could muster to the inane giggling of the gallery, most of whom had never experienced the delight themselves, and therefore were entirely unable to sympathise with you as they might have done.

The ambitious young player must make the groundwork of his game the forehand drive with lift. Everything else will come in due course, but he must not attempt to take on cut strokes and American services before he has mastered the plain-face service and returns, and acquired a fair degree of accuracy in these.

I cannot conclude this article better than by relating a conversation that took place between an English player and a member of a visiting team which was here at the time of last All-England Championship Meeting. The Englishman is really a very good player. He had been sampling the visitor's quality that morning. His opponent has a very fine forehand drive with a lot of lift that makes it quite awkward to play with a plain-face return unless you understand how to do it. He also has a puzzling reverse American service with a bound and twist that fairly makes it "squirm" on the receiver's racket if he takes it softly.

They were sitting talking it over after the game, and the home player said: "Well, it may be lawn-tennis, but I think all this top and twist and so on takes all the beauty out of the game."

"What makes you say so?" inquired his opponent. "They really give us all the most beautiful strokes in the game."

"That may be so," answered his friend, "but it takes all the grace and ease out of it. *It makes the other man look such a fool!*"

Of course it does if he doesn't understand it. It may be uncharitable, but—*que voulez-vous, messieurs?*

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XVI.—THE LANTERN

BY "DALESMAN"

I.

"If the fishing is as good as the house is quaint," remarked my wife to the agent, "we shall have no cause of complaint."

The house-agent—a despondent individual—smiled an enigmatical smile.

"You will not," he said, dryly, "be complainin' of the fishing, I'm thinkin'."

I must say I thought we were lucky to get that house and its eight miles of river and moor for the very moderate rent we were asked to pay. High on the mountain side it stood, sheltered from the winds sweeping down the dale by firs and larches, the river churning brown and foamy among mighty boulders below. It was a very ancient mansion of grey rough-cast, with the squat round chimneys so familiar in the Cumberland and Westmorland dales, large, low and rambling, with big, odd-shaped panelled rooms, open hearths, and black oak floors. At one end stood a massive square tower of weather-beaten red stone, known as "the Pele," containing a spiral staircase and three rooms, which, however, as we had plenty of other and more convenient accommodation, we decided not to use.

Salmon and sea-trout came up the brown river in autumn, grouse dwelt among the heather, while high among the fells lay a big wild tarn known as Lyke Water, in which, according to the agent, trout swarmed, trout which the tenancy of Swayne Keld Pele gave me the right of fishing for. Altogether, though we were rather beyond civilisation, we felt distinctly pleased with our bargain when we came into residence in time for the autumn fishing, which fishing we discovered fully bore out the grudging commendation of the gloomy agent.

"Charles," said Eva, one wild October evening, charging into the gun-room with that inconsequence which is very characteristic of her happy-go-lucky manner of tumbling through life generally, "I've found something."

I laid down the gun I was cleaning, with the sweet resignation of the six-months-married husband, and asked what it was now. It was comforting to find that her incursion was not due to the cook having been discovered in a state of intoxication or the bath-room hot-water supply diverting its course *viâ* the drawing-room ceiling.

My wife turned up the lamp and held her find out in my direction. "It was in the old lumber-room in the pele tower," she explained.

I took "it" from her gingerly. It was very dusty and rusty, and cob-webby. "What is it?" I asked, viewing it from every possible aspect. "It *looks* like a mediæval stable lantern."

"That's just what it is," said Eva, excitedly. "It's been stuck in that mouldy old tower for—oh, centuries, Charles! I am certain it is a genuine old thing this time."

Triumph rang in her voice. Eva's finds in the antiquity line had previously been very far removed from the period assigned to them, which made the unquestionable venerableness of her present discovery doubly attractive, and I peered at it with slowly awakening interest.

It was evidently of great age, made of solid wrought iron, the spaces between the ironwork filled in with horn. The ironwork was very well designed, rusty in places, but still strong, and the design was good.

I put the lantern down on the bench along with the cleaning rods and gun oil. The fire was low and the room seemed to have suddenly become bitterly cold.

"Come along," I said to Eva, "we'll look at that thing by daylight and clean it up. It must be getting on for dinner-time."

Thus was the lantern once more brought to the scene of its activity. I saw it standing out in dark relief on the bench as we made for the door, the ruddy embers of the wood fire throwing weird shadows on and around it as they flickered up before dying down and going out.

"I don't believe that beastly thing is canny," I said, with a shiver, as a sudden gust of wind banged the door after us.

"You are a superstitious donkey!" returned my wife, elegantly, slipping a small, strong hand protectingly into mine. I felt bound to lift it to my lips, and in the agitation of being thus discovered by the butler I for the moment quite forgot Eva's find. Not for long, though. It took good care of that.

II.

"Charles," said Eva to me next morning as I cut her a slice of ham at the sideboard, "I didn't sleep well last night."

I turned round and looked at her. I had slept abominably myself.

"Two of the servants have given notice," she went on, gloomily. "The kitchenmaid is a native"—she waved an explanatory hand in the direction of the hamlet below—"and she has been telling them that the house is haunted, and they—fools—think they have heard footsteps and doors opening and shutting all night, so they won't stay."

I sympathised with them, though I daren't say so. I, too, had heard things which I ought not to have heard during the silent watches of the night, though I knew Eva would crush me if I acknowledged the fact.

"Did the kitchenmaid happen to mention what the history of this mansion may be?" I asked, cautiously.

"There was a scandal and a murder, I believe," replied Eva, lowering her voice decorously as the butler with a countenance of funereal gloom brought in some fresh toast. I wondered—from his face—if he, too, had passed a disturbed night.

I began to comprehend why the agent who let us the house had appeared so unenthusiastic over our prospects connected therewith, and my reflections as I went to the gun-room to unearth rods, etc., for a contemplated day's sport were not very pleasant. On the bench Eva's find still stood. It was evidently a really remarkable curiosity seen by daylight, and before I went out I locked it carefully into my safe, the key of which I invariably keep about me.

It was bitterly cold coming home over the moor that night. Sport had been exceptionally good, and we had stayed much later than usual, consequently by the time we finally reeled up it was very nearly dark—the dreary darkness of a moonless night with a sky heavily overcast with clouds.

"Ugh!" grumbled Eva, as she stumbled heavily against the boulders with which the so-called pony track was thickly strewn. "Charles, are you sure we are going right?"

I wasn't at all sure; in fact, I was almost certain we were wrong. The situation was really unpleasant, and a stinging whirl of snowflakes by no means improved it. I was extremely relieved to see, dancing away to the left of us, a swinging, moving light. Evidently some statesman (yeoman farmer) or shepherd was out late, seeking perhaps stray sheep before the threatening storm broke.

We hastened our lagging footsteps after the flickering light, and hope again dawned that we might reach our pele that night.

"He's leading a horse!" said Eva, in a curious voice, as we came closer—close enough to make out the figure of a slightly-built man wrapped in a heavy cloak, leading a big grey horse, on the back of which was strapped a dark, shapeless bundle. In his left hand he held a lantern, constructed on lines very similar to those of Eva's find in an embrasure of the disused pele tower at Swayne Keld.

We shouted to him, but the wind howling past us carried the sound behind us, and he evidently did not hear, for he held steadily on his way, and try as we would we could not catch him up.

"Never mind," said Eva, "we shall land somewhere."

As she spoke, with appalling suddenness horse, man, and light disappeared utterly and completely, and we were left in the darkness and the blinding snow. I threw myself backwards, wildly clutching Eva as I did so, for my foot had stepped into nothingness. It was as by a miracle we had escaped walking over a precipice five hundred feet sheer down to the valley in which the river thundered. I knew where we were now though, and going slowly and cautiously we at last struck the track again, and so wound down the mountain-side to Swayne Keld.

Before I went to bed I unlocked my safe to look again at the lantern and compare it with the one which so silently and terribly had vanished over the crag. It was not there! Considerably startled, I lighted my big hurricane lamp and hurried to the disused pele tower. The clumsy keys grated in the rusty locks, and an icy air swept past me as I scrambled up the spiral staircase from room to room. In the top room of the three—a mere lumber-room now, light and air admitted only by deeply-embrasured loopholes—I found the lantern back again in its old haunt from which Eva had taken it; high up the wall on the deep sill of one of the narrow loopholes it stood, as doubtless it had stood undisturbed for centuries. On the rude stone floor beneath it a big, dark stain stood out with startling vividness in the flickering light of my lamp. For a moment I stared, then I bolted, locking the doors behind me.

Next day I went over to the county town and interviewed the agent. He did not seem at all surprised to see me.

III.

"Ah, Sir Charles," he said; "I thought I should be seein' you before long. Been turnin' out in the pele tower perhaps?"

I looked at him angrily; but, reflecting that if I wished to get to the bottom of things I had better not quarrel with the fellow, I swallowed my wrath and asked point-blank what he was driving at, telling him about our misadventure on Grey Crag, without,

however, mentioning Eva's find in the pele tower. He listened attentively.

"Ye'll have been finding the lantern, Sir Charles," he remarked, quietly, as I finished.

I stared. "My wife did," I said, helplessly.

"An' doubtless moved it from its appointed place," he went on, more as if speaking his own deductions aloud than addressing me.

I took the bull by the horns.

"Mr. Wilson," I said, "I do not wish to throw up Swayne Keld, but I want to know the rights of the mystery upon which we seem to have stumbled. Unless we do know it we cannot stay on. You shall not be the loser by telling me the truth."

"Maybe I will then," returned Mr. Wilson, imperturbably; "ye appear to be a gentleman of sense, Sir Charles, but then ye are both a good sportsman and of this country. Previous gentlemen and ladies have mostly run away—scairt away, one might conclude. The truth of it is this, sir: leave the lantern alone in its appointed place, and all will go well. Ye canna' get rid of it. It has bided in yon niche nigh on three hundred years folks tell, and 'twill bide there till as close on the judgment day as the pele stands. Folks have put it in a furnace, droppit it i' the river, but always it is back next day, and always they are disturbed for their pains. Nay, nay, leave it alone and it 'll leave you alone."

I stared at him. Was I living in the twentieth century, or was I back in the superstitions of the middle ages?

"But why?" I asked, in blank astonishment. "What is the story of it?"

And this is the legend of the dales that Mr. Wilson—a solid hard-headed North-country man of business—poured into my astonished ears:

"There lived at Swayne Keld some centuries ago a family called Wilson—no relation of mine," my informant hurriedly told me. "They were a bit wild, and one of the daughters, 'twas said, made a foolish marriage in her youth. However, the man went off and disappeared, and later on she succeeded to the estates and married a neighbouring squire, also a Wilson, whose serving-man, a lad of nineteen, was devotedly attached to both master and mistress. He was the young brother of the man Dame Wilson had been reported to have wedded in her youth, whom Dick had not seen since he was a child of eight years.

"One wild day, however, a half-starved beggar-man came over the fell and implored shelter for the night. Squire Wilson, with northern hospitality, took him in, and he was to sleep in the top room of the pele; but next morning it was found that he had re-

warded his host's kindness by making off with his host's favourite grey horse, taking young Dick with him. This was all that was ever definitely known."

"Well," I said, as old Wilson paused. "Where does the lantern come into this very sordid story?"

"We guess at the rest from the lantern's behaviour," old Wilson went on. "Gradually ugly whispers went about the country-side. Occasionally travellers over Grey Craig moor would meet a man leading a grey horse, carrying a lantern in his left hand. Once or twice storm-stayed folk followed the lantern light and fell over Grey Crag."

I shuddered. The memory of that footstep into space came tumbling into my mind with unpleasant vividness.

"What was surmised and pieced together was this," the old man went on. "Dick recognised in the beggar-man his lost brother, who had doubtless come to threaten the happiness of master and mistress; perhaps, indeed, the elder brother attempted to induce the younger to throw in his lot with him. At any rate, Dick is supposed to have killed the elder man as he lay asleep in the tower room, by the light of the lantern. He then carried the body of his victim down to the stables, which were then on the ground floor of the pele, and strapping it on the grey horse, started over Grey Crag moor with his gruesome burden, which he probably intended to dispose of in the depths of Lyke Water tarn. Some disaster may, however, have overtaken him. At any rate he was never seen or heard of again, and the only thing remaining was the lantern. The dalesfolk say that Dick, the grey mare, and its load, are doomed to roam the moor till the Last Day dawns. On that I cannot express an opinion: such matters are beyond a plain man. Now, Sir Charles, you know all that I can tell you."

I thanked Mr. Wilson, and thoughtfully descended into the street. It was something to be thankful for that the pele tower only was concerned in that bygone tragedy.

I had the entrance to the upper room in the pele tower walled up, with the lantern in its niche still keeping watch and ward over the dark stain on the rude stone floor. For all I know it is there still, except when occasionally lost travellers over Grey Crag moor meet a great grey horse with a dark burden on its back, led by a slim man carrying a lantern in his left hand.

I do not attempt to explain these things. As Mr. Wilson said, I am a plain man: but I have bought Swayne Keld, and we have not again been disturbed o' nights.

THE ROMAN HUNT—OFF TO THE MEET

SPORT IN ROME

BY HORACE WYNDHAM

ITALIANS, as a rule, are not very fond of outdoor pursuits, and athletically-inclined visitors to the country often lament that they have little or no opportunity of indulging in open-air pastimes. This drawback, however, does not exist in Rome, for in the Eternal City almost every description of sport can be enjoyed. It is true that gladiatorial contests no longer take place in the Colosseum, but every reasonable taste is regarded. Thus, one can hunt, race, shoot, golf, motor, fish, swim, or play tennis, etc., to one's heart's content, while even ping-pong enthusiasts are provided with a *cercle* of their own. Altogether there are no fewer than forty-five separate sporting clubs within the city's boundaries.

The principal sporting centre of Rome is the huge tract of country known as the Campagna, which extends for miles in every direction, just outside the walls. At one time thickly populated and the site of several large towns, it is now for the most part mere waste land, or at the best cultivated only in patches. In one portion is a racecourse; in another are some golf links; and in others excellent hunting is to be had; while the historic Appian Way that intersects the southern portion is an ideal road for motoring over.

Indeed, when Appius Claudius Cæcus planned it (in 312 B.C.) he might almost have done so for the special benefit of the motorists who are skimming along its smooth surface two thousand years later!

The most famous sporting organisation in Rome is undoubtedly the Roman Hunt. This, which was founded so long ago as the year 1840, is as distinguished in its way as are the historic packs of England. Its Italian title is the "Societa Romana della Caccia alla Volpe," and its members and patrons include practically all the leading families among both the Italian and British residents. The

THE ROMAN HUNT—A DAY ON THE CAMPAGNA

"Director" (or Master, as we should say) is the Marchese di Roccagiovini, and the vice-president is the Marchese Giacomo Mariguoli; while on the committee are the Prince Odescalchi ("field-master") and the Marchese Calabrini. Among the regular attendants at the meets are the Marchese Casati, Conte di Lazara, Visconte di Modrone, and Baron Gino di Morpungo, while prominent among the ladies who ride to hounds are the Principessa de Teano, the Marchesa di Roccagiovini, and the Contessa di Robilant. The British and American community, from Sir Edwin Egerton and the staff of the British Embassy downwards, are all ardent

supporters of the hunt. It may also be remarked that the cadets from the Tor di Quinto School of Military Equitation are required to attend the meets as a part of their training. As they ride in full uniform the appearance of the field is a specially picturesque one.

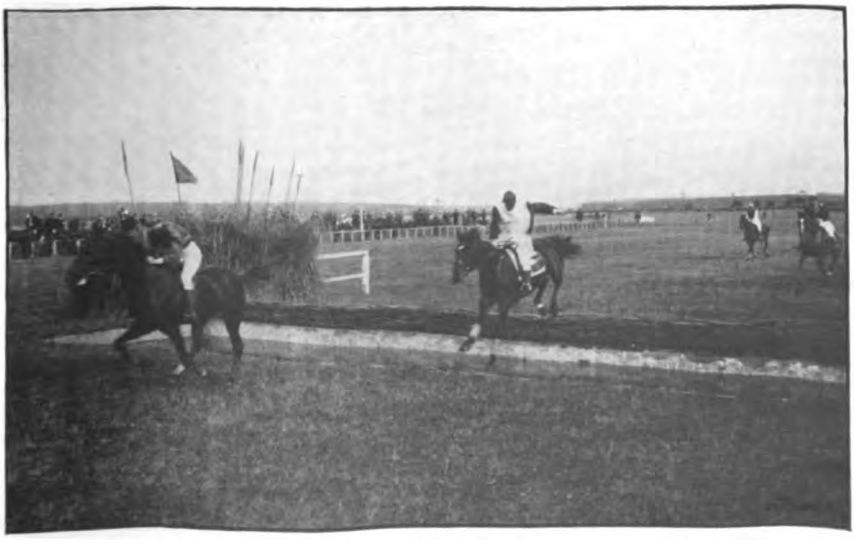
The kennels are at the Villa Tor Fiorenza, and meets usually take place within easy distance of the city. Among the different localities selected for the purpose are Cecchignola, Capannelle, Tre Fontane, Ostiense, and Acqua Citosa, all to the south; San Croce, to the west; and Bracciano, to the north. At this last spot is the castle of Prince Odescalchi, who is one of the hunt's strongest supporters. A feature of the meets is the large number of people who come out to watch the spectacle either in motors or carriages.

THE ROMAN HUNT—MOTORING TO THE MEET, ON THE WAY TO PORTA MAGGIORE

Others arrive on bicycles, and others again on foot. Among this latter contingent there is usually a considerable sprinkling of country people who have come to marvel at the strange manner in which "i signori" enjoy themselves. Sometimes their curiosity leads them to occasion the worthy Master and the hunt servants a good deal of annoyance, for they think nothing of pressing hard upon the heels of the pack in order to get a good view.

Next in importance to the Roman Hunt is the Jockey Club. This, which was founded in 1881, is an exceedingly influential organisation, and looks after all matters relating to the Turf with a firm hand. It is under the patronage of King Victor Emmanuel,

RACING AT TOR DI QUINTO—BRINGING IN A WINNER



A STEEPLECHASE ON THE TOR DI QUINTO COURSE

and the committee of management includes Prince Triulzio, the Duke of Genoa, the Conte di Torino, and Baron Emilio Angeloni. Another powerful organisation dealing with racing matters in Italy is the "Societa degli Steeplechase d'Italia." To it are affiliated kindred societies from all over the country, including the well-known ones of Florence, Milan, and Naples. It was brought into existence about fourteen years ago, and has a membership limited to one hundred. Like the older-established Jockey Club already referred to, the King has honoured it by becoming a patron.

The racecourse for Rome is laid out at Tor di Quinto, on the other side of the Tiber, to the east of the Ponte Molle.

DIVING IN THE TIBER

Between this point and the heart of the town is maintained a service of tramcars, but for the last stage of the journey one must either walk or hire a conveyance. The expedition by cab is rather expensive; for, the course being outside the walls, drivers are apt to be more extortionate than usual in their demands. Race meetings are held at frequent intervals, and usually attract a large number of entries. Among the well-known gentlemen-riders who have steered their colours to victory over the course here are the Marchese Malaspina, Captain Ceresoli, and Signor Coccia.

For the practice of boating and swimming the broad smooth stretches of the Tiber afford every facility. On fine summer evenings

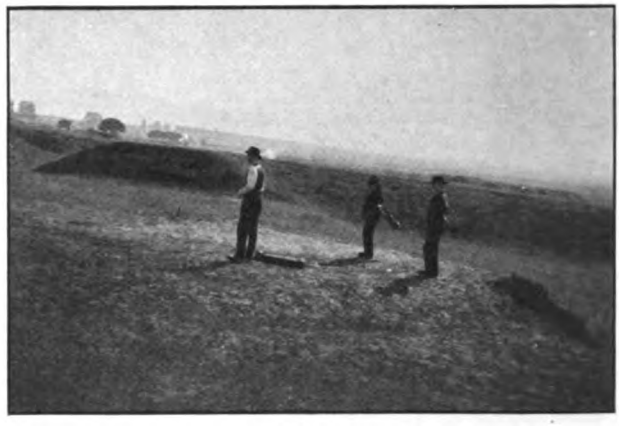
quite a number of rowing boats are to be seen on its surface. Swimming is also freely indulged in at certain points, and a common sight to see is that of men and boys diving from the bridges. Sometimes the feat is varied by plunging over the embankment wall mounted on a bicycle. Tennis-players have a club of their own near the Porta del Popolo and not far from the charming Pincio Gardens. The "Circolo Lawn-Tennis, Roma," as the club is known, has a membership of one hundred and fifty, and is presided over by the Duke of Lorenzo.

Golfers in the Eternal City are particularly well catered for, the

HIGH DIVING IN THE TIBER

Rome Golf Club providing them with the means of enjoying a round whenever they feel inclined and can spare the time for making the necessary expedition. The links are situated at Acqua Santa, on the Via Appia Nuova, and are within a quarter of an hour's walk of both a railway station and a tram terminus. The course is a fairly sporting one, and its nine holes extend over about three thousand yards. The amateur record for these is thirty-nine. Italians, it may be noted, have taken kindly to the royal and ancient game, and several members of the leading Roman families belong to the club. The bulk of the membership, however, consists of "forestieri"

(as Englishmen and Americans are termed), and includes Sir Edwin Egerton, the British Ambassador, and Mr. Hector de Castro, Consul-General for the United States. There are two classes of



GOLF COURSE AT ACQUA SANTA—THE FIRST TEE

members, (1) permanent and (2) temporary, the subscriptions in the case of gentlemen being one hundred lira and thirty lira (about £4 and £1 5s.). Ladies are eligible to join on considerably reduced

COACHING ON THE CAMPAGNA—BARON LEHR, A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN, ON THE BOX

terms, while chance visitors can purchase daily tickets on payment of the green fee of three lira (half a crown). Caddies are paid the equivalent of a shilling for eighteen holes. The boys who officiate in this capacity seldom know much English, and what they do know is not always of the sort approved in Sunday-schools. For instance, "Plenty damn fine shot, missy," is the observation with which they are apt to greet a lady who has made a good drive; while, "Oh hellee! Hard lines!" is their way of commiserating with perhaps a clerical gentleman who has got bunkered. There is a club house at the entrance to the links, where members can change their clothes, etc.; and a professional, who gives lessons if required, is always in attendance.

ETON *v.* WINCHESTER

BY HOME GORDON

(With contributions by many prominent authorities)

IN his new work "Industrial Efficiency," that prominent expert, Dr. Shadwell, furnishes a remarkable analysis of the leading difference between the inhabitants of England, Germany, and the United States. "The English people still possess as much energy as formerly; but they direct it into different channels and make play their work. That applies to all classes of the community, and it is a new thing. The English have always been distinguished as a people for exceptional love of games and sport, but indulgence in those amusements was an occasional relaxation between periods of serious labour. These have now become a constant preoccupation and the chief interest of life to a large proportion of men in all ranks of society... Both masters and boys in the mass pay more homage to proficiency in cricket than to any intellectual attainments, and the captain of the school on the cricket-field is a greater personage than its captain in the class-room."

This is not the occasion to enter into any estimate as to whether the love of cricket has become an abuse as Rudyard Kipling suggested, or whether it builds up the stamina and the moral discipline which make a typical Englishman, though there would be no difficulty in proving the latter case in the judgment of British sportsmen. Leaving that, however, apart, and accepting the facts of the case as stated by the clear-sighted censor just quoted, so long as cricket occupies its high position it is incumbent to provide the best possible exponents of the game. For many years it has been a truism that the finest combination is a happy conjunction of amateur and professional talent. At one time the public-school cricketer provided almost the whole of first-class amateur talent, apart from a comparatively small section, which included the Graces and Mr. W. W. Read. Of late the University elevens have had a larger percentage of players drawn from smaller schools or even privately educated. The same feature is observable in the composition of the sides representing England and the Gentlemen, five of the eleven chosen for the latter at Lord's last

summer not hailing from any public school, and three out of the seven amateurs selected to play in Test Matches, as well as about one-third of the first fifty amateurs in first-class batting averages and a dozen of the thirty-four in the bowling.

It has been laid down by Lord Hawke that it takes three years to make a county cricketer out of a likely colt, and it has long been an axiom that for the University match, if all other capacities are equal, preference will be given to an Etonian or Harrovian, simply because he has already played before a big crowd at Lord's in his school match. This being the case, it has been thought desirable to obtain the views of well-known old Wykehamists and others intimately associated as to the desirability of transferring the Eton and Winchester match to Lord's. For a long time that halcyon idea of a Public School Week at the headquarters of cricket has been discussed, and there are two contemporaneous signs which may be indicated; first, that this year Eton plays Winchester only a week before meeting Harrow, and secondly that there is some prospect that the long-desired meeting between Harrow and Winchester may be arranged. In this respect it may be worth stating that Mr. M. C. Kemp, who so enthusiastically directs Harrovian cricket, writes in reply to my interrogatories: "By special desire of my Head Master my lips are closed, so I fear I cannot oblige." Needless to say I did not take the invidious step of trying to obtain opinions from any of the three Head Masters, and the fact of his remaining after the rest of the M.C.C. team in South Africa deprives this article of the valuable views of that well-known Wykehamist and singularly judicious critic, Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower. It is with sincere gratitude that I acknowledge the great kindness which has characterised the replies of those I addressed.

The senior old Wykehamist I applied to was that ardent cricketer and inspiriting captain Mr. J. Shuter, one of the most popular men who ever led a county team. Against Eton, in 1871, when Winchester won by 8 runs, he scored 2 and 18, earned the unenviable "pair of spectacles" next season, but wound up with 13 and 52, the highest score on the side, in 1873. He writes: "I feel I can give you but little help, my experience of school cricket since I left Winchester having been practically nil. I have certainly always been under the impression that Eton looks upon the Winchester match as of secondary importance as compared with the Harrow match, and that a distinct advantage is gained over Winchester from the fact that the ordeal is a greater one for Winchester than for Eton. This would be equalised could the match be played at Lord's. I really cannot say that I ever gave the matter any consideration when I was at Winchester, but could the change now be made I for one would most cordially welcome it; and I cannot but think that, considering the

fierce light which now beats on 'public' cricket, the experience thus gained at such an impressionable age cannot but be of benefit to young cricketers—and to the cricket of the school in general."

This view does not coincide with that of the majority of my other correspondents. It will occur to everyone, What does Mr. J. R. Mason say? Emphatically the greatest cricketer ever produced by Winchester modestly observes: "You will understand that I am giving you only my personal views and feelings on the subject"—which is exactly what was desired in all cases. He then goes on: "In answer to the several questions in your letter, I do not think that any benefit would accrue to Winchester cricket if the annual match against Eton was played at Lord's. Winchester used to play both Eton and Harrow at Lord's, but no match has been played with Harrow since 1854, and after that year the match with Eton has been played alternately at Eton and Winchester. My views are, and always have been, strongly in favour of this arrangement. There are many pleasant features in connection with this yearly exchange of visits and friendly hospitality, and the lasting good feeling engendered thereby would unquestionably be lost if a change to Lord's were adopted; in fact, I think such a change would be detrimental rather than beneficial to Winchester cricket. No further publicity is needed to increase the keenness of the generous rivalry which the annual match between Winchester and Eton creates, and I trust no question of having to pay to watch the play will ever arise. I am of course aware that this interesting topic has been often discussed, but I fail to see any advantage to Winchester cricket or to the eleven in changing the venue to Lord's." It is appropriate to recall how great an opponent Mr. Mason proved in his school matches. In 1890, when he went in last, he scored 15 not out. Next year illness deprived the eleven of his services, but in 1892 he amassed 147 and 71, besides taking eight wickets, and when captain in the following summer he obtained 43 and 36, besides claiming eight wickets at a cost of little more than seven runs apiece.

Mr. G. W. Ricketts, who showed himself a rattling cricketer when up at Oxford, has since become particularly identified with reforms, so that his views were especially desirable. He observes that "it would be beneficial to Winchester cricket to play Eton at Lord's if the match were at the end, or near the end, of the term. For the last thirty years at least the match has been played during the last week in June, which is too early in the summer term for the climax of the school cricket season. It would, I think, be equally beneficial if the match were played as at present, but later in the year. This year, for the first time so far as I know, the match is to be on July 6 and 7, and this goes a good way towards meeting my

objection." [In 1891, when Mr. R. L. Ricketts was in the eleven, Winchester beat Eton by five wickets on July 4.] "I am not sure at this distance of time what I would have preferred when I was at school, but so far as I can remember, if I had been given the choice, I should have chosen to play at Lord's. This would have been on account of the fame of Lord's ground, and not for the pleasure it would have given. I know I greatly enjoyed my two visits to play at Eton in 1881 and 1883, in spite of our being beaten in 1881, when we thought we ought to have won." [This was a great personal triumph for Mr. P. J. de Paravicini, who scored 59 and took ten wickets for 71. The Winchester players were a fine, powerful set, and admittedly the stronger eleven.]

Mr. W. H. Leese develops a further aspect by expressing the opinion that it would have no effect on the "cricket" at all if the match were played at Lord's. "Speaking generally, I think Eton play worse there than anywhere else; anyhow, it would not improve our form. Every big school has now so good a ground and wicket that natural talent is bound to come to the front. So also are made cricketers, though they depend on the coaching, which in its turn depends on the wickets, for no good cricket can be taught unless the wickets are perfect. Incidentally I should much regret "fine natural wickets" at schools. They are usually a synonym for "fiery" ones, and are, however amusing such cricket is to watch, both unpleasant and dangerous to the player. Any good cricketer is in these days certain to get a chance from whatever school he comes, and the advertisement of playing at Lord's is very little good. In fact, I have known some men from smaller schools, who went up to the University with big reputations largely gained by meeting inferior players, very much overtried. After all, the county and University authorities want the best men and have ample means to find them. Socially the Eton and Winchester encounter is at present as pleasant as can be. Both the school grounds are magnificent in every way, and since Winchester have had a good wicket the matches are very even. Until then, with few exceptions, we had the poorest possible sides. Lord's at the school match is a rabble of people who never were at Eton but who wear light blue. Unless one was a member of M.C.C. I should imagine it a day of toil and tribulation. On either school ground one can move about, see many friends, and wear rational dress. One more thing, and that important: Contrast the feeling between the two schools and that between Eton and Harrow. In the former case the friendliness is largely, I think, due to the fact that each school entertains the other in turn. The Eton and Harrow feeling is not a good one, though it may serve to amuse people. There is bitterness at the

back of it. The Eton and Winchester feeling, on the other hand, is up to the best traditions of the two schools and lasts through life. I have spent hours watching Eton and Winchester matches with Etonians I have played against. I notice that Etonians and Harrovians do not much frequent the Eton *v.* Harrow. I am sure it would be much to their advantage if they could play the match as we do. Fancy exchanging New Field at Winchester, with the Old Barge, the river running at the bottom and 'Hills' in the distance, and all the jolly old trees and buildings; or 'Agar's Plough,' which will be perfect when the trees grow a bit, and all the beautiful surroundings of Eton, for Lord's as it is now! You might as well play the match at Olympia."

How strongly divergent opinions are may be judged from the following incisive observations of Mr. A. L. Watson. It will be remembered that the Hampshire county amateur was one of the comparatively few Wykehamist cricketers who went up to Cambridge. (Others were the Hon. J. W. Mansfield, Messrs. G. E. Winter and H. C. McDonell.) Against Eton in 1885, when captain, he contributed 67. He points out that with one exception no old Wykehamist has ever scored a century in the University match—Mr. V. T. Hill, in 1892, made 114—nor in Gentlemen *v.* Players, nor yet in Test Matches either in England or Australia, whilst Mr. J. R. Mason is the only one who has achieved the double feat of scoring 1,000 runs and taking 100 wickets, which he did in 1901, when his aggregate was 1,561, and he dismissed 118 opponents.

"It would be an excellent thing," writes Mr. A. L. Watson, "if the authorities could see their way to allow Winchester to play Eton at Lord's. Boy-cricketers should be given a chance of appearing before the public at Lord's before they go up to the University. It is a good tonic for nervous cricketers; it gives them more confidence when they get to the University; and, further, their chances are more on a par with Etonians and Harrovians, whereas in the present state of things these chances are somewhat discounted. Many Wykehamists in the last twenty years have failed to do themselves justice on the cricket field in the University match, and it is quite possible that nervousness on their first appearance at Lord's may have been a big factor in their failure.

"There should be no reason, if the match were played annually at Lord's, for losing that *bonne camaraderie* which has always existed in the Eton and Winchester match; and it would give a great impetus to Winchester cricket in the future.

"The match should not be played later than the Eton and Harrow match, because cricket at public schools, especially with the members of the eleven, is kept up at a very high tension, and is

likely to be too much strain on some boys if the match were played at the end of the term, owing to the monotony of the constant practices. Personally I always was in favour of it when I was captain of Winchester in 1885, and further wished to play Harrow at Lord's, though I can fully see that the authorities might have a strong case against both the Winchester matches and Eton and Harrow being played at Lord's. In my time I never even saw Lord's cricket ground until I had left Winchester three years, and others in the eleven may have had similar experiences.

"Unhesitatingly I consider that it would be a most admirable thing in every way if the Eton and Winchester could be played at Lord's every year."

Allusion has been made to Mr. V. T. Hill as the sole Wykehamist "centurion" in the University match. He sends some notes which run as follows: "The mere fact of playing Eton at Lord's would not, in my opinion, make much difference to cricket in general at Winchester, although it would, of course, be of considerable benefit to those who were fortunate enough afterwards to assist in the University match, Lord's being well known to be a ground on which it is difficult to do oneself justice, either with the bat or fielding, until one is accustomed to its peculiarities. I think it is a great pity there should not be a Public School Week in which Eton, Winchester, and Harrow should play one another. It would create extra keenness amongst the schools, and also be well worth watching from a spectator's point of view. At present Winchester or Eton has, I think, quite an advantage playing on the home ground. At Winchester, although the ground was a very good one, the ball always rose rather straight off the pitch, and those who were not used to it were apt to get caught in the slips, especially if fond of cutting, while at Eton there was the curious light as well as the plague of flies in the afternoon. At Winchester we had the advantage of almost perfect practice wickets, which coupled with the opportunity of occasionally seeing good cricket goes a long way towards making a good cricketer."

Only one old Wykehamist, distinguished in many ways besides at cricket, desires anonymity for his contribution. From it may be extracted "the cricket is always keen and there is no waste of time. In my time the first day's play began at 10.45, and stumps were drawn at 6.30. On the second day we commenced at either 10.15 or 10.30; deducting luncheon intervals, there was thus a total of over fourteen hours' play, and in the six seasons I was at Winchester the match with Eton was only once drawn. Possibly a good many people would like to see some of the match, and could do so if it were played at Lord's, but as a whole those who want to see it get

to it, and there is a healthy avoidance of the social function. The match is this year to be played nearly a fortnight later than usual, and the later date is beneficial to Winchester cricket, although it happens to be on the two last days of the University match. I see no valid reason for changing the present out-and-home arrangement."

Among recent amateurs few have seemed to play more "brainy" cricket than Mr. H. C. McDonell, and on the very eve of starting for Italy in the midnight watches he writes: "I sincerely trust that there is no immediate danger of Eton *v.* Winchester being played at Lord's, for, to my mind, it would be extremely prejudicial to the cricket of both schools. It seems to me that the main point is that it should be essentially a 'school event,' and not merely a kind of holiday outing when eleven representatives from each school happen to play a cricket match. Once transfer the game to Lord's and this object, now fully attained, becomes merged in a social event, in which the cricket is quite a secondary consideration. I have only once witnessed the Eton *v.* Harrow match, but I could not help being thankful that we played Eton on our own grounds, especially if the fact of our playing at Lord's were to involve a free fight among our supporters at the conclusion of the match. I do not believe the cricket of our eleven would gain anything by the change, though one or two members might acquire a little confidence afterwards by having played at Lord's before. Moreover, it is very apt to upset a young player, perhaps somewhat oppressed with the importance of the occasion, suddenly to exchange the school atmosphere for that of London. Speaking for myself, I have always found it extremely difficult to sleep in London, though never before a cricket match anywhere else, but I have experienced the same difficulty before the University golf match. Having mentioned golf, and remembering the article in last year's *Badminton* on Cricket *v.* Golf, may I say a word in favour of that game being played by boys at school? To my mind, there is no finer test of a man's nerve than a good, close golf match. I would rather go in at a most critical juncture in a cricket match than have to hole a difficult putt for a half in an important competition or team match. In the first case, if you fail you make matters very little worse than they were before, whereas if you do well all the papers praise your wonderful nerve at a critical stage of the game; in the second, you have only yourself to blame if you miss the putt, and you get little or no credit if you hole it. At Winchester it has been clearly shown that golf can be played effectively without seriously interfering with cricket, and I am sure that its value as a training for nerve in cricket is far greater than

would be the visit of a school team to the headquarters of cricket. I devoutly hope the day may never return when I shall have to go to Lord's to see 'Eton Match.'"

This recalls, as was mentioned by Mr. J. R. Mason, that Winchester last played Eton at Lord's in 1854, when Mr. A. J. Bramley, with five wickets for 33 runs, and seven for 32, had much to do with giving Winchester a victory by three wickets. This was also the last year Winchester met Harrow, the authorities of the Hampshire College objecting to the boys coming up to London—in those days the Public School rubber was played at the beginning of August. Up to that period Winchester had eleven times beaten Harrow, leading off with a succession of six victories, beginning in 1825, and had thirteen times been defeated. Against Eton ten successes could be set against fourteen defeats, one tie having to be recorded in 1845.

In the absence of the Oxford University secretary, Mr. E. L. Wright, who is in Italy for the vacation at the time of the compilation of this article, his father informs me that he believes his son would be decidedly against playing Eton Match at Lord's. The final Wykehamist opinion invited was that of the Hon. C. N. Bruce, who only left the school in 1904, and of whose cricket such high hopes are entertained should health permit him to participate regularly in first-class fixtures. His views are: "I am sure the majority of the eleven prefer it, and will always prefer it, as it is; and I do not see that playing this one match at Lord's would improve a fellow's cricket or nerve on subsequent occasions. It is also a very good thing for the school that old Wykehamists—and in the same way old Etonians—should have some occasion, and that such a very enjoyable one, of going back and seeing, as they must, a good few of their old schoolfellows. I do not think anyone wishes the match made more public. What is there to be gained by it?"

By this time it may have occurred to some reader that the Eton point of view would also be interesting. Mr. N. C. Tufnell, the wicket-keeper of the present Eton eleven, who exhibited such coolness at the close of the match with Harrow last year, in response to inquiry replied as follows: "Though I consider there are some arguments in favour of the plan of Eton playing Winchester at Lord's, on the whole I should deplore any change. Assuming that all the difficulties in the way of the alteration were removed, I think the form shown in the match would deteriorate. Batting at Lord's is very nervous work, and nervousness is conspicuous by its absence on ordinary school grounds with ordinary school spectators. From the social point no doubt Wykehamists and Etonians would welcome the prospect of a day or two in London if the match were during

school-time, and we should also come well in sight of the much-discussed Public School Week. But the present interchange of matches is a most amicable affair; and not only do we appreciate Winchester's cordial hospitality, but we try in some measure to repay it in our turn, and thus we hope they reciprocate a little of what we so gratefully thank them for. This excellent fraternisation would change its character were we all to migrate to Lord's."

Precisely the same views suggest themselves to that distinguished cricketer, Mr. C. M. Wells, the Eton master who has charge of the cricket, for he considers "the chief charm of the match lies in the close and friendly feeling which exists between the two elevens, and this I am sure is fostered by the fact that the visiting teams are the guests of the home team. I do not of course imply that there is any kind of unfriendly feeling towards Harrow, but the boys who meet in the match at Lord's do not know one another in the same way as those meeting at Winchester or Eton."

The whole of the above valuable contributions combine to provide a remarkable glimpse of amateur opinion extending in reality far beyond the question where this especial match should be played. Whereas county cricket is avowedly to-day a gate-money business depending on public patronage, directly there comes any expression about a genuinely sporting game played by two teams of boys, at once there is manifested the general desire to promote the best *entente cordiale* and to avoid greater publicity. Therefore a distinct addition is hereby provided to our knowledge of contemporary views on cricket, and those who declare so glibly that the modern game is degenerating will obtain fresh testimony that the old spirit permeates it to-day.

A further point which might be raised is that Rugby meets Marlborough and Cheltenham opposes Haileybury at Lord's. It would be pertinent to ask what effect this has had on the cricket of these schools were the cases analogous. The matches are, however, played after term time, under delightful conditions, which none the less reveal some abatement of the usual customs of M.C.C.—for example, the pavilion is freely opened to the two schools—and the attendance, owing to the time of year, is not comparable with that which would greet Winchester if the eleven came up in June. There is altogether a healthy desire to avoid advertisement, and a pleasant absence of wish to play to the gallery, in all that has been published in response to my inquiries, which will encourage those labouring for the best sporting interests of the game; and there can be no doubt that the authorities at Lord's are steadily keeping this in view, and working assiduously to promote genuine cricket and not mere record-mongering.

THE GORNER GLACIER, LYKSAMM AND BREITHORN SEEN FROM LAC NOIR

OVER ROCK AND ICE

BEING AN EXPERIENCE ON THE MATTERHORN WITHOUT GUIDES

BY MAURICE STEINMANN, S.A.C.

In August 1899 the little Alpine railway up the valley of the Viège to Zermatt carried a joyous trio: Fraser, Smith, and myself. Joyous and happy we were, for our dearest wish was about to be realised; we were to attempt the ascent of the Matterhorn without guides or porters, our experience in the Alps giving us the right (if I may call it so) to undertake this dangerous and tiring ascent in such a manner. The question of the ascent of difficult mountains without guides is often discussed in the Swiss journals, especially after any catastrophe; it is a subject I do not wish to enter into here, but which will form the theme of another special article later on.

Zermatt, where we arrive about noon, is a charming and cosmopolitan village, which might provide to the satirical pencil of a Phil May ample scope for his art. In the principal street, in fact the only one, come and go all sorts and conditions of beings. See for instance the inevitable Tartarin equipped fully for mountaineering, from head to foot, by the first sport outfitters of Paris. He always walks about with his "piolet" (ice-axe); he talks very big, and knows all the neighbouring mountains by heart, and by heart only, for he invariably has inherited from his mother's side a certain "weakness

of the lungs," preventing him from climbing. In the comfortable basket chairs of the Grand Hotel he is often seen explaining the use of ropes and piolets to any ladies willing to listen. A little further down the street we see a typical group of three fat Germans, perspiring freely, dressed Tyrolean style with the little soft hat and feather, gold-rimmed spectacles, and on their backs knapsacks, the covers of which do not quite hide the bottles contained within. A few steps further a worthy parson with his wife, accompanied by two or three daughters, very sweet to look upon, returning from an excursion on muleback. Amongst all these, several guides, with their bearded and benevolent faces lit up by two blue eyes inspiring confidence, quietly smoking their pipes. So to the hotel and lunch.

During this repast, to which full justice must be done, we learn that a good deal of snow has fallen during the previous day, a fact which will by no means facilitate the ascent.

Our host, having soon guessed our intentions, offers us at the market price guides and porters, which offer we of course refuse, as our object is to make the ascent unaccompanied by guides. To give an idea of the money spent on guides and porters for the Matterhorn alone, it was stated in one of the Alpine journals that as large a sum as £2,400 was earned by them for this one mountain for one season only.

Soon after lunch, and each carrying his own knapsack, rope, and piolet, we left Zermatt in the direction of the Lac Noir while a scorching sun was pouring down upon us. The Matterhorn, also known in Switzerland as "the Cervin," is the finest mass of rocky mountain conceivable. There it is all alone, proud and terrible, surrounded by glaciers, and raising its peak towards the sky as though a menace from the earth to heaven, the snow-capped mountains around appearing to hide away from their formidable rival. Up to the year 1865 this mountain resisted all attempts of the most intrepid climbers, and it was not until July 14 of that year that a well-known English mountaineer was able to vanquish the giant. His victory, however, was a costly one, and the story of the descent and subsequent catastrophe wherein four men lost their lives is too well known to need repetition here.

From that time the Matterhorn has been climbed times without number, and catastrophes and deaths have been the all too frequent result; the Matterhorn has many fatal accidents to account for. Of late years chains and cords have been placed in the most dangerous spots; a permanent danger, however, is the falls of stones that are continually taking place, a danger which will always remain inevitable, and the man who contemplates the ascent must, to use a colloquial expression, "take his chance."

The little footpath that we follow soon leaves the woods behind, to be replaced by pasture land on all sides. To the left, far below us, the Gorner Glacier stretches its white and blue surface, while on our right is the *Z*'mutt Glacier covered with stones and earth over its lower part; snowy mountains around; and looking at us, rising supreme and haughty, the Matterhorn.

We soon reach the Lac Noir, with its little chapel, where formerly never a guide passed without entering for silent prayer before climbing, a pious custom which has now ceased to exist. Why? Has a wave of Atheism reached these crude sons of the Alps, or does the Matterhorn no longer inspire them with the same fear as before? We are now soon on the slopes of the Hornli, which is really the continuation of the northern arête[1] of the Matterhorn.

THE LAC NOIR AND CHAPEL

Gradually night begins to fall; the snow-capped giants around become grey; Monte Rosa alone still glows with the last kiss of the fast-setting sun; the valley is plunged into shade and darkness; all is calm and wonderful; absolute silence reigns, broken only by the significant clatter of stones continually rattling down the rocky sides of the Matterhorn.

[1] *Arête*, the edge formed by two faces of rock, snow, or ice meeting each other at a sharp angle.

From the valley below the purple haze rises and wraps us in its embrace; the stars appear and twinkle in the sky above like so many diamonds; we feel our hearts beat fast within us; our thoughts go back to those we love, wishing also they could share our lot.

Thus we reach the Hornli Cabin, tired, but happy in the thought of our to-morrow's climb.

To the mountaineer these simple words *la cabane* convey a great deal; it is to him as is the green oasis to the traveller in the desert; it is as the port to the ship at sea; it is the shelter to him against the stormy elements of the Alps; in fact it is *la cabane*; all those climbing in the Alps will know its meaning well. The Swiss Alpine Club (S.A.C.) have built about sixty of these *cabanes*, both small and large, in the most inhospitable places among the Swiss Alps. They are composed of stones or wood; but the real type of such huts is made of wood, solidly fixed to the rock by iron clamps; the sides are of double thickness, and the interior makes a comfortable room wherein fifteen to twenty people can sleep at once.

The hut is provided with a stove, an ample provision of wood for burning, and all the necessary cooking utensils; rugs and blankets, and straw in sufficient quantities to make an excellent bed. These huts are open to all comers, and as each person has to do his own cooking, and put each article back in its place afterwards, this picnicking lends still another charm to the *courses de montagnes*. The use of the hut costs nothing, except for a small charge made for the wood burnt, which is put in a little box provided for the purpose.

The Hornli Cabin is situated right at the base of the Matterhorn, 10,800 ft. above sea-level, and is built of stones lined with wood; the sketch shows its position. We immediately enter the hut, and are greeted by two Frenchmen with their two Chamonix guides who had gone on before us. We make ourselves at home, and as the fire is already burning brightly we soon have a hot supper prepared, a great luxury at this high altitude. We then light our pipes and go to sit outside. This is a delightful moment as we smoke in peace. There we are, surrounded by nature at her grandest, and in silence that can be felt we speak not a word, but think of our next day's fight with the colossal rock which rises supreme behind us. We even ask ourselves, "Shall we ever come back?" This last idea is, however, only a passing thought; we are happy, absolutely so; and we agree, despite the saying of certain philosophers, that life *is* worth living.

But the cold soon drives us back into the hut, we prepare everything in complete readiness for the next day, then stretch ourselves out on the straw, wrapped up well in blankets and rugs,

and gradually fall off to sleep, in perfect stillness, broken only by the noise of stones eternally falling down the rocky slopes of the Matterhorn, and the far-away rumblings of avalanches on the other side of the glaciers.

Looking at the Matterhorn from Zermatt one sees three arêtes. The centre one only interests us; it is divided by two rocky spurs into three parts. The higher of these spurs, known as the Shoulder (Épaule), is covered with ice, and very steep; the lower spur has, so far as I know, no name at all; and it is almost at

THE HORNLI CABANE

the same level, a little to the left, that the old "refuge" is, of which more anon.

The majority of visitors to Zermatt are led to believe that the ascent is made in following the northern arête up to the summit, but this is incorrect; the ascent is made as shown by the sketch reproduced on p. 651.

We are awake and ready by 2 a.m.; we take in our knapsack only just sufficient food for the day; we rope ourselves together very carefully, having a space of about twenty-five to thirty feet between each; and lighting our lanterns we start, together with the two

Frenchmen and their two guides. There is not a cloud in the sky, it is very cold, quite dry, and everything augurs well for a beautiful day. In ten minutes we arrive at the foot of a vertical wall of solid rock. It is the Matterhorn. Here we are at last!

We hold a council of war. Only one of the two guides accompanying the Frenchmen had made the ascent before, and this only once; but, says he, with his unwise "frenchy" assurance, "I know the way." More out of courtesy than anything else we allow him and his party to lead.

We attack the rock from the front, and a few good footholds, a fissure in the rock, and a kind of rocky chimney, soon bring us up thirty or forty feet. It is as dark as pitch; we are forced to flash the lanterns over the rock before finding a hold, so as to haul ourselves up higher. The rock, however, is good and solid, the nails in our boots bite well, and—pleasant surprise!—although the air is cold the rock itself is much less so, enabling us to keep our hands warm, thereby retaining their elasticity. This first passage mastered, we turn to our left towards the rocky wall which is seen from Zermatt, and follow carefully along a narrow ledge of rock almost horizontally. It is necessary to move along here very carefully, for the feeble light of our lanterns distorts the shapes of the rocks, and our rope catches everywhere.

Here we have on our left the Fürggen Glacier, 600 ft. below straight down—a false step would send us flying into space; and on our right the solid paroi,[1] the top of which loses itself in the night. The silence of our party is only broken now and then by a few words of advice from one to the other. We catch up the French caravan, who have lost their way, and are forced to retrace their steps; now they find themselves stopped by an apparently impassable length of rock; they have but one lantern between the four, so we lend them one of ours, and with this supplementary light the passage is safely negotiated. Two hundred paces further on the same thing occurs, a proceeding costing us a lot of valuable time.

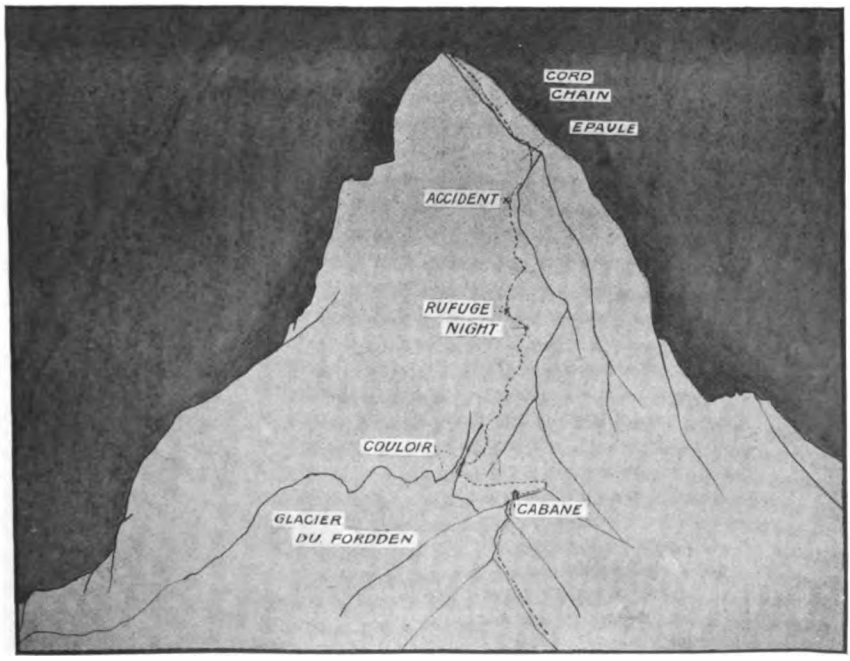
After about one hour's duration of this horizontal "walk," we arrive at the edge of a large couloir,[2] full of frozen snow, down which are coming helter-skelter all the stones which fall on this part of the Matterhorn; therefore we await our chance, and hurry as fast as we dare over the sixty or seventy steps cut in the ice by some climbers who had passed across a few days previously. This was very lucky: we were saved considerable fatigue

[1] *Paroi*, wall of rock or ice.

[2] *Couloir*, a long recess in the face of the rock, generally funnel-shaped at the top.

in not having to cut the steps in the ice with our piolets, with the happy result that we gain time, and save our strength for the greater efforts later on.

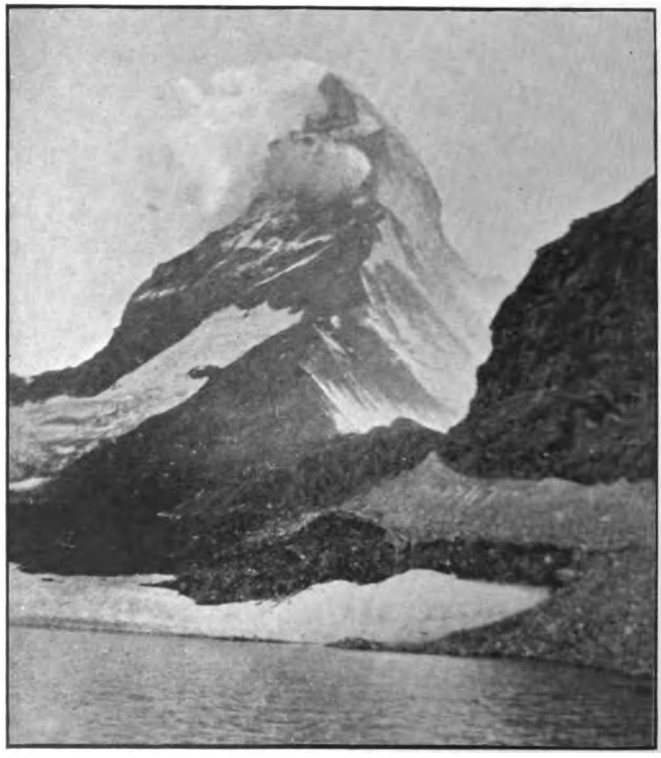
We now clamber up a small rocky passage, somewhat difficult, and allow ourselves five minutes for breathing time and to extinguish our lanterns. The day is breaking, and the snowy peaks around us are already shining in the rays of the rising sun. The climb now continues over a steep slope covered with loose blocks of stone, which give way under our weight, and dislodging others in their descent, form an avalanche of boulders, bounding along, and



finally disappearing, till they come to a stop on the glacier beneath with a noise like that of artillery, leaving the air impregnated with the characteristic smell that stones cause when hurled one against the other. To avoid being struck by these boulders in their descent, one is forced to keep as near to the other as possible. We here lose a deal of time owing to one of the Frenchmen being taken ill. We, however, are unable to remain with them, so we leave them behind, when we can do so, and hoisting ourselves little by little, and step by step, and profiting by the fissures in the rock, we rise rapidly. We then scale a wall, interesting enough, some 30 ft. high, to reach a tiny natural terrace on which is built the old

refuge of the Matterhorn (12,583 ft.); it is now seven o'clock in the morning.

With a sigh of relief we loosen the rope around us and have some breakfast consisting of biscuits and honey, washed down by cold tea from our "gourds" (tin flasks). This refuge is simply a small hut built of stones, with one side against the wall of rock. Built in 1867 by the guides of Zermatt, it is only about 9 ft. long by 6 ft. wide; but unfortunately it is entirely filled (as can be seen in



THE MATTERHORN AS SEEN FROM FOOT OF FÜRGGEN GLACIER

the photograph) by a huge block of ice, rendering it absolutely useless. The ice is formed in the inside by the melted snow and rain dripping through the crevices between the stones. This is very much to be regretted, as this hut would be a haven of refuge to climbers were it habitable.

All around is desolate and grey, on our left the abyss, and on our right, rising 2,127 ft. above us, stands the summit of the Matterhorn —looking still more savage and terrible even than when seen from the

base. This aspect impresses us strongly, and the stones which now begin to roll down under the action of the sun make the air ring with their cannonade. From our coign of vantage we study the route and take careful note of the places most exposed to the chutes of stones. The French party arrive and announce to us their intention of proceeding no further. Had they said that their guides would not pull them up any further they would have been nearer the truth.

THE OLD REFUGE ON THE MATTERHORN

Taking only one piolet and a few biscuits in our pockets (and my folding kodak), so as to leave our arms and bodies as free as possible, we resume our climb.

The slope here is decidedly stiffer, and we have to use our hands more than our feet (I can assure you that the work to the biceps is worth the best muscle exerciser).

We push along slowly, the hard rock beneath is good, and the nails of our boots grind gaily as they bite into it. We here come to a rope fixed to the rock, over a stiff part; but the rope looks so rotten that we prefer to manage without it. The slope becomes steeper and steeper without presenting any great difficulties to us; but when you have no guide to pull you and help you, you need to be very experienced and keep a cool head, for you see below in looking down between your feet an immense space, and space only. Working on our hands and knees we crawl into a vertical "chimney" (breathing hard, for the exercise is violent), and

we make great progress by climbing rapidly higher. This part is splendid, and we enjoy it right royally, though two or three isolated stones whiz past and whistle in our ears, causing us to make ourselves as small as possible. We now arrive on the side of a terrifically steep couloir that we are forced to mount to arrive on the arête itself, and as we peep on the other side we see a precipice 4,000 ft. deep. It is magnificent, sublime, and we feast our eyes on this immense space; but as we are no longer sheltered by the mountain the wind blows hard and cold, and we foresee that the last part of the climb will be very difficult—more so than usual. However, we proceed gingerly along during a few minutes, and finally arrive at the Shoulder referred to above. There, sheltered behind a rock, we carefully examine the last and most difficult part of the ascent, which we are able to see well from here. It will take about two hours to vanquish the remaining 880 ft. to 1,000 ft. straight up between us and the summit. This part is covered with snow and ice, a difficulty we had not foreseen at this time of the year, and rendered more arduous still by the fact of our having only one piolet; it was an error of judgment on our part leaving the others at the refuge. In short, it might well cost us the success of our undertaking. With a final look at the knots of our rope we start afresh on the last part of the ascent. The Shoulder is an enlargement of the arête and is covered with snow; a rope fixed right across it for a length of 150 ft., however, makes the passage easier; but this rope, covered as it is with ice, hurts our hands badly—hands already sore with the climbing on the rock below. At the highest point of the Shoulder the arête closes in, and obliquely to the left finishes in the summit of the vertical "wall" (600 ft. high) of reddish rock forming the terminal of the Matterhorn as seen from Zermatt.

We have before us some immense steps, very steep and covered with ice, necessitating great care and attention, and we bless the good guides who have in an otherwise inaccessible place fixed a strong chain 150 ft. long. The chain is so frozen, however, that the skin of our hands sticks to it, causing great pain, and we are forced to put on gloves. We take them off at the earliest opportunity, preferring to suffer from the cold, and feeling more safe with our naked hands to grasp with. This piece of work pumps us completely, for the rarefied air makes itself felt, and we have to rest five minutes to recoup. Then on again, climbing hard, straight before us, we rise step by step. All this requires great perseverance, calmness, and prudence, for we have to fight against the rock, against the ice, against the cold, and against the wind, which is driving the powdered frozen

snow in our eyes and throats. We move one after the other, making the best of any ledge or crevice in the rock. Not a word is spoken; all our muscles, all our nerves, all our thoughts, are strained to the utmost; we forget all except our fight, our splendid fight, with the mountain. And there below us, ready to engulf us at any false step, the bottomless precipice. It was grand!

Here now before us we meet a nearly smooth wall of rock, absolutely vertical, and about thirty-five feet high; but quite a new rope is hanging and swaying in the wind. To climb it is not so easy, however, as to be blown by a terrific wind, first against the rock and then out into space, is an ordeal demanding considerable strength of mind. This takes a great mental and physical effort on our part, and on arrival at the top we are completely done. We still have before us a slope, very steep, covered with ice, across which we perceive a few rocky points that give us a secure hold; but, having only the one piolet, we are considerably handicapped, and we are forced to use our sheath-knives by thrusting them into the ice to give us a hold where no friendly rocks help us.

THE ITALIAN SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN AS SEEN FROM THE SWISS SUMMIT

"Nous y sommes!" from the leading man announces his arrival on the Swiss summit of the Matterhorn, 14.676 ft. above sea-level.

It is on this summit that most of the caravans coming from Zermatt stop, but the real summit of the Matterhorn is known as the Italian summit (14.751 ft.). It is separated from the Swiss summit by a ridge some 300 ft. long, which when we passed was covered with snow forming a huge overhanging cornice that threatened to give way with us at each step. I must confess to

a certain feeling of nervousness just here, due no doubt to the mental strain in making the ascent; but we got safely across to the real summit of the Matterhorn at half-past twelve, 10½ hours after leaving the Hornli Cabane.

To find ourselves perched up there, right in the air, full of life, was an experience which will remain engraved on my memory to my dying day, for never had I in the course of my mountaineering been so impressed, never had so much space been around me before. It is inconceivable; it is awe-inspiring and marvellous. You are forced to look at your feet to make sure you still touch the earth, and that you are not merely floating about like some aerial body. We forget all the dangers of the ascent, and the worst ones awaiting us on the return; we forget the cold and the wind which blows lugubriously in our ears; our thoughts are concentrated on the grand panorama around us.

The Italian Alps, Monte Rosa, the Weisshorn, the Rothhorn, the Combin, and Mont Blanc are glistening in the rays of the midday sun, with the blue sky above, where not a cloud is to be seen. Mountains and valleys everywhere; and there, calm and peaceful at the foot of us far below, lies Zermatt, looking like a toy. We can discern, by the flashing of the sun on the lenses, the telescopes by which the good folk down below have been following our movements. Alas! it was not given to us to enjoy for long this feast to the eye, for within fifteen minutes of our arrival (during which period I took the photo here shown) we are forced to turn and face the terrible descent, the descent feared by all mountaineers more than the ascent.

We return over the cornice of snow to the Swiss summit, and there we start on the riskiest bit of work it has ever been my lot to encounter. For more than half an hour we are on the steep ice slope, without any foothold at all, except here and there a piece of rock, and facing the precipice all the while. We have to move slowly, one at a time, sometimes crawling along on hands and knees while the others hold the rope tight. A great effort is necessary to prevent our heads giving way to vertigo. The cold makes us clumsy in our movements and stiffens our hands; but we are working for our lives now, for the slightest error of one of us would result fatally to all. Finally we reach the welcome rock, which seems deliciously warm after the hard work on the ice. We again come to the hanging rope, to the chain, and finally pass the Shoulder, to find ourselves once more on the top of the rocky wall facing Zermatt. There, sheltered from the wind, we allow ourselves a few minutes in which to regain our breath; but our hands become frozen, and we have to rub them hard with snow

to restore circulation. This causes some pain, but our spirits soon return, for the most difficult part has passed, and we feel very contented.

We continue our downward course as rapidly as the cork will permit, when suddenly, without warning, I am knocked over by a large boulder which goes crashing by me, and I see it hit and overturn my friend in front; we all three roll down towards the precipice; we cannot stop ourselves; nearer and nearer the edge comes; we grasp vainly at nothing, when I feel a shock to the rope around my waist, and I lose consciousness for a few moments. I soon come to, and see my friend Smith, the last man on the rope, cramped up tight, and holding on with grim determination to a rock. His presence of mind had saved our lives. The front man, Fraser (I was in the middle), could not be seen; the rope was hanging over the precipice, but by the strain on it we knew he was still there. But we feel no movement at all. We gently haul up the rope and its burden to behind the rock that has served us all so well; we examine him, and find, luckily, no bones broken; bad contusions, however, are all over his body, and he is bleeding profusely from a nasty jagged cut in his head; he has fainted, so we bring him to by applying snow to his forehead, and then look to ourselves. Smith is scatheless, but I have two fingers badly crushed and bleeding, while a third one is split open. After all we escaped lightly, but we have lost our hats and our piolet. We bandage ourselves in the best way possible with our

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN

handkerchiefs torn in strips, and pulling ourselves together resume the descent; and a memorable one it was, too. Fraser, who was really badly shaken and bruised, continually fainted, and we had perforce to lower him from one rock to another, more like a corpse than a living person, each movement causing him intense pain. The descent became desperately slow and disheartening. At seven o'clock in the evening we arrive at the refuge, and after a hurried consultation decide it to be out of the question to remain there for the night; the position is becoming serious, for no one can guess what a night passed here might lead to.

Machine-like we push on and on, but night falls all too quickly, and, fearing another mishap, we dare not proceed further in the darkness. We espy a large rock, and decide to remain here until daybreak. Fixing the rope more firmly to our bodies, we pass it round the rock and make it secure; and thus tied up, and keeping close together for warmth, we lie down on the stony couch. Fraser is already asleep and groaning; he is really badly bruised. Smith does not hide the fact that our position is a precarious one. On reflection, I feel convinced that the principal danger is the falling stones. It is not too cold as yet, and the night is fine, the sky above is dark blue, and the stars are shining, with a few shooting stars leaving their trail of light behind them as they dash across the sky. The air is calm, and there in the valley far below us the lights of Zermatt gradually die out one by one. I look at the position from a philosophic and collected point of view; it is not so terrible; but I still hear those stones falling, I am so tired, objects around me become dim and lose their shape, and I fall asleep.

At 4 a.m. the sharp cold preceding the rising of the sun wakes us up, and by diligent rubbing of our limbs we restore a certain amount of feeling to them. Curiously enough we are all suffering from a violent thirst, which we cannot allay, owing to the contents of our gourds being frozen into ice. Nevertheless, we shake ourselves, and immediately resume the descent. The first steps are very painful, stiff and sore as we are, but sleep has refreshed and strengthened us in no small degree. The sun comes out, and the warmth of its rays is as a healing balm to our bodies and spirits. We again go over the steps taken early the previous morning, and are spectators of a big avalanche of boulders and stones. We come upon a little trickle of water and quench our thirst. Proceeding always, we reach the ledge of rock we had passed over with difficulty in darkness on the way up; it had lost many of its terrors when seen by daylight.

Once more we exercise extreme carefulness over a difficult piece, and find ourselves at last on firm ground once again. We

reach the Hornli Cabane at 7 a.m., and we give vent to our feelings by three loud and long hurrahs. Here we undo the rope which had been fastened around our waists for thirty hours continuously; soon the fire begins to burn brightly in the stove, and while our chocolate is boiling we examine our wounds and wash them with antiseptic solution; we dress them to the best of our ability, and bind them up anew. The hot chocolate is soon ready, and, I can give you my word, was a real treat to us all. Had a visitor appeared on the scene, a strange sight would have met his gaze: men swathed in bandages, drinking hot chocolate, while an odour like that of a hospital would have greeted his nostrils.

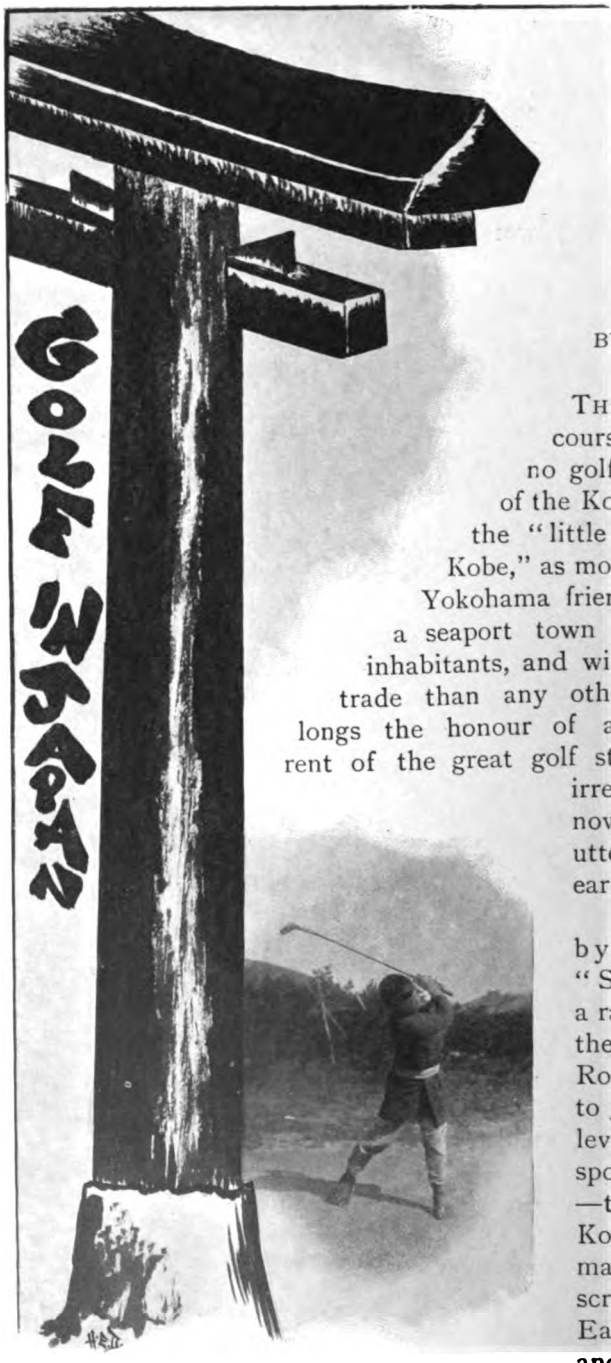
THE FOOT OF THE MATTERHORN

We remain and rest at the *cabane* until 4 p.m., when we leave. Passing the little Lac Noir Hotel, we receive the welcome of a red-faced visitor who informs us he is pleased and surprised to see us alive (very kind of him, I am sure!), and we cross the pastures above Zermatt, where the cattle graze contentedly, filling the air with their lowing and the clanging of the bells around their necks. Here and there are dotted little brown chalets. What a contrast to the desolation on the Matterhorn left behind!

We arrive at Zermatt, and the guides, good fellows that they are, although disapproving of our ascent without their help, offer us their congratulations and shake us heartily by the hand. Then the hundred and one questions from the idlers, a bath and a change of clothes at the hotel, supper, and so to our well-earned bed.

* * * * *

Two days later we were on the summit of Monte Rosa.



"BULLET HEAD," WINNER OF THE CADDIES' CHAMPIONSHIP, 1905

GOLF IN JAPAN

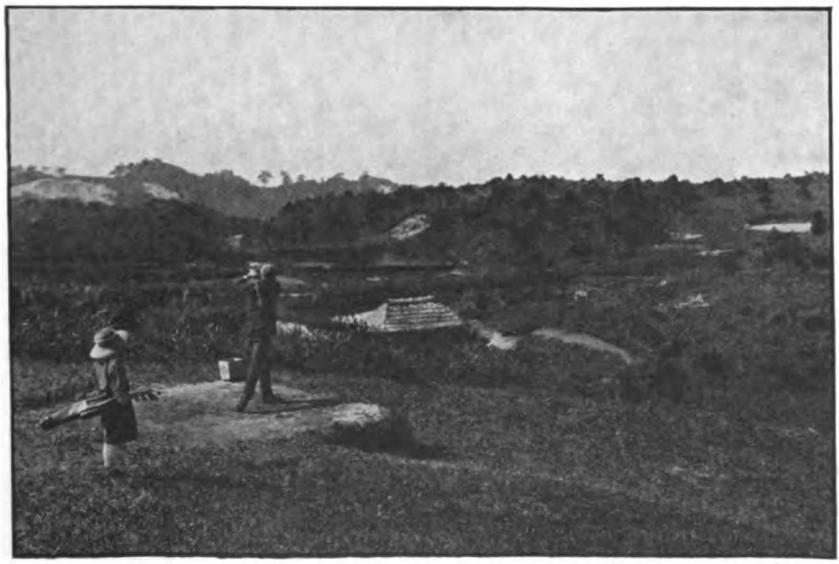
BY H. E. DAUNT

THERE are many golf-courses, but there is no golf-course like that of the Kobe Golf Club. To the "little fishing village of Kobe," as more than one of our Yokohama friends facetiously call a seaport town of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, and with a larger import trade than any other in Japan, belongs the honour of arresting the current of the great golf stream which with irresistible force has now spread to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Two hours away by ricksha and "Shanks's pony," on a range of hills behind the town known as Rokkosan, some 2,500 to 3,000 feet above sea level, there is a very sporting 18-hole links —the Mecca of the Kobe golfer — which may not inaptly be described as "Farthest East." Time was— and it is not so long ago — that the hills

behind Kobe were in the absolutely undisturbed possession of the fox, the badger, and the hare, and a few solitary wood-cutters who were not afraid of *tengu*—the long, red-nosed hobgoblins supposed by the superstitious to live in holes in the rocks on the mountain tops; and save for an occasional energetic foreigner whose week-end form of relaxation took the shape of a tramp across the range to Arima.

It would be no stretch of imagination to say that Rokkosan may in a few years be more popular as a hill station for the foreign resident than Miyanoshita, Nikko, or Karuizawa. Already there are a good many bungalows scattered on the hilltops near the golf links,



SEVENTH TEE AND GREEN

This photograph gives an excellent idea of what the course is like

and more are being built every year. For the laying out of the course Mr. A. H. Groom, the present popular and energetic Hon. Sec. of the Kobe Golf Club, is responsible. Mr. Groom is an old resident, having been some thirty odd years in Japan. All the more credit is due to him, seeing that he had never played the game in his life before the Rokkosan course was opened. In the laying out of the links it is true he had the advice of Messrs. Adamson and McMurtrie, both of whom learnt the game in their boyhood when living in Scotland. It is now just about three years since play first took place on the original nine-hole course. This was considerably lengthened and improved and another nine added, the full

course being opened in October 1904, and the cost of this extension was written off at the end of the same year, which proves that the club is in a most flourishing condition. There are over two hundred names on the list of active members. So, as far as Kobe is concerned, "golf has all other games slapped to a sit down." Most of the members are of British nationality, but several Germans, with a sprinkling of Japanese, have joined the club. These last seldom play. But if golf ever "catches on" in Japan as it has done in England, they may produce a player who will beat the world. With wonderful strength and endurance, an entire absence of "nerves," with a remarkable endowment for keeping cool under the greatest provocation, combined with that rare gift of hand and eye working together in perfect unison, coupled with the proverbial patience of Job, the faculty of never giving in, and never knowing when they are beaten, the Japanese as a nation possess all the attributes that go towards the making of the ideal golfer—except one. And that one is money. Golf is not a cheap game in these days of rubber-cored balls, which are sold here at three shillings apiece.

The chances are that if a golfing stranger standing on the verandah of the card-room of the Kobe Club was told that one of the finest golf-courses in Asia was perched on the top of the Rokkosan range in front of him, he would promptly put his informant down as a thoroughly fitting candidate for admission into what is tersely termed in America a crazy-house. Should he decide to perform the *Haj*, and see for himself, his convictions in this respect would be strongly confirmed during the half-hour's ricksha run through the terraced rice-fields to Gomo, a typical Japanese village, with its temple and a large stone *torii* in front of it, with old-world brown-thatched houses nestling at the foot of the hills at the entrance to the Cascade Valley. And more especially during the steep climb through this valley to the Gap, which will take a very good walker at least fifty to sixty minutes. Riding is possible, but dangerous. The native pony is a very sure-footed beast, but kneecaps and a nose protector would be very much in order. Those who do not care about exertion can be carried up by coolies in a *kago*, a sort of basket-work arrangement slung on a pole, but this kind of progression is slow and extremely uncomfortable till one gets used to it.

The path, strewn with great granite boulders, twists and winds up between the rocky hillsides, crossing and recrossing many times a brawling mountain stream, which in rainy weather rapidly becomes a raging torrent. The precipitous cliffs on either side are covered with short stiff bamboo grass and creeping pines, and in June when the azaleas are in full bloom there are few prettier walks near Kobe than the Cascade Valley. Beyond the Gap the track dips for a few

hundred yards, and then there is another stiff climb to a long stretch of flat known as the Russian Drive. On both sides the jungle is so thick and the hillsides are so steep that the visitor to Rokko must wonder what kind of a golf-course he is bound for. About two miles further on, after passing several mountain *châlets* and the Golf Club's Dormie House on the left, he will find himself on the first tee by the side of the Club Pavilion, the fashionable week-end rendezvous of the energetic portion of Kobe's foreign community. *Ad astra per aspera.* The shape of the course is that of a trefoil with the Club House in the centre. It is therefore possible to start a round from either the first, seventh, or eleventh tees—decidedly a good arrangement on a crowded green. This mountain course is fully guaranteed to give a man all the sport he wants in a day's play of

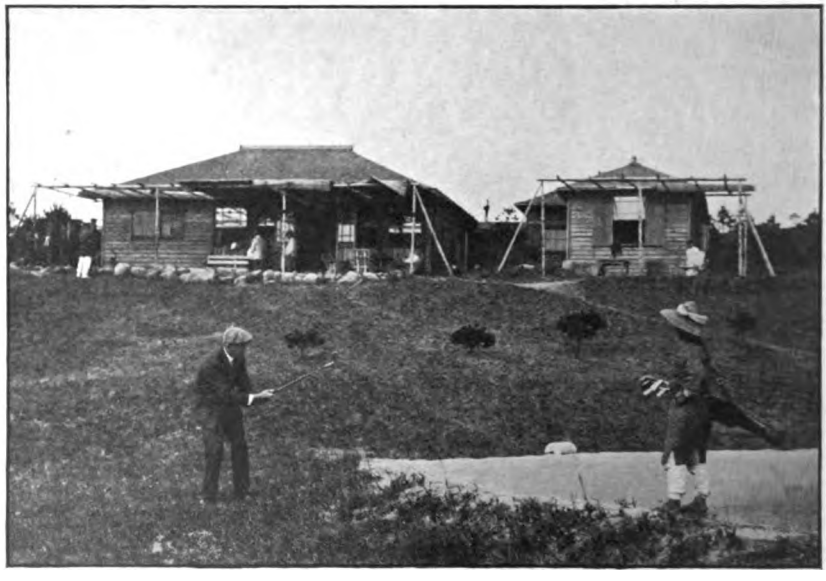
AN IRON SHOT TO THE TENTH

two rounds. A three-handicap man from the Happy Valley at Hong Kong once described it as "quite a new game." There are a few holes at Dinard which remind one of Rokkosan, but there is no turf in the whole length and breadth of Japan to come within *cooee* of that on the Côtes-du-Nord. Here the "putting-greens," cut out of the hillsides with no turf on them, are just gravel and sand rolled flat, and very good putting it is when there are no zephyrs flying about. Off the tee the shot must be hit, otherwise the ball will be found in deep valleys, where it is more than a 10 to 1 chance that the second will have to be played from a hanging lie. The line to nearly every hole crosses some deep undulation on the course, and the idea seems to be to play from one hilltop to another with-

out letting the sphere descend to the lower regions. But *facilis descensus Averni*. The Kobe course is undoubtedly what the Amateur Champion of 1904 calls a very fine educator. As the crow flies this course only measures 3,576 yards from tee to hole, but it must be remembered that to walk round it a distance of over double this figure must be covered on the principle that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side.

There are no other golf-courses in the empire, except six holes on the sand flats of Yokoya, a small village half an hour's journey by electric tramway from Kobe on the road to Osaka. Golf is talked of in Yokohama, and a links of nine holes is being laid out inside the racecourse at Negishi.

The golfer in Japan must be fairly sound in wind and limb, as

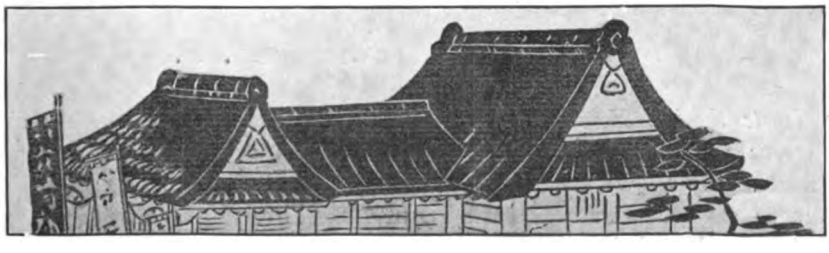


THE CLUB PAVILION, KOBE GOLF CLUB—A SHORT APPROACH TO THE 18TH GREEN

there is nothing more calculated to put him off his game than to get up to the ball for another stroke panting like a broken-winded horse and absolutely out of breath. The chief hazards on the links are the Styx at No. 4, the Ice Ponds at No. 7, the Devil's Punch Bowl at No. 8, and Port Arthur, a large bunker guarding No. 16, not forgetting the fearful abyss at the 18th, known as "Hell." Besides these there are big grey boulders, azalea roots, drains, and some dwarf pines to be reckoned with on the line, whilst off it the bamboo grass is long enough to hide all the golf balls that ever were made. In the summer in Japan it is often very wet, and it is no uncommon

sight on Rokkosan to find a competition started in a mist so thick that it is impossible to see the green you are playing for. Moreover the atmosphere at times is so saturated with moisture that it is enough to take the sting out of the best tee shot that ever happened. There are no fewer than ten blind holes on the course, at each of which the green cannot be seen from the teeing ground. Blind going with a vengeance! Any way you look at it the Rokkosan course has a good deal in its favour. The game must be straight, as straight as a die the whole way round, for then virtue meeteth with its just reward. On fine days there are views from these hill-tops that cannot be surpassed anywhere in Japan. The far-famed Inland Sea lies spread-eagled out below the range for a clear hundred miles, the air is like champagne, and the tiffin in the pavilion is so good as to make it small wonder that it is a case of play and come again.

Golf is essentially an elusive game. Nowhere more so than on Rokko. 'Tis the game that beats the player. As the player does not like being beaten he naturally goes on playing. And this is where indeed is found the charm that never fades.



THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIAN GAMES, APRIL 22, 1905

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES OF 1906

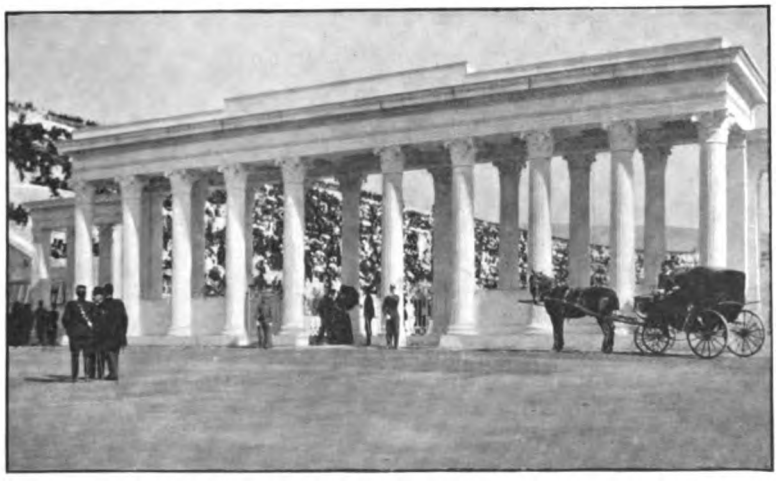
BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

"*Vlépete thésin! Etimi!*" *Bang!* The curt commands of the Greek starter; the crack of a pistol; the crunch of spiked feet on cinders; a flash of flying white-clad figures; the roar of threescore thousand voices; a vague vision of a sea of faces with gleaming marble for a background, and the great Olympian Games of 1906 had fairly begun.

This meeting, held in the splendid Stadium at Athens, and lasting from April 22 to May 2, was undoubtedly the greatest international athletic contest that has ever taken place. Representative teams were sent out from Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia and Spain, the Balkan States, the Levant, and even from Egypt and Asia Minor. For months past the various athletic and gymnastic societies in Greece itself had been busied in selecting the national champions which so ably upheld against all comers the honour of the Hellenic race upon their own soil. In each department of the games were two Greek representatives from Hellas proper, and two from Greek countries under foreign rule, while every nation sending competitors contributed a member of the jury for each department

of sport in which it was represented. The total entry list bore close on five hundred names.

The impressive ceremony of inauguration took place on the afternoon of Sunday, April 22, in the Panathenaic Stadium, a colossal structure which has just been restored to all its classic beauty of Pentelic marble by the munificence of a Greek merchant, M. Averoff, whose statue stands before its gates. It is a very different arena from that which was used at the first revival of these historic games in 1896, for it is now complete in every detail, in shape a giant magnet, holding close on 75,000 spectators, with more than 40,000 reserved, numbered, and cushioned places. Its every surrounding is pregnant with memories of Greece's Golden

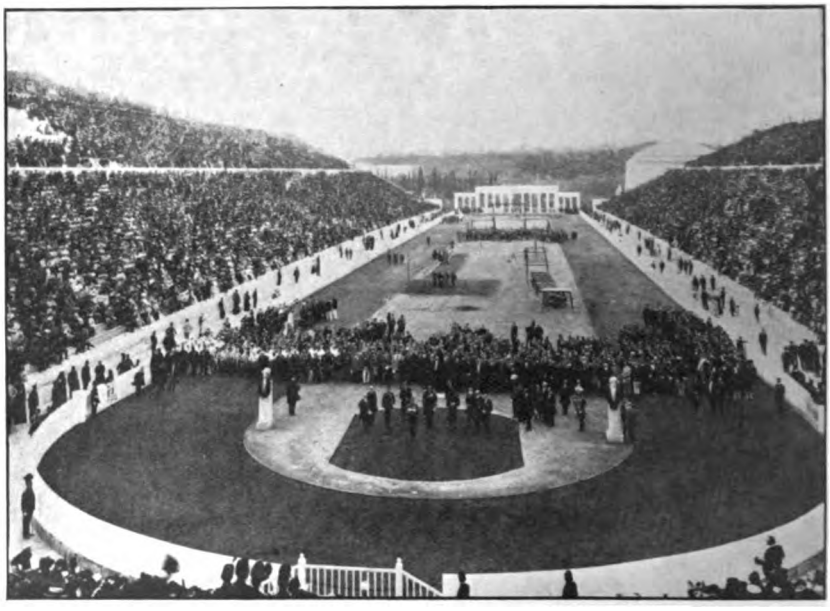


THE ENTRANCE TO THE STADIUM

Age. Around it are the hills that are hallowed by the greatest memories of antiquity, Parnes and Pentelicus; beside it is the Acropolis, the immortal shrine of Attic art and architecture; while to the northward rises the convent-crowned peak of the Lykabettos, and beyond stretches the Attic plain.

Built entirely of Pentelic marble, it is the largest amphitheatre of its kind in the world, and formed a fitting background for a scene that vividly recalled the athletic triumphs of the Greek world at Olympia more than seven centuries before Christ. The Stadium was originally laid out by the statesman and orator, Lykourgos, about 300 B.C., having been formed, as is still clearly apparent, by the ingenious adaptation of a natural hollow. At a later period, probably about A.D. 140, the seats and partitions were renewed in

white marble by Herodes Atticus, who almost exhausted the quarries of Pentelikon in carrying out this magnificent improvement. The Stadium was one of the two great monuments of the liberality of this public-spirited citizen, and on his death his body was solemnly interred within its precincts. The enormous size of the Stadium and the height of its rows of seats produce a most imposing effect, and this is enhanced by the rich marble decorations, which have been restored in strict conformity with the extant ancient remains through the generosity of the before-mentioned M. Averoff. The



OPENING OF THE OLYMPIAN GAMES—THE ADDRESS TO THE KING

entire length of the course, from the entrance to the semi-circular space at the south-eastern end, is 670 ft., and it is 109 ft. in breadth.

The original games, it must be understood, were held not in the Stadium at Athens, but at Olympia in the Peloponnesus, which is a long day's journey from the present capital of Greece Olympia was never, properly speaking, a town, but merely a sacred precinct, with temples, public buildings and the like, and owed its high importance throughout the entire Hellenic world to its famous games in honour of Zeus, which during a period of more than a thousand years were periodically celebrated by the Greeks of all states and of all tribes. The origin of the games is shrouded in the haze of mythology. Suffice to recount, therefore, the current

legend that Œnomaos, King of Pisa—the ancient capital of the district—compelled the suitors of his daughter Hippodameia to compete with him in chariot-racing, and ignominiously put to death all whom he vanquished, until at length a certain youth of great prowess, Pelops by name, succeeded in defeating his prospective father-in-law, and so won the hand of his beloved with the long name. Pelops thus became the heroic prototype of the victors at Olympia, and as such was held in high honour there.

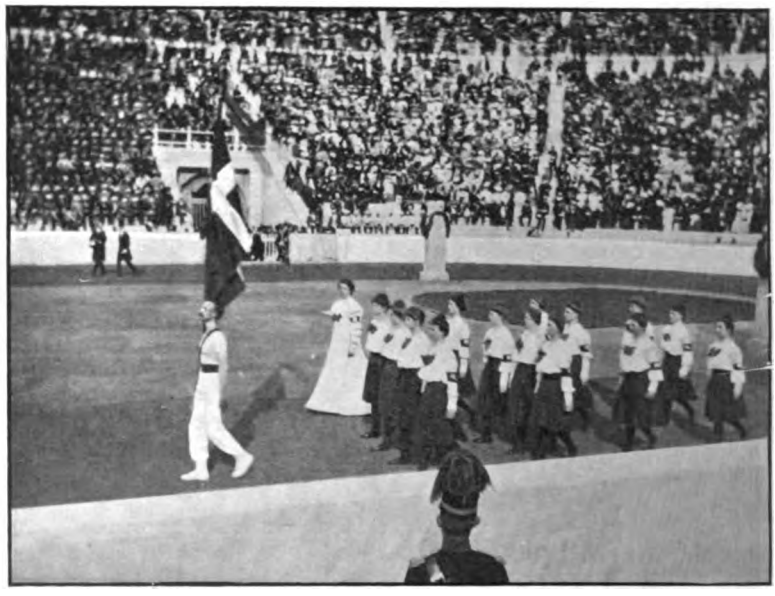
The actual founding of the games proper is ascribed to Iphitos of Elis, who, along with Lykourgos of Sparta, reorganised the

THE BRITISH COMPETITORS PASSING THE ROYAL LOGE

games at the bidding of the oracle of Delphi, and introduced a truce known as the *Ekecheiria* or "Peace of God," among all the states of Greece during the celebration of the games. By this means, in spite of the almost continuous state of inter-tribal warfare and contentions which existed among the individual states of Greece, the Olympian Games rose to the dignity of a national festival, and became the visible expression of Hellenic unity. The games took place in the first full moon after the summer solstice. At the beginning of the sacred month, the Eleans, who had been left in undisturbed possession of the sanctuary since 580 B.C. or thereabouts, sent heralds to proclaim the existence of a state of universal peace throughout Greece. The competitors and spectators of the

festival streamed in from far and near, the larger states represented by embassies which were frequently of surpassing magnificence. The function lasted for five days. The central point was a series of great sacrifices to Zeus and other gods, under the solemn management of priests, some of whom dwelt continually at Olympia. The sacrifices were accompanied by athletic contests of the most varied description, foot races, hurling the discus, wrestling, boxing, chariot-races, etc., carried on under the direction of the *Hellenodikae* or "Judges of the Hellenes," who were at the same time the highest political body in Elis.

The original and most important event in the games was the

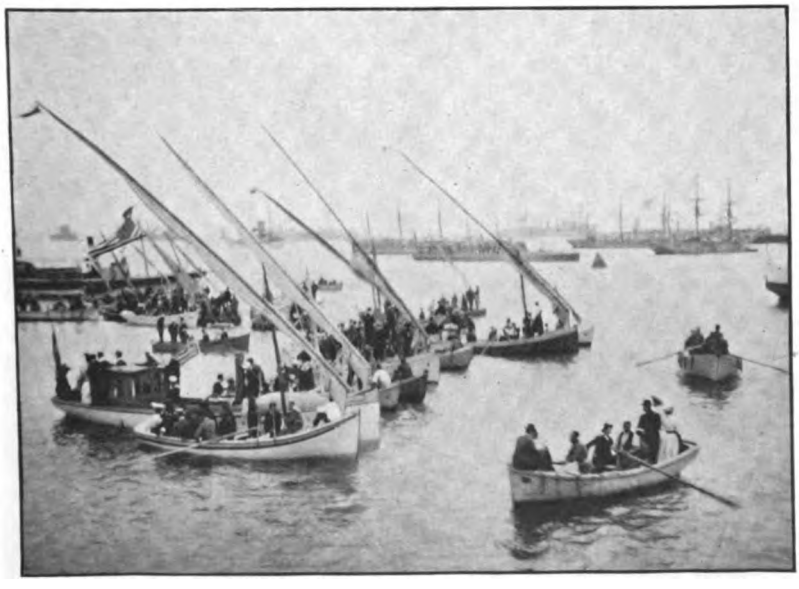


THE ONLY WOMEN TO COMPETE—THE DANISH GIRLS' GYMNASTIC TEAM

foot race, at first one length of the course but afterwards two or more. In the 18th Olympiad (708 B.C.) the Pentathlon, or fivefold contest, was introduced—a combination of leaping, hurling the discus, running, wrestling, and boxing—so arranged that only the victors in the first contests could compete in the later, and that the final contest should be a boxing match between the two best competitors. In 680 B.C. was held the first chariot race with four horses; in 648 B.C. the first horse race took place and the *Pankration*, a combination of wrestling and boxing, was introduced. Subsequently special competitions for boys in most of these sports were arranged, and in

520 B.C. the *Haplitodromas*, or "soldiers' race in heavy marching order," was added.

The competitions were restricted to free-born Greeks of unstained character, though "barbarians" might be spectators. Women, with the exception of the Elean priestess of Demeter, were not permitted to view the sports. Before the contest the participants had to take an oath that they had undergone the prescribed ten months' course of training and would obey the Olympian laws and the regulations of the games. They then entered the Stadium by a special entrance, the heralds announcing the name and country of



THE REGATTA IN THE BAY OF PHALERON

each athlete as he appeared. The palm was handed to the victor immediately after the contest. The prizes proper, simple olive branches from the sacred olive tree planted by Hercules himself, were distributed at the end of the games to all the victors at the same time. The Greeks attached the most extraordinary value to the Olympic olive branch. Its acquisition was not only a lifelong distinction for the winners, but reflected also the highest honour on their families and on their states, and their countrymen were wont to testify their gratitude by triumphal receptions, banquets at the public expense, and often by exemption from taxes. In Olympia itself the champions dwelt at the public expense in the *Prytaneion*, and had the right of erecting a statue in the Altis, which, in the

case of a triple victory, was allowed to bear the features of the victor.[1]

The foregoing sketch of the foundation and progress of the original Olympian Games is necessary for a proper understanding of the present revival of the festival, which is conducted, as far as present-day conditions will permit, in accordance with the manners and customs of the ancients. It is not generally appreciated, perhaps, that the Olympian Games of 1906 were by no means confined to the Stadium, but owing to the widely varying natures of the different sports comprised in the programme, were held at many

THE TENNIS COMPETITIONS—LADIES' SINGLES AND GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES

points. The athletic and gymnastic events proper took place in the Stadium; the aquatic numbers—boating, swimming, diving, etc.—were held in the Bay of Phaleron, off that stretch of the Piræan littoral known as New Phaleron, a favourite bathing resort of the Athenians. The bicycle races and football matches took place at the Vélodrome in the outskirts of the same town, which is situated on the coast about three miles from Athens, being connected with the capital by steam and electric tramways. The very excellent rifle ranges and traps at Callithée—about half-way between Athens

[1] For many of the details of the ancient Olympian Games I am indebted to Herr Karl Baedener's "Greece."—E. A. P.

and New Phaleron—were the scene of the shooting contests; the lawn-tennis tournaments were contested on the courts of the Lawn-Tennis Club of Athens, the fencing in the halls and courts of the great exhibition building known as the Zappeion, and the discus throwing on the grounds of the National Gymnastic Society.

That the arrangements left much to be desired in certain respects cannot be denied, but on the whole the organisation and direction of the mammoth affair was admirable. Although men of the English-speaking nations formed a very large proportion of the competitors, there was no printed matter whatsoever in that language, a fact which caused some slight annoyance among the representatives of Great Britain, America, Australia, and Canada. The general programme, bound in such form as to be altogether too unwieldy for the public use, was complicated in its arrangement, and required as careful study as a Bradshaw. The police arrangements particularly stand in need of the greatest improvement before another ten years roll round. Police duties were performed, for the most part, by troops of the regular army, few if any of whom understood any language beside their own, or betrayed any signs of more than ordinary intelligence. As a result of this ill-advised military *régime* there occurred many vexatious incidents and petty annoyances which might well have been avoided by a properly handled force of well-trained and reasonably sensible civilian police. The arrangements for feeding and lodging the athletes themselves proved totally inadequate and wholly unsatisfactory, nearly the entire English-speaking contingent finding it necessary to leave the Zappeion, where free accommodation had been provided by the authorities, for quieter quarters and food more adapted to their requirements.

AN EVZONE OF THE ROYAL BODYGUARD

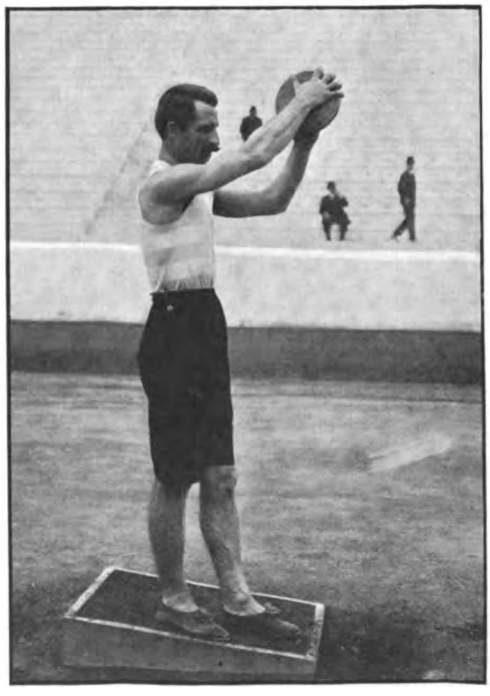
That the Athenians lost their heads in the face of the great

flood of visitors which poured into their city there can be no doubt. Every comfortable room in Athens and the vicinity was booked for months in advance, and the most exorbitant prices were demanded for the most miserable of quarters. A certain fashionable hotel received £100 per day for its best rooms, and I saw bedrooms in the most undesirable parts of the town bring from £1 to £2 per night. The restaurants in many cases doubled their prices, and even then their facilities proved quite inadequate to feed the hungry multitude. As a matter of fact, Athens was quite unprepared to receive so great a number of visitors, and obtained, in consequence, an object lesson which will prove of incalculable benefit to the visitors of 1914.

No athletic meeting in the history of modern sport has ever had so glorious a setting or been witnessed by so vast and brilliant a concourse. Imagine, if you can, a magnet-shaped amphitheatre, larger than the Colosseum at Rome, more dazzling in its whiteness than the Grand Palais in Paris, its only roof the blue Ægean sky. Imagine a gathering of spectators—unequalled in proportions, perhaps, since the days of the Circus Maximus in Imperial Rome—displaying in their apparel that brilliancy of colouring which is found only beneath a southern sun. It was indeed a spot where East met West. Swarthy Turks in irreproachable frock-coats and red fezes sat beside Englishmen in flannels and solar topees; *evzones* of the *garde royale* in gorgeously embroidered jackets and the plaited white petticoats called *justanelle* stood shoulder to shoulder with bronzed jack tars from the British fleet and green-jacketed hussars in gold-laced *képis*. There were turbulent, sullen-faced Cretans in baggy trousers and high yellow boots of untanned leather; priests of the Greek Church with untrimmed beards, their long hair braided like a woman's; Albanians with turned-up scarlet shoes and kilts so stiffly starched that they looked for all the world like the skirts of a French ballet dancer; *grandes dames* from Athens, from Rome, from Cairo, from Constantinople, so smartly gowned that they might well have come straight from the Rue de la Paix. But the cynosure of all eyes were the athletes themselves, who came from half the countries on the civilised globe—Englishmen wearing the dark blue or the light blue of the great universities; Americans with the stars and stripes embroidered on caps and jerseys; Frenchmen in tricoloured jackets; sabre-scarred German students topped by the round caps of Bonn and Heidelberg; Norwegians with jaunty upturned sombreros that made them look like troopers of the African Light Horse; and, conspicuous above all others, a band of rosy-cheeked Danish girls—the only women to take part—who elicited round after round of applause whenever they appeared.

Exceptional brilliance was lent to the inauguration ceremony by the presence of a most unusual group of royalty—King Edward and Queen Alexandra, King George and Queen Olga, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess Constantine, Prince George, the High Commissioner of Crete, and his brothers Andrew and Nicholas, Prince Louis of Battenburg, and the Grand Duke Boris of Russia.

A very picturesque event, which is more or less a survival of the ancient games at Olympia, is the throwing of the discus. The Greek discus, which weighs something little short of 4 lb., is made of wood encircled with iron, and has bronze plates on the two faces. The thrower stands on a slightly raised pedestal, similar to that employed in putting the shot, holding the discus with both hands. He turns his body slightly to the right and bends sharply so as to bring the left hand when free to the right knee, and the right hand, still holding the object, as far back as the shoulder will permit. Then, by a sudden and simultaneous extension of the whole body, the athlete throws the discus straight in front of him. Besides the distance covered, the "form" of the throw is also considered in the judging. This peculiar Greek event was won by an American, M. I. Sheridan, of New York, who incidentally broke the world's record with a throw of 41·46 metres (about 136 feet), it being particularly worthy of note that the winner had never held a Greek discus in his hand prior to this contest.



THROWING THE DISCUS, CLASSIC STYLE
First position

Sheridan, who was also the winner in the shot-putting competition, and who took second prize in the weight-throwing event, was quite the hero of the games, for all Athens had heard the story of how he won his way to Greece. In private life Sheridan is a

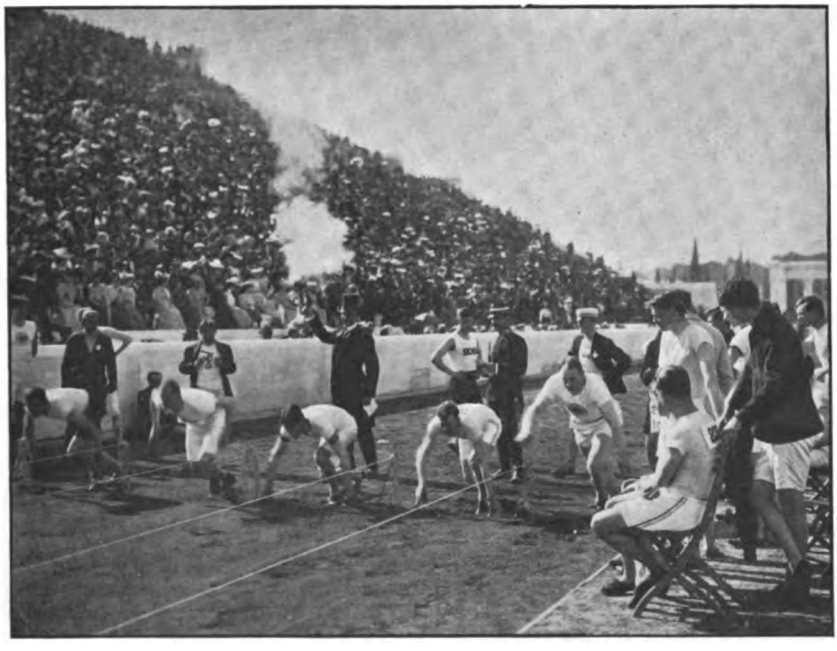
New York policeman—"one of the finest," as the stalwart members of New York's force are termed. A well-known amateur athlete, he had already been selected by the American Athletic Union as a member of the American Olympic team; but when he applied for leave of absence he met with a prompt refusal. Some weeks later, having given up all hope of being allowed to take the trip, Sheridan was pacing his beat in the fashionable residential district of Upper New York, wild screams and the clatter of galloping hoofs attracted his attention, and he saw a pair of driverless horses, mad with fear,

THROWING THE JAVELIN—WON BY KRUT LINDBERG (SWEDEN)

charging down upon a group of children, who, all unconscious of their danger, were playing in the street. Sheridan, without an instant's hesitation, sprang forward and caught one of the horses by the bit, thus swerving them from their course and saving the children. Bruised, bleeding, and almost senseless, he still clung to the animals' heads, eventually stopping them a mile or more away. The following day, wounded and battered as he was, he was summoned to appear before Colonel Bingham, the Commissioner of Police. "I am told," said that official, "that you desire to take part in the Olympian Games at Athens. Is that true?" "It is,

sir," answered Sheridan, with a beating heart. "Very well. You are granted leave of absence to recuperate. Good-bye." And that is how Sheridan won his way to Greece.

The aquatic events at New Phaleron were scarcely as interesting, from a spectator's standpoint at least, as might have been desired, though this may be largely accounted for by the very inadequate arrangements for the accommodation of spectators. A large portion of the ticket-holding public was sent aboard a vessel anchored in the harbour, and as a result these unfortunates were at



START OF THE 100 METRES SPRINT—WON BY ARCHIE HAHN (AMERICA), SECOND FROM RIGHT

no stage of the proceedings within a quarter of a mile of the finish. Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm was evoked by the Greek victory in the 3,000 metres race for sixteen-oared long-boats of warships, representatives of the Greek Navy carrying off both first and second honours, while third place was taken by an Italian crew. The Italians turned the tables in the 2,000 metres race for six-oared gigs, however, the crew of an Italian battleship crossing the line first, with Greek boats second and third, an Italian crew also winning in the four-oared contest.

The victory of the American team was scarcely a surprise to those who had had an opportunity of seeing the men at practice, for exceptional judgment had been displayed in the selection of the athletes who were to represent the Republic. Their victory was, moreover, a vindication of American training methods, which I, travelling with the team from Corfu to Athens, had some opportunity to appreciate. The men not only carried their own water with them throughout their long journey, but arranged for their own food as well. Every possible opportunity was utilised for practice, both on shipboard and on land, every halt of the train during the railway journey from Patras to Athens being taken advantage of for momentary practice dashes and the exercise of their unused muscles. As a result the Americans were in the pink of condition on the opening day, and even after the disablement of several of their best men as the result of a shipboard accident, had but little difficulty in holding their own. Of all the events in which Americans were entered there was only one in which they did not secure a place.

The greatest surprise of the week was the winning of the great classic event by the plucky Canadian runner, M. D. Sherring. This is the race that is dearest to the Greeks; an event that was won ten years ago by a Marousian butcher's boy, and on the winning of which this year was set the heart and soul of every man, woman, and child in Hellas. From Marathon to Athens is slightly over twenty-six miles (42 kilometres), and the race is run along the sparsely shaded highway. The competitors start from the isolated knoll in the middle of the Plain of Marathon which marks the spot where the struggle was hottest on that glorious day in September, 490 B.C., when the Athenians under Miltiades drove back the Persian hosts, crosses the flat plains of Attica, follows the fairly regular but somewhat uphill road, and ends before the royal box in the Stadium at Athens. The nature of the race, it is almost needless to say, demands a natural hardihood and a minute acquaintance with the peculiarities of the course, and it is here that the Greek mountaineer possesses an enormous advantage. In the contest of 1896, of the total number of competitors who started from Marathon only five finished, the winner, Louys by name, covering the distance in 2 hours 53 minutes. Twenty-six miles in less than three hours over a public road was a record which it might well prove impossible for any foreign contestant to beat.

The scene in and about the Stadium on the afternoon of Marathon Day baffles description. It seemed as if all Greece had taken a holiday. The great amphitheatre was packed to its utmost capacity, the crowds extending in dense black masses for miles along the Keplusia Road, down which the runners were to come. The

course was held by troops throughout its whole length, an entire army corps being utilised for the purpose. For mile after mile, as far as the eye could reach, the blue of the infantry alternated with the bottle-green of the cavalry and the white kilts of the guard.

It was just three o'clock when the starter's pistol cracked, and seventy-odd contestants leaped forward on their long journey to Athens, and a little more than two hours and a half later when a dust-covered captain of cavalry, riding the fourth of a series of

E. B. ARCHIBALD, TORONTO, CANADA

remounts, dashed up to the Stadium and handed over the watches to the official time-keepers.

Twenty minutes later a mighty roar came from the crowd outside the gates, and a white-clad runner, bearing on his breast the Irish shamrock and waving a Canadian ensign, trotted down the lane of soldiery, dashed beneath the victor's arch, and, paced by Prince George himself, sprinted down the last hundred yards in beautiful form, then bowing his acknowledgments to the applauding king. Sherring, of Canada, a man from an alien soil, had won the

blue ribbon of the athletic world in the record time of 2 hours 51 minutes $23\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Seven minutes later came John Svanberg, the Swedish representative, and two minutes after him W. G. Franc, the American. The first Greek to finish took eighth place, a bitter disappointment to the silent thousands who lined the marble tiers, their blue-and-white flags drooping forlornly in their hands.

It has been arranged, I understand, to hold the Olympian Games henceforward every four years, an arrangement which will doubtless meet with the unqualified approval of all the competing nations. When, therefore, the heralds proclaim the opening of the games of 1910 it is to be hoped that the Grecian sun will blaze down on an even greater assemblage of athletes than that which made the contest of 1906 the most remarkable in the history of modern sport.

BOOKS ON SPORT

THE COMPLETE CRICKETER. By Albert E. Knight. With 50 Illustrations. Methuen & Co., London. 1906.

In these days every cricketer's achievements are widely discussed and elaborately analysed, and all who are interested in the game know the capacity of Albert Knight. Probably it would not have been presumed that literature was his strong point. His name appears, however, as the author of this book, and though he expresses indebtedness to Mr. E. V. Lucas for having read through the proofs, there is no hint of his having been helped in the composition. That he is a master of his subject need not of course be said; his book contains much instructive comment and many valuable observations; it will go far to make spectators who follow the game appreciative of its details, though it is much to be wished that the author had condescended to express himself with more simplicity. He is frequently carried away by attempts at fine writing, the effect of which is far from happy, as his little essays in this direction are based on a bad model. Getting over our objections to the volume before we come to praise what is admirable, we find ourselves differing absolutely from Mr. Knight's views on the qualification of players. "At first sight," he says, "it would seem most akin to the sporting instinct that only a birth qualification should be considered in county representation," and for our own part what seems so "at first sight" seems even more so when closely examined. Knight, however, pronounces this sentiment to be wholly absurd, the absurdity being that "the mere accident of birth confines a man to a particular county. Within a few yards is a bordering county, which, appreciating his services, would ensure for him a larger income year by year and a prospect of a handsome benefit, in lieu of a poor income and a small benefit which must be his portion at home." The absurdity to us, on the contrary, seems to lie in the fact of a Yorkshireman, for instance, playing for Lancashire—county cricket should surely be contested between counties, and we would have this rule rigidly observed—indeed, we should be inclined to think that if a player had not the birth qualification he should not be allowed to represent any other county unless he had resided in it for at least three years, and, moreover, had not taken up his residence with any special design of qualifying. The author describes a visit to a football match between two professional teams, when he was assured that "not a man on either side was a native of the towns whose colours he wore and whose sporting genius he was representing." This seems to us utterly wrong, either in football or cricket; by all means let good teams be got together from all quarters, but do not let them call themselves by names which do

not belong to them. Sometimes, instead of playing for his county, a man is actually found playing against it, for the honour and glory of a rival county in another part of England. Because, again, certain bogus amateurs are professionals in disguise, that is no reason why there should not be a line of demarcation between the genuine amateur and the real professional. Professional cricket is a most honourable calling, of following which no man need be ashamed; but for many reasons it is desirable that the distinction between amateur and professional should be recognised.

The author goes back to the earliest times of the game. Notices of cricket matches are to be found in the press of 1700, he observes, though the first fully recorded match was that played between Kent and All England on the Artillery Ground, London, on June 18, 1744. The earliest wicket, prior to 1702, consisted of two stumps one foot high and two feet apart, with another stump laid across the top, a long basin-like hole doing duty for a popping crease. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Knight that cricket can hardly be termed cricket prior to the days of length bowling, the straight bat, and the 22 by 6 wicket; but long before this came into vogue bowling had developed. In the first games played bowling was what is here described as "burrowing trundling," but in the days of Nyren a player called Lambert introduced a break from the off which that famous old historian of the game stigmatised as a "cursed twist"; and Noah Mann, a left-handed bowler, is said to have been the first recorded exponent of the swerve which has been so much discussed of late. The chapter on Batting extends over fifty pages, and deals with practically all known strokes. Of these the cut is set down as "the most beautiful in the whole of the batsman's armoury"; in truth all strokes are beautiful when well made. When we see a real vigorous drive smashing into the pavilion we are inclined to think that nothing can be more attractive, and yet when Ranjitsinhji makes one of his characteristic glances it occurs to us that this is one of the most fascinating refinements of the bat.

As regards bowling, the author agrees with a remark made elsewhere in this number in the sketch of Mr. A. G. Steel, that the bowler is born and not made. "The inner genius of the art is wholly incommunicable. Two bowlers will bowl with precisely the same action, and drop the ball with similar flight on an identical spot. One shall be a good ball, necessitating careful play on the batsman's part, but the other shall be instinct with a life and sting which worries a batsman. It is this life and sting from the pitch, and a capacity to give a kind of vitality to the ball, which characterises the bowling genius." Fielding receives due attention,

and there is a special division on throwing. "Watch an American base-ball player throw to the base, he pauses for a second, and takes a kind of gun-shot, deliberate, aim ere throwing the ball, which is invariably returned at that height which combines pace with accuracy to reach the base in such a manner as can best be dealt with. The accuracy more than compensates for the slight but evident delay in throwing." We do not quite understand whether this is recommended as an example for the cricketer, but certainly the best players do not take "gunshot deliberate aim;" they pick up the ball and throw it in with one continuous action. Interlocking the little fingers of each hand when catching is, it is said, the habit of some players, and it is no doubt true that they are found to drop just as many catches as others who hold their hands naturally, as an open cup. The chapters on Captaincy and Umpiring are enlivened by anecdotes. When a fellow bowler once ventured to suggest to Giffen the advisability of a change, he replied, "Do you think so? Perhaps I *had* better go on to the other end." The story of the umpire who, when appealed to for a catch at the wicket, replied, "Not out, and I bet you a crown we win," is a variation of the tale told of the racing judge who put up the number of what everybody who was looking on thought was the second horse, and on being asked by how much the alleged winner had scored, answered, "A neck, and it's the first bet I've won this meeting."

The photographs are with scarcely an exception excellent. They show the best-known players making their characteristic strokes, and bowlers each with his special action.

RAMBLES WITH A FISHING ROD. By E. S. Roscoe. Second Edition. Illustrated. Edinburgh: George A. Morton; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1906.

Although this is called a second edition, seven of the seventeen chapters are new. Mr. Roscoe has been far afield. He has fished in a Kentish valley, a Welsh trout stream, a Midland brook, in Connemara, in Western lochs, and one chapter is on "Sea Trout Fishing in a Highland Estuary." Whenever he has gone abroad he has taken his fishing-rod with him, and has used it in the Tyrol, the Black Forest, the Bavarian Highlands, the Eastern Alps, in Normandy, at Davos, and elsewhere. In the Black Forest his quarry was the pike, and he found a sympathetic innkeeper who was a great fisherman. The inn was well placed for sport, an Italian prince had caught a 30 lb. pike near by, after a contest lasting for three hours, and in seven days' fishing the captor took altogether 150 lb. weight of pike. As the angler reads he will feel tempted to follow in Mr. Roscoe's footsteps. A good day on the lakes of

Connemara, he says, would be some three or four dozen trout with several two or three pound white trout among them, and perhaps a dozen and a half or more of the latter species of fish in all; which certainly sounds tempting! As to the illustrations, the sketches are fairly good, though for the most part very slight.

LYRA VENATICA: A Collection of Hunting Songs. Compiled by W. Sherard Reeve. London: Arthur Humphreys. 1906.

Mr. Reeve, late of the Grenadier Guards, dedicates this book to the memory of his father, Col. John Reeve, late of the same regiment, who before his death had collected more than half the contents of the volume. They are for the most part descriptions of various runs of a familiar type, footnotes giving the names of the persons who are referred to in the verses. Many parts of England are visited, though no fewer than three of the songs deal with the Old Surrey Hounds. We are not going to say anything against Mr. Jorrocks's old hunt, which as a matter of fact we have often followed, but perhaps the Old Surrey would not be selected as exactly a representative pack. One of the notes which occur in "The Race for the Coplow," by the way, describes the late Mr. George Ede as "a very fine rider," a comment which scarcely does justice to one of the most perfect horsemen ever seen. The writer of the sort of verse here quoted is not easily daunted by the exigencies of metre; this, for instance, is a daring way out of a difficulty:—

> The "Bruiser" and "Alfred" their friends have delighted
> With a feast that Lucullus himself ne'er'd have slighted.

It is not everyone who would have thought of "ne'er'd." Besides the verses there are some letters from William Goodall of the Belvoir, and one from Frank Gillard, also huntsman to the Duke of Rutland's Hounds, describing what he considered the best run he ever saw. After an hour and twenty minutes the Quorn joined them at Widmerpool, when both packs ran together for an hour and five minutes more, and killed the fox first found. A man who wants anything better than that must be greedy!

THE SPORTING SPANIEL. By C. A. Phillips and R. Claude Cane. Manchester: "Our Dogs" Publishing Company. 1906.

The authors admit that of the making of doggy books there seems to be no end. They appear, however, to think that the spaniel has not had proper attention paid to him, and their work has evidently been a labour of love, for they are firm in the belief that "of the many different varieties of man's best friend, no race is more interesting or more worthy of affection" than that of which they write. None either is of greater antiquity. They start with the

earliest records. Amongst other interesting material is a quaint contract made by John Harris, a Worcestershire yeoman, in 1685, who for 10s. of lawful English money, and 30s. more of like money to be hereafter paid, undertakes "to well and sufficiently mayntayne and keepe a spanill bitch named Quand for five months, and to fully and effectually train up and teach the said bitch to sett partridges, pheasants, and other game, as well and exactly as the best sitting dogges usually sette the same. And furthermore if the said bitch shall for want of use or practice or or'wise forgett to sett game as aforesaid," to maintain her for a month or longer until she remembers her lessons. The authors have sought information from abroad as well as from home, for there is a Spaniel Club Français, whose secretary has been good enough to furnish them with notes. The various sub-varieties of the breed are elaborately described, and there are photographs of varying merit representing well-known animals. The subject is treated with remarkable completeness.

AN ILLUSTRATED TREATISE ON THE ART OF SHOOTING. By Charles Lancaster. London: McCorquodale & Co. 1906.

Mr. Lancaster, the well-known gunmaker, first published this practical work in the year 1889. When it is said that this is the seventh edition it will be understood that his labour has found due recognition. It is natural that it should have done so, for we find an undoubted authority speaking on a subject of which he is evidently a master, and moreover well able to express his meaning in clear and simple phrases. Hints are given as to how various shots should be made, and they induce reflection, for many men shoot instinctively, without quite knowing how or why. The "Angley Park Shooting Regulations," which are quoted, are sensible enough, but seem to suggest that the men shooting do not understand how to behave on the field, and that strikes us as rather a slight on guests? Illustrations elucidate the text.

TALES OF THE FISH PATROL. By Jack London. London: Heinemann. 1906.

The Fish Patrol are nautical police who protect or seek to protect the fisheries in San Francisco and San Pablo bays. They have to deal with sea poachers of a singularly daring, reckless, and extraordinarily artful description; and these stories, told by a youngster of sixteen who became a sort of deputy patrol man, relate exciting adventures and the ingenious ways in which the marauders were brought to book. It is a strong point in the volume that the scenes and characters are new to fiction. The youthful hero and his companions often find themselves in tight places, but they always come out on top.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

As racing is the only test by which the merits of a horse can be ascertained, so trials with motor cars furnish the most satisfactory proof of their qualities. This being so, the Pilain is certainly not to be overlooked. In a recent week of trials at Aix, two of these cars were among the eighteen entries, and they finished second and fourth, and in the Coupe des Pyrénées contest the Pilain carried off a special prize given by the *Matin*. A particularly complete and instructive illustrated pamphlet on these cars has been published, and can be obtained with any other information needed from the English agent, Mr. E. D. Heinemann, 26, Cranley Mews, South Kensington.

* * * *

Another car which is coming to the front is the "Standard" six-cylinder motor. Details are procurable at the Agency, 63, Regent House, Regent Street. That it is British-built by British workmen is given as a reason for patronising these machines; but they have other recommendations: the best workmanship and material, automatic lubrication, a simplified carburettor having no delicate adjustments to get out of order, and the Standard Patent Clutch. The advantages of the six-cylinder engine are warmly emphasised in the brochure which has been prepared to describe this car.

* * * *

We wrote last month of rifles, induced by the strength of the recent movement to encourage practice and marksmanship. To this end, the improvement of shooting, targets are a first essential, and there must be something special about those which have already been adopted on more than seventy ranges by the regular army, volunteer force, and civilian rifle clubs. These are "Paterson's Patent," the firm of Paterson & Co., 74, Grand Parade, Harringay, N., being contractors to H.M. forces. The targets include stationary, disappearing, and running man.

* * * *

At the opening of the polo season players will be considering the diet best suited for their mounts during the period of hard and trying work. Messrs. Bathgate's (Bristol) "Gleba" Feed is spoken of by hunting men, vets, and other experts as a food of the highest quality. The great advantage of using a well-balanced food of this kind is the avoidance of all injurious powders or drugs, as all that is necessary for the great majority of horses is a properly constituted food of antiseptic and digestive properties.

"HUNTING IN LONDON."

WE give the second instalment of this new competition which began last month. Two photographs of well-known buildings or localities are given: all the competitor has to do is to write underneath each the name of the structure or place, tear out the leaf, and either send it, addressed "Hunting in London" Competition, *Badminton Magazine*, to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, at once, or keep it till six months have elapsed and send the whole dozen together.

To the successful hunter who has named the entire twelve

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, together with further prizes of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THIRD.

In the event of several competitors gaining an equal number of marks, the money will have to be divided. Should no one name the whole twelve, the first prize will be awarded to whoever comes nearest.

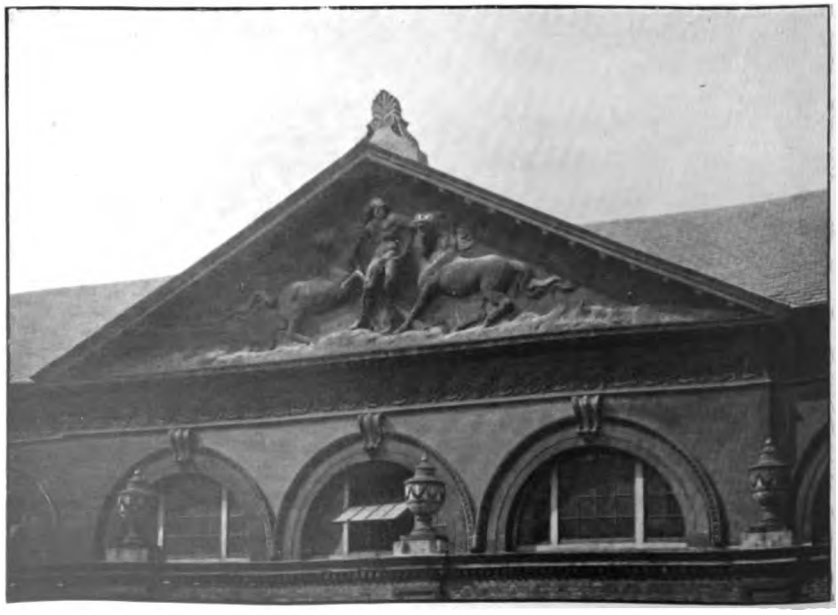
The photographs for

"HUNTING IN LONDON,"

we may perhaps as well repeat, will each represent some conspicuous View, House, or Object within four miles of Charing Cross.

It is not our intention to be unduly puzzling by selecting out-of-the-way scenes. Each picture will be of some place which thousands of people pass daily—how many of them really see what they pass the competition will help to show.

[*Copyright registered at Stationers' Hall.*]



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

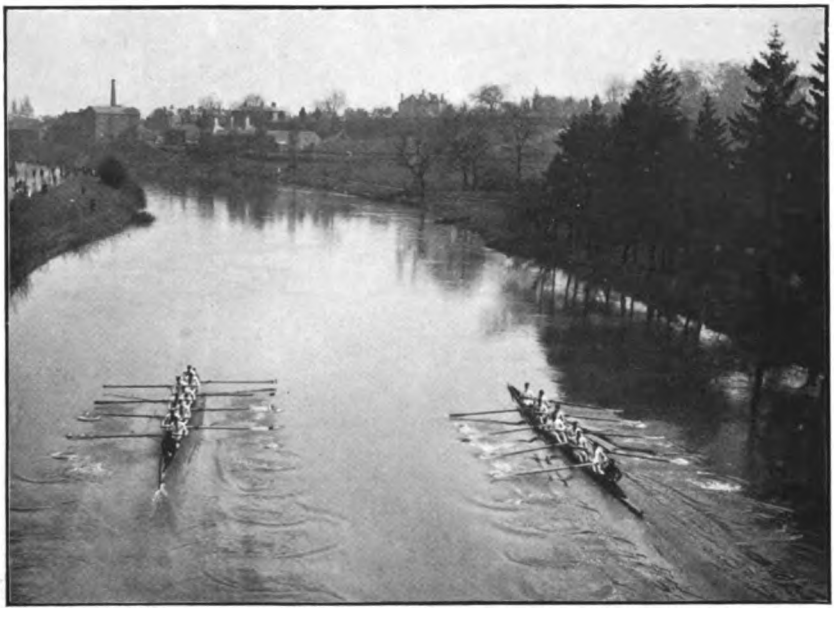
The result of the June competition will be announced in the August issue.

THE APRIL COMPETITION

The Prize in the April competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Captain W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire; Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge (two guineas); Mr. F. D. Marsh, Northfield, near Birmingham; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down; Mr. P. H. Lemon, Cheltenham; Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham; Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on Sea; Mr. C. E. Lloyd, Imtarfa Barracks, Malta; and Mr. H. G. Swiney, Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham.

BODINGTON HARRIERS' STEEPLECHASE—MR. BUFF'S ROMANCE
Photograph by Captain W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire

RUGBY FOOTBALL AT BEDFORD—A CLEVER INTERCEPTION BY MR BROOKS OF BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL
Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



SHREWSBURY SCHOOL TRIAL EIGHTS ON THE SEVERN

Photograph by Mr. F. D. Marsh, Northfield, near Birmingham

THE EDINBURGH BEAGLES ON THE GOGAR BURN, GOGAR

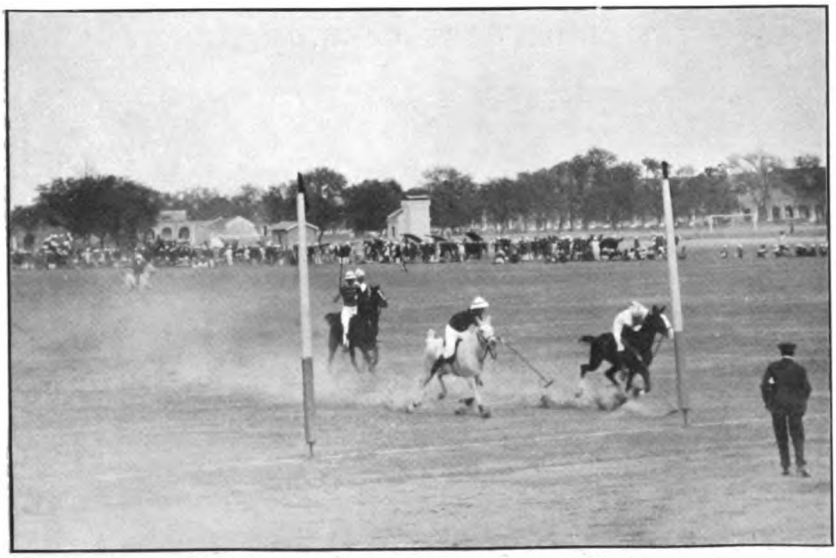
Photograph by the Huntsman, Mr. A. Verden Anderson, Edinburgh

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ANNUAL SPORTS—THE THREE-LEGGED RACE

Photograph by Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham

CAUGHT!—THE ASHFORD VALLEY HARRIERS POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Photograph by Mr. E. H. H. D'Aeth Folkestone



NATIVE CAVALRY POLO TOURNAMENT, UMBALLA
Photograph by Mr. F. Beaty, Dilkusha, Oudh, India

THE HIGH JUMP AT BEDFORD MODERN SCHOOL
Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge

COUNTY DOWN STAGHOUNDS' POINT-TO-POINT RACES—MR. PATTON'S IVORY FALLS IN THE FARMERS' RACE AND IS KILLED

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down

FINAL FOR THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LACROSSE CUP—CLARE *v.* CHRIST'S

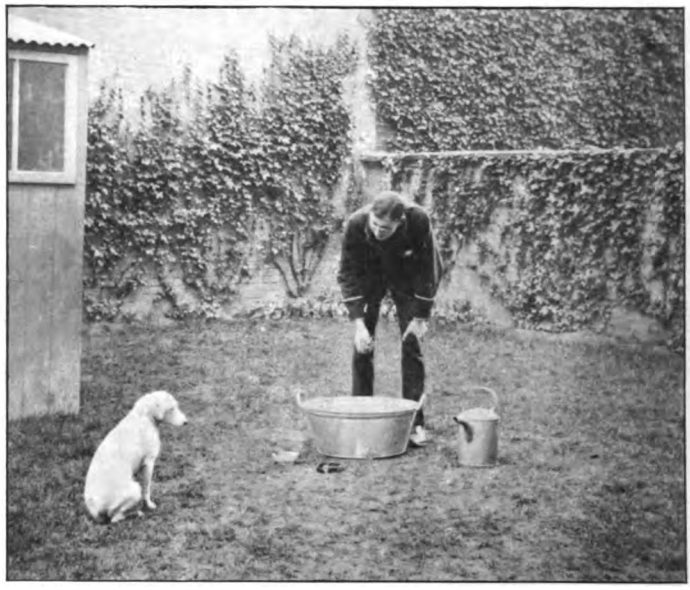
Photograph by Mr. J. T. Spittle, Pembroke College, Cambridge

CRICKET IN SOUTH AFRICA—HATHORN BATTING BEFORE THE FOURTH TEST MATCH SHERWELL BEHIND THE WICKET

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town

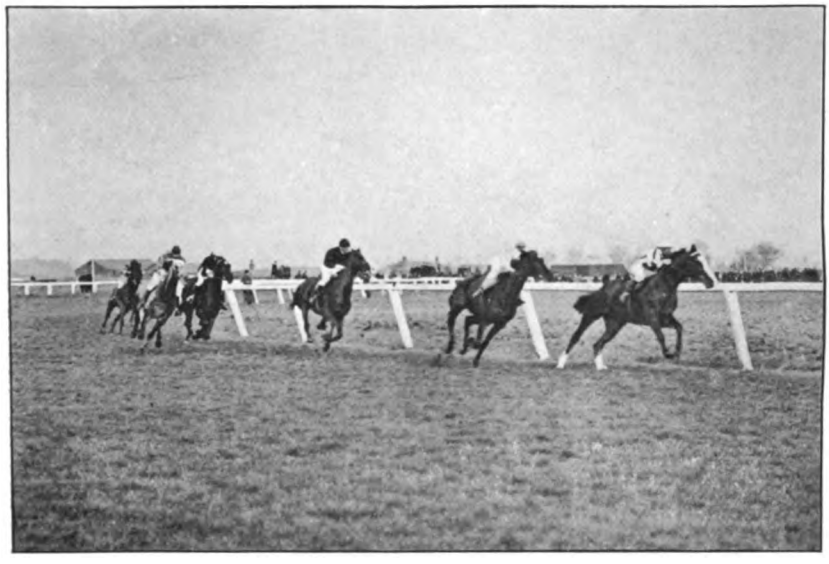
THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, 1906, ROWING AGAINST A LEANDER EIGHT

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



THE ORDER OF THE BATH

Photographs by Mr. P. H. Lemon, Cheltenham



THE HYLTON HANDICAP, LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING

Photograph by Miss Mabel Eccles, Blackburn

SAMBHUR-STALKING ON THE NILGIRIS

Photograph by Mr. J. S. Hawkins, Kotagiri, Nilgiris, South India

THE GREEK, NICHOLAS GEORGE, WHO IS WALKING ROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-NINE MONTHS FOR A PRIZE OF £4,000, ARRIVING AT CAPE TOWN

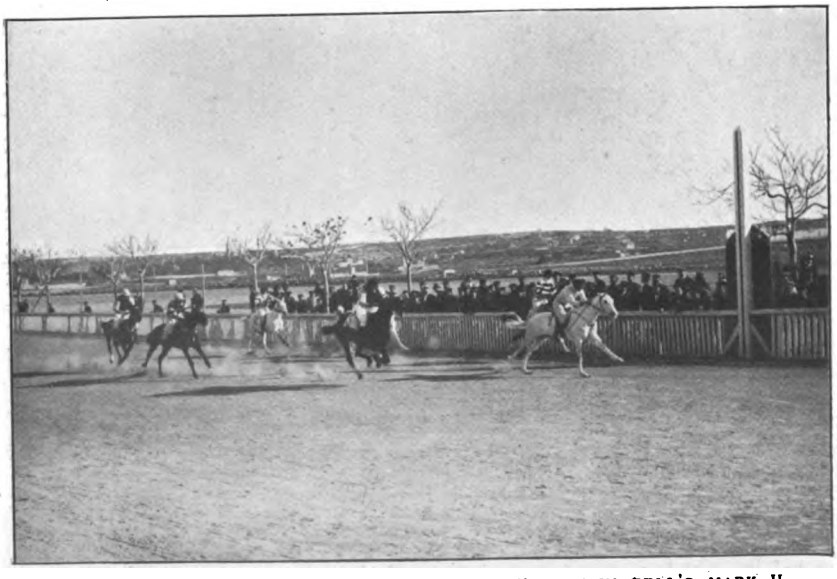
Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ANNUAL SPORTS—THE OPEN HURDLE-RACE

Photograph by Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham

A PERILOUS PASSAGE

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea



FINISH FOR THE POLO CUP AT MALTA, WON BY CAPTAIN BELL'S MARK II

Photograph by Mr. C. E. Lloyd, Imtarfa Barracks, Malta

A FLIER—COTSWOLD HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

Photograph by Mr. H. G. Swincy, Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham

J. H. TAYLOR DRIVING IN FINAL OF LONDON FOURSOME TOURNAMENT

Photograph by Mr. C. J. Waters, Epsom